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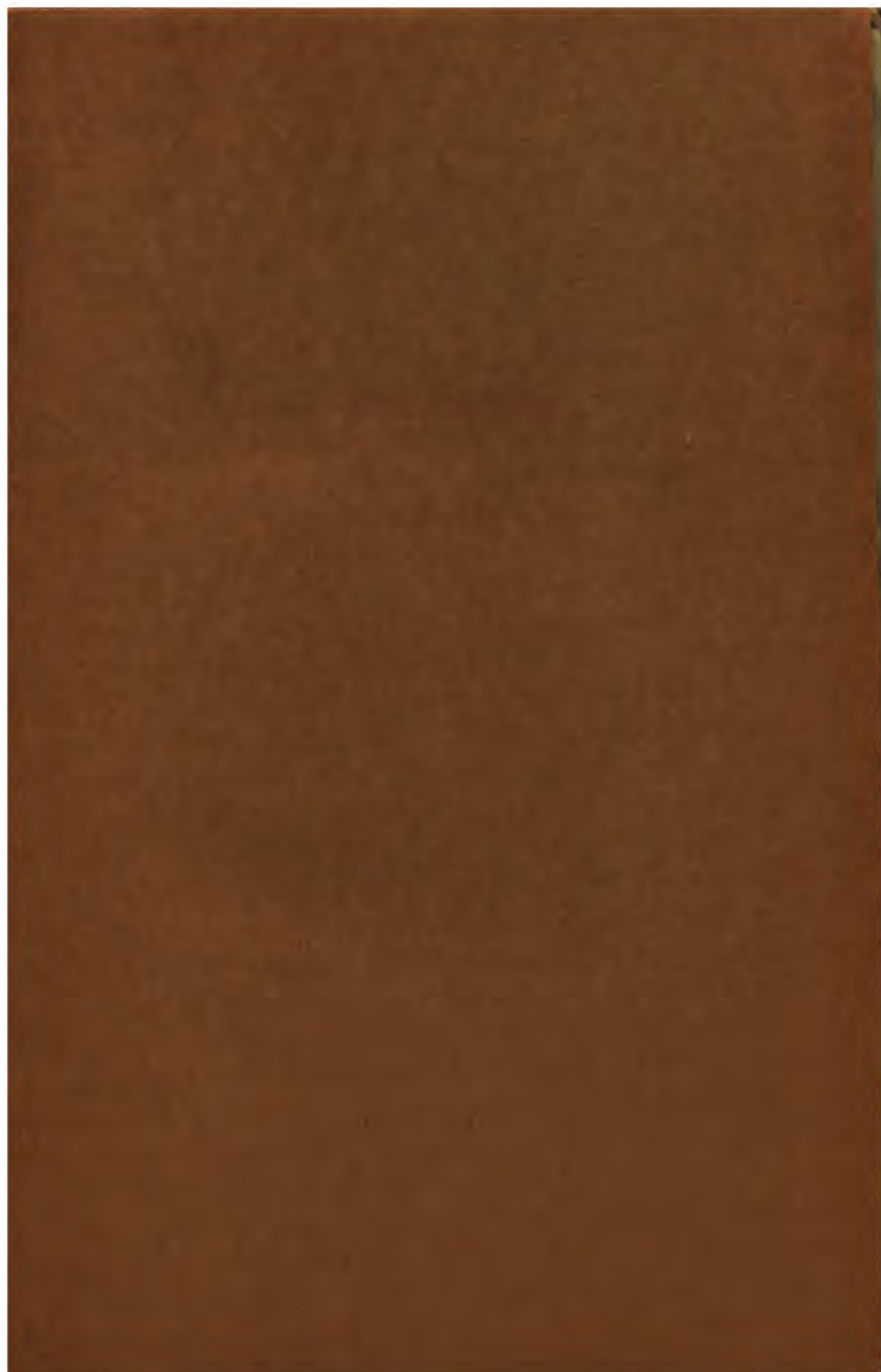
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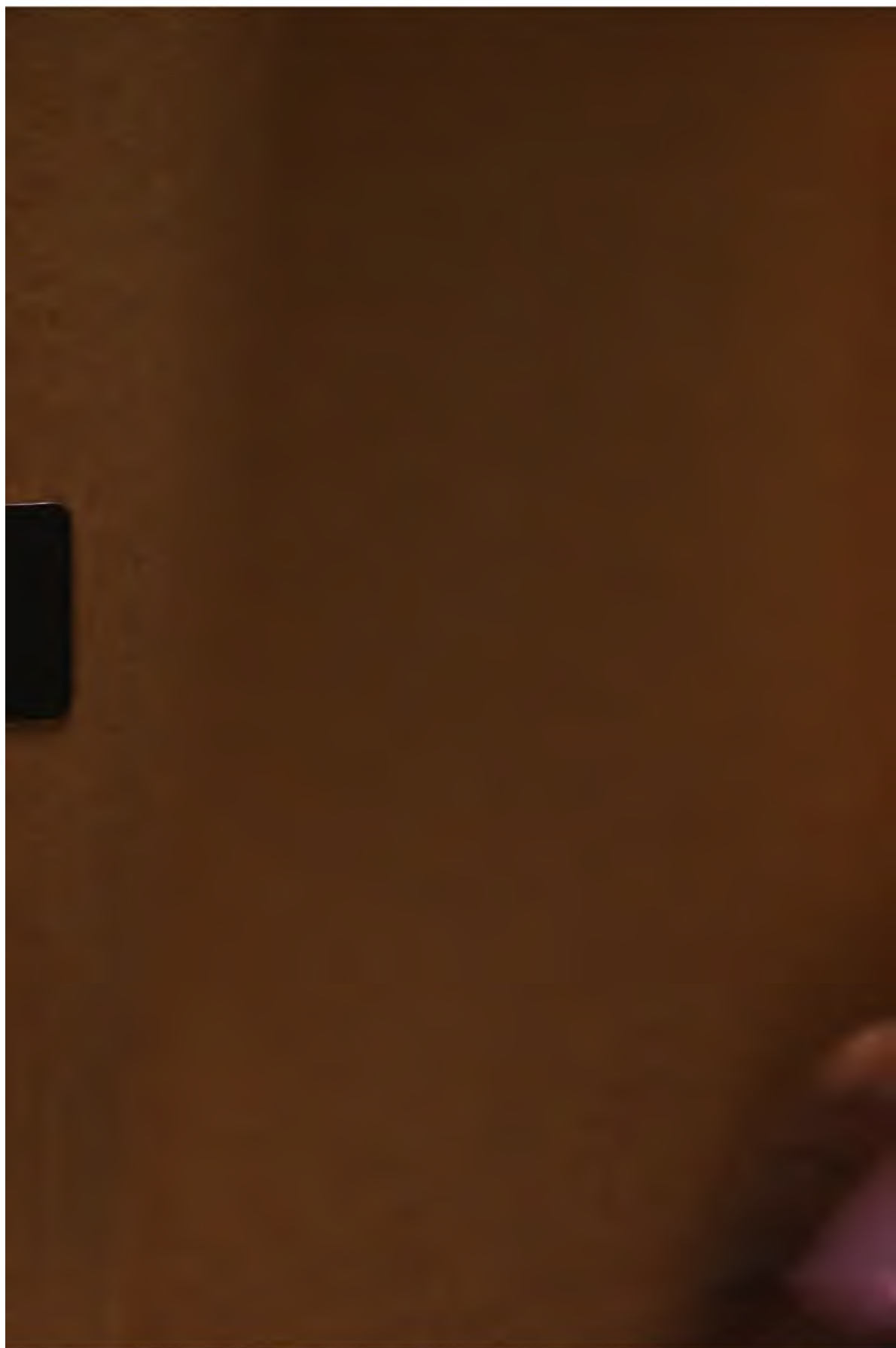
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THEATRE ARTS MAGAZINE

An Illustrated Quarterly

EDITED BY

EDITH J. R. ISAACS
KENNETH MACGOWAN
STARK YOUNG

VOLUME VI.



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KENNETH MACGOWAN

STARK YOUNG

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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

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Giovanni Grasso

THERE is something ironical in the fact that in the place in New York where least scenery and equipment has been this season there has been the finest acting. Grasso at the Royal Theatre on the Bowery has packed the house with Italians night after night for weeks. His presence there and the power that carries his art along serve very well to remind us that after all the actor has something to do on the stage as well as the lights and costumes and scenery and dramatic problems about which we talk so much.

Grasso belongs to the naturalistic school of Sicily. His art of his gets its life through improvisation. It comes from a land where there is an abundance of animation, vitality, fire and spirit and flexibility. It is free; it invents, glows, strikes, is shattered; it is life itself, naked, simple, inevitable, though never very psychological or complex. It exercises us not by refining on our reflections and adding nuances to our inner experience; but by putting into play those more open and universal faculties of the heart and mind that make us a part of all human experience everywhere. Such art has not the subtlety of mists and shadows and visionary depths; but for all that it may have a subtlety of its own, the subtle and infinite simplicities of light on a wall or of the sky at noon. Grasso's effects come straight to us. Within an elemental range and definite limitation they are perfect. From the minute he comes on the stage his absorption and his complete possession by the part give to him a magnetism and a kind of violent unity that are more alive in their way than life itself. For any student of acting Grasso is a veritable school; in his art the foundation of all acting can be studied, however different the method or school may be that will ultimately be followed.

STARK YOUNG.



Photograph by Nickolas Muray.

Giovanni Grasso, the famous Sicilian actor now playing in New York (see reverse).

THEATRE ARTS MAGAZINE

Volume VI

JANUARY, 1922

Number 1

YEAR'S END

DECEMBER SEES BROADWAY LITTERED WITH FAILURES—REPERTORY AGAIN THE ONE WAY OUT

BY KENNETH MACGOWAN

AFTER two seasons of extraordinary financial success, the New York theatre has come upon a period of the most dismal depression that it has known in a generation. With the years of prosperity came native as well as foreign plays of unusual merit. They won success, great popular success, the good quite as much as the bad. In the glow of seeing virtue triumphant and rewarded, many a critic hailed these seasons as the best that our theatre had ever had. Today failure stalks through New York's fifty playhouses and camps upon the doorsteps of its score of managers. An endless stream of new productions flows through Broadway. Tiring under the impact of banality and failure, the critic bemoans the calamitous season, and sees only a season of poor plays getting their just deserts. It happens, however, that quite as many native and foreign plays of note have been seen in New York these past four months as were visible there in the same period last year. The significant thing is that not one of the American pieces and only two of the foreign pieces have found success.

And success does count. The sooner we learn this, the better. Success does not mean a cheap victory expensively won. It means reaching an audience, and reaching an audience is the second and a vital duty of a play. The essence of the theatre is that it is drama shown to masses of spectators. If the spectators are not there, drama might

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far better stay on its bookshelf, and finally never be written. The problem of the American theatre has always been to find the audience for the good play. On the road this has definitely meant, for the past six years, the creation of producing theatres to make audiences again. In New York, for two seasons, we imagined it was only a matter of showing the play; the audience was big enough to support it night after night for months on end, even as the long-run system demands. Under war-prosperity, it *was* big enough; under normal conditions it is not. We must now face a fact that we have come very close to forgetting—that some form of the repertory theatre is the only means of bringing good drama and its audience together on stable terms.

II.

It is not very difficult to get an accurate idea of the contrast in prosperity and of the similarity in output between this season and the last. The record in figures is most interesting: Between August 1st and November 14th last year there were 46 plays and 16 musical pieces produced on Broadway. This year in the same weeks, there were 64 plays and 17 musical pieces. This year there were as many failures produced in these opening months as there were plays produced in the same period the year before.

As to the merit of the plays: In the January issue of this magazine a year ago, I had occasion to mention the following native plays of some distinction: *Enter Madame*, *The Bad Man*, *The First Year*, *The Emperor Jones* and *The Treasure*; and the following of foreign authorship: *The Mob*, *The Skin Game*, and *Heartbreak House*. This year I can list the following native plays of roughly equal merit: *The Detour*, *Ambush*, *Anna Christie*, *The Straw*, *Swords*, *Daddy's Gone A-Hunting* and *The Hero*, the last of which, after a spring try-out at matinees, went into the regular evening bill; and the following from abroad: *The Circle*, *The White-Headed Boy*, *A Bill of Divorcement*, *The Madras House*, *The Children's Tragedy*, and perhaps *Don Juan*, *The Title* and *The Grand Duke*.

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The significant comment on the current depression and the inability of good plays to find the audience that they once had within reach, is the fact that, of the plays listed above, only *The Circle*, *A Bill of Divorcement* and *The Grand Duke* have registered the sort of success that was a familiar tribute to sound playwriting last season. At the middle of November, *Ambush* was going off, *The Title*, *Anna Christie*, and *The Straw* were shiveringly awaiting their fate, *Daddy's Gone A-Hunting* had done only fair business and was scheduled to depart and *The Detour*, *Swords*, *The Hero*, *The White-Headed Boy*, *Don Juan*, and *The Children's Tragedy* were dead. Last season only *The Treasure* failed to win the audience it deserved.

III.

If it were not for the atmosphere of failure, deserved and undeserved, in which the whole New York theatre moves, now would be a time for some rejoicing over the fact that our serious American playwrights seem at last to have definitely discovered the existence of our middle classes. Five of the seven outstanding native dramas seriously picture those levels of our life which have hitherto had no more than comic portraiture at the hands of Cohan, Craven, Smith and others. Of the other two, one begins in a Bronx flat, and the other is poetic drama.

Of the five plays, the best is unquestionably Eugene O'Neill's *Anna Christie*. It is also, I think, the truest, the most searching and the most dramatically consistent study in realism that our playwrights have produced. It is more tightly knit than any other of O'Neill's plays. And it supplies opportunities for acting which Arthur Hopkins' company and direction completely realize. This story of a drunken Swede barge captain, his daughter, who comes home to him from Minneapolis brothel and jail, and her stoker-lover, swept into the story from a wreck at sea, begins in a pithy, biting, richly ironic first act, surges upward through rude romance and souls cleansed by the sea's

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contact, to a bitter and terrific climax when the girl tells her lover and her father the kind of life she has led. It ends in a desperate sort of equipoise when the men have learned respect for the woman's spirit, and the lover is to marry her before he and the father set sail on a voyage for which they have signed in drunken desperation.

The pungent realism of the play speaks out in the admirable performances of George Marion as the captain and Frank Shannon as the lover. More than realism, however, something of the inner spirit, the fulness and vitality of life, floods to the surface in the remarkable acting of Pauline Lord as the woman. Perhaps this sort of part—the part she played four or five years ago in *The Deluge*, when her talents first were noticed—is the only sort she can play, though I think she commands comedy as well as badgered and inarticulate desperation. However that may be, she plays this particular role as no other American actress of a generation has played anything remotely approaching it. I do not forget Mrs. Fiske in *Salvation Nell*. To this performance and this play are added Hopkins' best, most plausible, most effortless direction and the inspired and inspiring lighting of Robert Edmond Jones.

IV.

The other play by O'Neill, *The Straw*, a drama of the tubercular, has been familiar for some time in its printed version. As produced by George C. Tyler with Margalo Gilmore and Otto Kruger in the leading parts, it is definitely disappointing up to its final scene. The disappointment cannot be charged against the playwright. It is not so rich and un-willed a work as *Anna Christie*, but it is stout drama, well characterized. The fault is in the acting. The directors whom Tyler put to work on the play have done nothing at all to interpret it, and that very promising young actress of *The Famous Mrs. Fair*, Miss Gilmore, proves unable to bend her personality and her present ability to the demands of the part. Kruger, on the other hand, a

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man who has played milk-and-water heroes for seasons on end, and who got the part in his hands only five days before production, plays with such earnest skill that when he reaches the final scene—which is his scene—he sweeps the play up to the levels of pathos which are its natural domain, joining the close of *Anna Christie* in an assertion of spiritual values that may conquer those dreary tragic conclusions of realism.

V.

Of the other studies of the American middle class, it is not possible to say so much. *The Detour*, the tragedy of a mother's attempt to get her daughter away from the farm and into a career, owes as much to O'Neill and his *Beyond the Horizon* as all these middleclass dramas owe to the *Zeitgeist* which has informed our middle-class novels of the past three or four years; the fact that *The Detour* was by Owen Davis, a practitioner in the cheapest sort of melodrama, won it a surprised and respectful hearing that otherwise it probably would not have got. *The Hero*, by Gilbert Emery, is an ironic and understanding contrast in heroism, the impulsive heroism of a soldier who is also a seducer of woman, and the methodical and humdrum heroism of a brother who stayed home, fed his family and tried to mitigate the former's lapses. In actual performance—well acted as it was by Robert Ames and Richard Bennett—the crude mechanism of its plot worked to its disadvantage. Against a certain overtone of ultimate meaning which is discernible in *The Hero* and strikingly evident in *The Straw* and *Anna Christie*, we have in *Ambush*, the first production of the Theatre Guild this season, a drab and uninforming study of hopeless mediocrities. Here in Arthur Richman's carefully observed drama, we have realism at its worst. It is the Manchester school of England transplanted to Jersey City and narrowed to its legitimate confines. The people it sees are weak people. They are helpless in the claws of circumstance and the playwright.

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—L—

The business of middle class realism are not recognized aspects of our society in the process which Joe Alton has depicted in *Under the Same Sky*. We begin with a whole inevitable first act showing the husband that has always been in series: family through his absence in Paris. The story of the middle class is then dramatically through another set which transports them from the Bronx to Greenwich Village—then the whole thing is related with the artificiality of rich summers and suddenly expiring children and witnessed with the mood of Emersonian drama. The direction of Arthur Hopkins and the acting of Frank Conway as the husband manage to escape the blight of *Pharos*: our Marjorie Rambeau's vivid and almost splendid performance as the wife is killed a little as the play closes.

Causes another matter is the escape of *Swords* from the limits of mechanical realism. This drama by Sidney Howard starts out and on in the wings of poetry and vision. As drama, it suffers a little from verbal meanderings and parentheticals; just enough, perhaps, to dull its fierce and glowing plot. But, as a whole, such free and dynamic verse has never been produced in our native theatre. More, no poet has so dared to bring the mystic upon our stage. Fortunately for the playwright, he had a Clare Fames to play his heroine; for it is hard to imagine another American actress speaking verse so beautifully and so skilfully and achieving at the same time the spiritual beauty of the Madonna which this role embodies. Jose Ruben acted the villain of the piece exceptionally well. The play is now available in print, but there are only flat photos to suggest the beauty of setting and costumes which Robert E. Jones wrought about *Swords* and the moments of stirring voluminous movement which Brock Pemberton and Jones managed to inspire in the players.

VII.

(If the plays from foreign sources, *A Bill of Divorcement* is easily the most inspiring—in itself and in its re-

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ception. Clemence Dane's drama has nothing to do with the middle classes, but it is true portraiture and it might end in the same sort of drab and enervating tragedy which so much of our realism embraces. Instead, this story of a lunatic who returns home, cured, to find his wife about to marry again, leaps out to the sort of tragedy in which there are spiritual vigor and heroism. Allan Pollock, in a very strange but arresting study of the lunatic, prepares the ground for this tragedy; Katherine Cornell, a young American actress, brings it forth in the flashing sensitiveness and courage of her portrait of the daughter who sends her mother away into happiness, gives up her own romance because of her tainted blood, and sits down to save her father even as she learns to know him.

There is a sudden spurt of similar vigor to *The Circle*. It is a comedy by Somerset Maugham which for three acts seems following, with more wit to be sure, the familiar road of English drawing room comedy. The disastrous romance of an older generation is held up to afright the eyes of the younger. Suddenly the younger speaks and in Shavian accents consigns to the pit the caution that seeks happiness, and instead embraces life as it must be lived.

One piece of acting—as over-played in comic vigor as Mrs. Carter's is under-played—was the only blemish on Lennox Robinson's jolly and pungent Irish comedy, *The White-Headed Boy*, which brought back to New York some of the original Irish Players, including that incomparable comedian, Arthur Sinclair.

Not even two pieces of bad acting can invalidate, as it turns out, an English drama which no one had hitherto supposed was at all actable—Granville Barker's *Madras House*. This shapeless and plotless dissertation on the lure of modern woman and her clothes, proves highly diverting and uncommonly stimulating as produced by the Neighborhood Playhouse for the opening of its new season.

Performances no more pretentious but at least as good might have saved Arnold Bennett's erudite but witty comedy *The Tulse*, Bataille's smart, ironic *Don Juan*, or

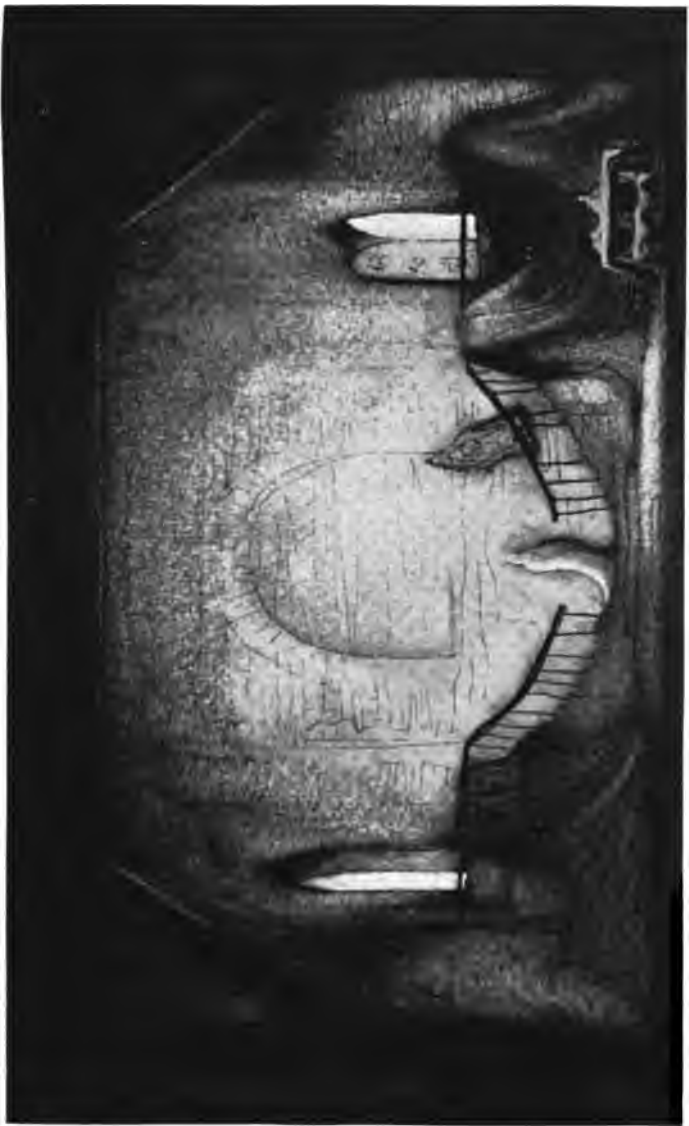
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Karl Schoenherr's odd and neurotic *Children's Tragedy*.

The Grand Duke is frisky, risky, gossamer entertainment, hardly worth a thought for itself; but Sacha Guitry's comedy gives Lionel Atwill an opportunity for a genuine and delightful piece of impersonation.

VIII.

There are two other groups of plays seen in New York in the past four months which feed reflections on the necessary coming of the repertory theatre. These are the plays held over from last year, and the successes revived from some years back. During this calamitous season in which new plays collapsed that would have won a profitable public last season, five productions from last year have ridden comfortably along: *Liliom*, *The First Year*, *The Green Goddess*, *The Bat* and *Just Married*. These plays are little better than some offered this year, but they have the great advantage of not having had to fight from birth the economic conditions of a normal season. By the time the new season began they had had their audience found for them. They were tried and established and dependable, like the backbone of any repertory. A similar reputation as good entertainment, coupled with excellent performances, carried Belasco's revivals of *The Easiest Way* and *The Return of Peter Grimm* through profitable and deliberately limited runs. If the theatregoer cannot see in these hold-overs and revivals evidence for an organized playhouse, it is idle to call his attention to the charming repertory theatre *in petto* which that remarkable actress Ruth Draper maintains for her personal satisfaction in the group of solitary impersonations and character studies with which she is again delighting the discriminating at her recitals.



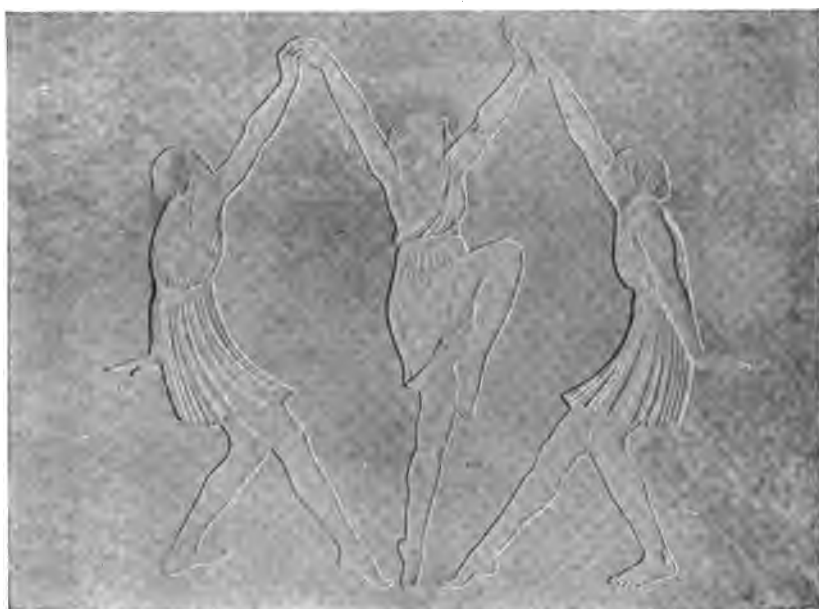
from Arts & Decoration

Robert Edmond Jones' design for *Swords*, the verse play of renaissance Italy by Sidney Howard in which Brock Pemberton presented Clare Eames at the opening of the present New York season. The arrangement of steps and upper entrances forced the movements of the players into patterns of uncommon beauty and effectiveness.



Photo by Francis Bruguiera

The Verge, by Susan Glaspell, Act two, as presented by the Provincetown Players in an expressionist setting designed by Clegg Throckmorton. The scene is a room in a tower, which "starts to be round but doesn't complete the circle." The circular shape of the simple flats at the back is sharply defined by the strange pattern cast by the lamp. The distortion of this "dwarfed tower" is expressed by the bizarre window. At the left, the delicately distorted rail of a spiral staircase winds up from below. The scene suggests admirably the quality of the play, normality verging on insanity in its attempt to escape from the conventional patterns of life into a new design. (*The Verge* will be reviewed in the next issue.)



The lovely incised relief of *The Dancers* by Jo Davidson, let into a wall of the foyer of the Neighborhood Playhouse, New York.



Photograph by Pach.

The Feast of the Tabernacles, a scene in one of the dance-dramas presented at the Neighborhood Playhouse in New York's East Side by the Festival Dancers, a group made up from the young men and women of the district.

THE NEIGHBORHOOD PLAYHOUSE

BY OLIVER M. SAYLER

IF I were a playwright and had written a courageous play which no one had the equal courage to produce, and if in amazement I discovered thousands of playgoers ferreting out the devious way to a little theatre in a congested portion of the world's most imposing city, where that play was visible nightly for many weeks, I would be tempted, like John Galsworthy, to describe that theatre as "the house where magic has come to stay."

Or if I were mistress of the art of acting and saw in this theatre the fountain head of the finest impulses in my art, I should probably judge it in the terms of Minnie Maddern Fiske: "One of the most stimulating playhouses I know. Rare good taste prevails everywhere—good taste, good sense."

Or, further, if I were a sympathetic observer from overseas, my natural reaction would be that of William Archer: "perhaps the most delightful of the New York sideshows."

But I am neither grateful playwright, nor artist within the theatre, nor gracious and perspicacious visitor from afar. I am, if anything, simply chronicler and, where possible, interpreter of our dramatic endeavors. And I like to think of the Neighborhood Playhouse of the Henry Street Settlement as a laboratory built securely on the ground floor of an ultimate national theatre, the superstructure of which is not yet even remotely conceived or planned. The larger edifice may belong to the dim future, or it may be around the corner of time, but down in Grand Street, behind that dignified, though unpretentious, Georgian façade, is an institution of which it must take account and which it will use as one of its testing grounds when it comes.

They have been busily and steadily and honorably at work down at the Neighborhood ever since the playhouse opened its doors in February, 1915, thanks to the generosity

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of Alice and Irene Lewisohn and with the cooperating guidance of Helen Arthur and Agnes Morgan. I don't believe there was any conscious intention of building a vital unit in a national theatre. Really significant things are seldom accomplished that way. Eugene O'Neill, for instance, gave no thought to the lore he would be able to lay by for his plays when he shipped on that Norwegian bark to Argentine. He went because something within him told him he had to. And so it was with the Neighborhood.

Still less do I believe that the founders of Grand Street's chief excuse for existence had any false illusions about themselves creating the great American theatre or even in its stricter sense, an art theatre. They knew the limitations of their project—and they knew its assets. The assets they cherished and put to work; the limitations likewise, so far as possible, they capitalized. Their field for service was their own particular community. They would assist that community toward esthetic self-expression, and to that end they established a workshop for all the arts of the theatre and classes in acting and dancing, while for example rather than for intrinsic reasons they brought in to the theatre noteworthy and stimulating plays and players and artists from outside. If they gave some of those plays, such as Dunsany's and Galsworthy's, and some of those artists, such as Guilbert and Ben-Ami and Tony Sarg and Wilfred, a definite momentum toward a larger goal and a wider audience, so much the better. And if they attracted patrons from uptown and out-of-town, and students of the theatre arts from everywhere, they would be cordial hosts. But their charge was the Ghetto and their mission its esthetic self-development.

Two groups gradually and naturally emerged from the workshop activities: the Neighborhood Players and the Festival Dancers. Abetted by such visiting companies as the Wisconsin Players, the Freie Yiddische Volksbühne and the Irish Theatre of America and by such individual artists as Sarah LeMoyné, Gertrude Kingston, Ethel Barry-

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more, David Bispham and Ruth Draper in addition to those named above, these two groups sustained the burdens of the first six seasons at weekly Saturday and Sunday evening performances. Last year for experiment, a professional company was installed, playing nightly, absorbing the outstanding talents developed by the Players and giving place for a course of week-ends twice in the season to the Festival Dancers.

This year, experiment has rounded out into fact and settled policy, for the expedient of a professional company and a regular subscription season of performances has been made permanent as a substitute for the Players, overworked in their attempt to keep pace with the growing demands of the Neighborhood audience. The Festival Dancers, however, have been retained as outlet for communal self-expression, partly in the thought that the impersonal requirements of ballet training and performance are more in keeping than dramatic endeavor with the limited time available outside the pupil's regular occupations, and partly because the Playhouse's public is still able to absorb only about as much of this kind of fare as the Dancer's resources will permit. The professional company, too, has been relieved of the embarrassment of stepping aside for the Dancers by the device of a bill of *divertissements* or a kind of super-cabaret after the manner of Balieff's *Letutchaya Muish*, or *The Bat*, to be exhibited on the off evenings while the Dancers are performing. An outline of this plan in operation, therefore, provides for a first production by the professional company to be followed in turn by a period of ballet and "Mid-Week Interludes" in dovetail, by the second professional production, the second appearance of ballet-cabaret, and the third and final professional engagement.

Manifestly, such an institution as this is primarily a school—a school for actors and dancers and a school for audiences, as well. Despite its admirable equipment—self-contained as no other American theatre by virtue of its own scenic and property and costume workshops—it can

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not hope to rise to first importance as a producing theatre. Its secluded location and its small auditorium stand in the way of an ambition which it has had the discretion to avoid. Occasionally as in the production of *The Mob*, it will add a distinctive chapter to the general chronicle of our theatre at large, but that is only a fortunate by-product of its specific labors.

But the Neighborhood Playhouse does not feel too conscious of its function. The pervasive air of play, of joy in work, of challenging its audiences with plays above rather than beneath their natural expectations and comprehensions, has been marred only on occasion by misplaced faith in a work of deceptive values and more frequently, perhaps, by too implicit a belief in the worth of all folk drama as handmaiden to communal art, regardless of its esthetic soundness and authenticity. Despite these random errors in judgment the Neighborhood Playhouse has well justified its expenditures in time and labor and funds not only as a social force but as an experimental station in our awakening theatre.

It is a little disconcerting, it is true, to be called on to recite the concrete instances of the Neighborhood's service as an experimental playhouse. The results of this side of the theatre's activities seem hardly commensurable, at first glance, with the effort expended in the last seven years. The Neighborhood has yielded no Eugene O'Neill or Susan Glaspell, no Synge or anyone to be named in the same breath with a score of the other sons of the Abbey. It introduced Dunsany to America but not to the stage. Neither has it passed on to the theatre at large an Arthur Sinclair or a Maire O'Neill or, like the Washington Square Players, a Teddy Ballantine, a Frank Conroy or a Katherine Cornell. In scenic artists it can claim as original and significant discovery only Warren Dahler, hardly a match for Lee Simonson from the Band-box. And in dancers its single noteworthy individual product thus far is Albert Carroll.

But as a pioneer, as now with Wilfred's color organ, it

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has again and again brought to our stage numerous significant plays and productions which would not otherwise have reached us. Through its classes and productions in ballet and folk dance, in particular, it has made its mark upon its entire surrounding community, both esthetically and socially. And most of all, it has built from the foothold of kindly curiosity a distinct and group-conscious audience whom it can trust to follow it wherever it goes.

If someone says that the Neighborhood Playhouse could and should mean more than this, it would be well to remind him that a laboratory takes on added zest and enthusiasm and creative impulse when it realizes that it has a stimulating outlet. Which is to say that the little theatre down in Grand Street, whether it is aware of the fact or not, is patiently awaiting the founding of a substantial and authoritative art theatre along the lines of that of Stanislavsky in Moscow to which it can stand in the relation of Studio Theatre and workshop.

* Seven seasons of productions at the Neighborhood Playhouse, exclusive of performances by visiting companies: February-June, 1915—Dunsany, *The Glittering Gate*; Shaw, *Captain Brassbound's Conversion*; Oliphant Down, *The Maker of Dreams*; Robert G. Welsh, *Tethered Sheep*; dance drama, *Jephthah's Daughter*; J. G. Hamlen, *The Waldies*; W. W. Gibson, *Womankind*. 1915-16—Violet Pearn, *Wild Birds: Festival of Thanksgiving*; Stravinsky, *Petrushka*; Mrs. Havelock Ellis, *The Subjection of Kenia*; Tchehoff, *A Marriage Proposal*; Scholem Asche, *With the Current*; Brighthouse, *The Price of Coal*; Dunsany, *A Night at an Inn*. 1916-17—Shaw, *Great Catherine*, *The Inca of Jerusalem*; Dunsany, *The Queen's Enemies*; C. B. Fernald, *The Married Woman*; dance drama, *The Kairn of Koridwen*; Miles Malleeson, *Black 'Ell*; the Quinteros, *A Sunny Morning*; Glaspell, *The People*; Debussy, *La Boite a Joux*. 1917-18—Browning, *Pippa Passes*; Japanese Noh, *Tamura*; the Quinteros, *Fortunato*; Mme. Rachilde, *Free*; *Festival of Pentecost*. 1918-19—*Festival of Tabernacles*; French Miracle, *Guibour*; Justina Lewis, *The Eternal Megalosaurus*; Tracy Mygatt, *The Noose*; Cannan, *Everybody's Husband*; Ravel, *Ma Mere L'Oye*. 1919-20—Monkhouse, *Mary Broome*; Andreieff, *The Beautiful Sabine Women*; Rossini, *La Boutique Fantasque*; Pearn, *The Fair*. 1920-21—Galsworthy, *The Mob*; F. H. Rose, *The Whispering Well*; Bennett, *The Great Adventure*; Chapin, *Innocent and Annabel*; Barker-Calthrop, *The Harlequinade*; Morales, *The Royal Fandango*.

With the exception of *Captain Brassbound's Conversion*, *Petrushka*, *The People*, *Pippa Passes* and *The Great Adventure*, these productions were the first in New York.

THE COLOR ORGAN

BY STARK YOUNG

THE greatest thing, I think, about Mr. Wilfred's color organ as a manifestation in art is that when you see it for the first time it does not come as a surprise. You sit within the darkened theatre before the space in which the light will play. There is a complete silence; and presently you become aware of a proscenium opening. Impalpable forms appear at the sides; they are pale, almost white, they move in a slow, waving rhythm like soft curtains; you see one alone and you see others moving in it and through it and beyond it. A faint blue fades into depths between these forms; and then suddenly in the center of it far away a crimson appears. It has no form; it radiates from its own depths, and is the image of nothing but crimson and its power. And then it sweeps up into soft lines; it is drawn upward as if we saw the Paradiso with spirits rising; it is like a robe swept upward in Paradise; it is gone. At the lower end the same form appears and another with it, seen through it, then others; they are white now; the crimson comes into varying rhythms at the sides; those long robe-like forms draw upward again; pause, hover, return, change to amethyst on blue to gold, to fire. This is the solo figure of the composition, this center of light that is like a robe in Dante's Paradiso; it will appear, change colors, fade, be multiplied; the whole space will play with it, return to it, live in it. The composition ends. Afterward another composition comes, and then others, following other figures, other themes. What we see is impossible to describe; this mobile color is a new art and we have no images of speech for it and so must draw from nature and from other arts, wherever we can. It remains in the end its own description. But we sit before it with no sense of strangeness, though there may be some of

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novelty. Like all true things in art it is recognizable. We realize its closeness to our dreams. This is what was in us when we watched clouds, their shifting forms and lights, saw them move and float and fade and glow one with another against the sky. Or when we sat watching the shadows in the fire; in those embers where, as now in this color, the life of the mind went looking for its experience, and found things true to itself in color and form and motion.

What we really found there was all abstraction. It was only in simpler moods when we sat together that we watched for faces in those embers; and that very largely was because it is only concrete things that we can share with one another. That other and more significant life remains, the overtones of our living, shared with one another only in beauty, whether of action, of idea, or in art, or in the glimpses and intuitive responses that we make. This significant and so rarely communicable life, when it consists of the experience of the eyes comes finally past all images to pure abstraction. And mobile color is true to the abstract that is behind our visual life as music is abstractly true in sound.

Music has long been pointed out as the most ideal of the arts. Which is to say that where painting depends on the representation of some phenomenon of an experience, and poetry on words whose concepts are more or less fixed, and dancing on the bodies that convey its meaning to us, music is the experience itself. Music is sadness, deeper than actual tears; music is marching, and stirs the feet to march; it is the idea without limitation in matter or medium; music is the beautiful eternity. Painting at times has approached this abstraction, in pure design always, in primitive art, and again in the schools of modern art. But Kandinsky and Stella and the rest are bounded forever by their medium; their canvas once done is static. The quality of motion may be caught in color rhythms, but never that very motion itself that lies ready in our heart's beating and the pulse in our veins. They struggle too, these newer painters, with the almost inevitable association of painting with objects seen in the world around us; they have not

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the freedom of this art of mobile color. In all good traditional painting, whether it has the fidelity of honest realism or the rhetoric of a fine elaboration, Holbein, say or Veronese, we look beyond and through for the supporting and widening pattern, the idea, the design, for something more abstract, more lasting and profound, the life of the mind embodied there. But in this mobile color as in music we may start with the abstract ideal; its ideas never depend on reproduction of seen objects. There is no necessity for it to be the likeness of anything outside itself. It may draw of course on actual images when it likes, though always at its peril, precisely as music now and then catches up the familiar sounds, the wind, the water, the birds and silences of the world, and departs from them and goes beyond them, loses them in a wider ideality. Toward all its ends mobile color has the potentialities of music, rhythm of tempo and motive, variety in intensity and the rest. It too does not exist in material mediums but rather in light itself. This music takes place in light as that other does in sound, the perception of the world and the response to it by two different organs of our bodies. If poetry setting forth the soul's state is of all arts most precisely its authentic gesture; and painting the soul's decoration; music is its atmosphere; and mobile color may be something as music is.

It only implies the truth of this new art furthermore to say that the idea of it is not new. Aristotle and the Greeks had already begun to talk about the relation of sound and light; and ever since then the subject has arisen from time to time, in science especially. So far as color-music inventions go, Father Castel, a Jesuit, for one example, made a color harpsicord in the eighteenth century. Not least among others was a man named Bishop in Barnum and Bailey's circus who had a machine with a keyboard, a sort of melodion with a stand on top that held a ground glass screen. This organ was put against a window and the keys when they were pressed opened slots with colored glass in them; which in turn threw colors on the screen. But this organ was not mobile; the color could not move, it could



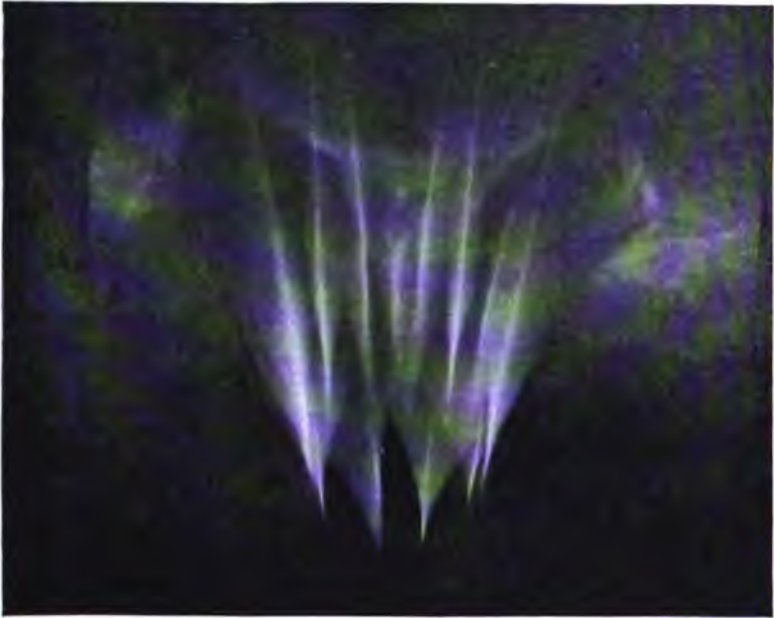
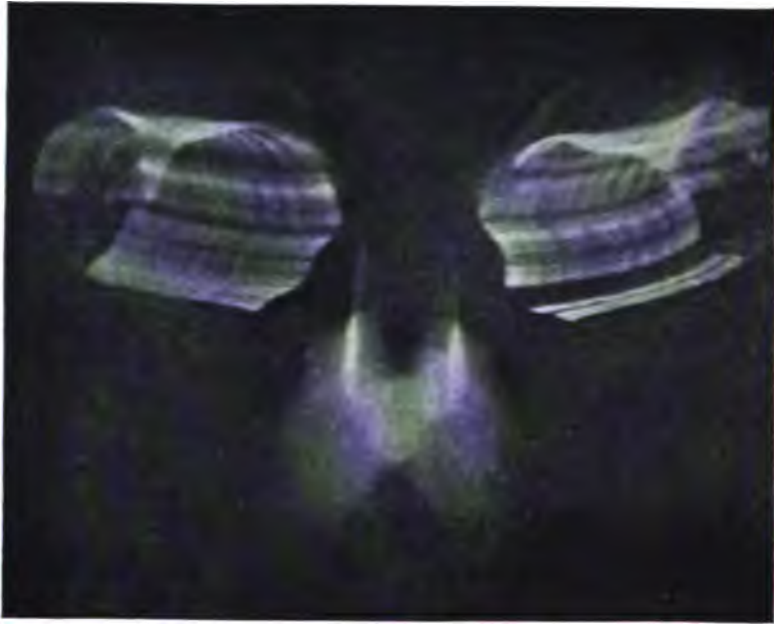
The Color Organ of Thomas Wilfred. The keyboard of the clavilux, as he calls it, with a page of what, for want of a better word, might be called the music or notation lying on the rack at the upper left. The numbered and lettered organ stops, in the upper portion of the picture, play color almost as the stops of a pipe organ play sound. The buttons move to and from the operator. Though this photograph does not help to solve any of the mysteries of mobile color, it emphasizes the happy union of art and mechanics in the age where science has seemed to be, if not the enemy, at least the rival of creative art. To reproduce the art of mobile color without the glory of the color or the rhythm which is its life is obviously impossible. And yet the remarkable photographs by Francis Bruguière, reproduced on the following pages, give the imaginative eye a clue to the forms, variations, and progressions which Wilfred uses in his compositions.



Progressive stages in a movement, with the shapes gradually changing, rising, receding and evolving. The shapes at the sides begin in green and white at the bottom and fade into blue and white at the top. The field is blue and the central figure ranges from yellow at the bottom and at the outside to red in its centre.



The upper photograph belongs to the sequence begun on the previous page. At the moment of the picture the shapes at the sides are green, the upper figure magenta. The central solo figure of the photograph at the bottom opens and reopens seeming to create new color mysteries out of itself.



Above, a figure which is closer than most of Wilfred's to representative form, but which varies by quick changes of color and rhythm, and creates the impression of complete abstraction. Below, one of the loveliest of Wilfred's patterns. This photograph gives quite clearly the sense of that mystic translucence which enables the spectator to see through a color and a pattern to a color and a pattern beyond.

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only change. So that in a sense this art waited for long on the advance of mere mechanical science, the conquest of electricity for our uses. In London, there is an organ by Wallace Rimington that in many respects is similar to Bishop's with the difference that the light is here projected from electric batteries on to the screen. This organ too is mobile only to the extent of changing the colors. And it is accompanied by music on a piano nearby. Mr. Claude Bragdon has worked on a color organ for some time, though of an entirely different type from Mr. Wilfred's. It consists of an opaque screen in which have been cut geometrical forms, designs that are drawn from the geometry of four dimensions and are therefore abstraction itself. Sections of this opaque screen can be lit from the back by various colored electric bulbs, the light shining through other color mediums in the screen openings themselves. The bulbs for this are controlled from a chromatic keyboard. Apart from these uses of color with patterns there have been several inventions where color alone was used. In these the form was eliminated, there was no focus, merely the color going and coming, changing, varying.

But the more usual thought and intention in this direction of color organs involves a correspondence of the color scale with the music scale. Inventors most often have had at the back of their heads the thought that for every sound there must be some equivalent in color, a common feeling among sensitive, neurasthenic, and artistic people. And most of the talk on the subject has turned round this correspondence between certain sounds and certain colors. Scriabine, as is well known, conceived of color in connection with his music. He adopted Rimington's color keyboard for his *Prometheus* symphony of color and sound, with a color scale of his own founded on the piano-tuners "cycle of fifths." This symphony was given in New York with all directions carried out; but the effect seems to have resulted in rather a division of interest between the ear and the eye, as in opera. Nor is Scriabine alone in this effort; an instance conspicuous today is the music-color organ of the Australian,

Mr. Alexander Hewan; in fact the idea has been rather a common one. But this correspondence, however it may be useful to many people and however much it may have its value in the way of a certain amount of artistic fruitfulness, is not a priori in science. In the realm of physics it remains to be seen what relation there is between light and color. But even a psychologist or a biologist ever about one thing is sure, that synchrocolores certain lights with certain colors in the human eye, and he will shake his head. He knows perfectly well that other investigators have pointed out the necessity to remove psychological correspondence. When Rembrandt and Vermeer's style was represented by the yellow red of science, but what sounds red to me perhaps looks black or blue or another. Sounds that would sound almost inevitably white to me seem I have found to sound to others; not to speak of differences with them and myself. So that this rendering of certain other harmonies is expressing for the eye those harmonies that are falling on the happy ear, is really what all is said a translation. It is a conscious interpretation of one sense in terms of another, where there is really no exact equivalent. Such a unity between two senses that feed our inner lives may be a beautiful and hungry dream, and one to be desired, but it must always be in the nature of accident. Mr. Willard on the other hand has the advantage of scientific support. His track is better, more solid. It leaves no room at all for the accidental, the freakish, or for more individual and arbitrary assumptions of humanity. There is no reference to sound at all. His art has no musical relation whatever. He would even like to get the name away from the confusions of association; and so has tried at invention there also, calling his instrument not color organ but clavier.

What Mr. Willard has done then is not to be the first to dream of mobile abstractions of color and form; for that dream has been dreamed already. What he has done particularly is to see clearly first the functions of this art of mobile color and then most of all to invent the amazing mechanical means for its expression. He is important and

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to me very interesting as an instance of the artist craftsman. He has shown the combined gifts of imagining the meaning of an art and inventing the means for it with his own hands. The artist craftsman is needed in every art so that the material instrument may progress as well as the spirit and theory. He may rest in the instrument from his own hands as the soul rests in the body. An artist who is not a craftsman cannot explain to a mechanic what he dreams for their instrument; and the mechanic alone without vision gets nowhere. Mr. Wilfred has created the body for his idea; a mechanical instrument by which light can be determined in rhythm, color, pattern, tempo and intensity.

This organ, or clavilux, may obviously be compared in many respects to the pipe organ so far as structure goes. It consists first of all of two separate units. Instead of the wind chest there are a number of sources of white light. And in this white light all possibilities of color lie as all sounds in the wind. It is the harnessed force for all color. This light passes through an instrument, a combination of the mechanical, electrical and optical, which is controlled by the keyboard. A setting of the stops and a pressure of the keys releases the neutral white light and puts it to work as wind is put to work in an organ, leads it to definite sources of color and form. Thus the result at all times must depend on the white screen upon which the light rays are arrested and thereby translated into a visual experience. When you sit at the keyboard you first select your form that is to open the composition, your solo figure; then you select your color and the way it is to be introduced into the form and into space. It may be introduced as a plain rising or falling mass of color; or it may come in fibres, interlacing, juxtaposing or superimposing. Then your form may move independent of your color, the two may move together, or either one move while the other remains stationary. Or several forms may be introduced, moving in different rhythms, thus creating a visual counterpoint. And since we have but two hands the problem for the player

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technically concerns stops and the devices for color and for color intensity, different rhythms, counterpoint and so on.

As a matter of fact what Mr. Wilfred hopes for is a number of organs playing together, a kind of orchestra. For where sound can be struck immediately, light cannot; sounds appear and disappear instantly; color to be pleasing to the eye must come gradually. But a number of players at their organs could overcome such difficulties, exactly as an orchestra does things impossible for the pipe organ. And Mr. Wilfred dreams of a building of its own for the color organ of the future. A building specially designed. He has clearly in his mind now that building. For the first consideration, area, there must be an expanse before the eye. The strength of expression will vary in proportion to the area. A small screen is like a quartet, a large one like the orchestra. At one end of a great hall a circular stage-opening from the floor to the ceiling, no bottom or top to be seen by the audience. There will be a uniform white screen; and an auditorium of flat spaces, no ornament whatsoever, no cornices, all the openings plain or rounded. There will be openings too through which color can be flooded down on the audience, the power of floods of color. And he dreams, naturally, of institutes where this color art will be taught as there are institutes for music now.

I do not believe that Mr. Wilfred for the present would have the color organ judged by his own compositions for it. Nor can he lay claim at present, I think, to any great distinction as a composer on this instrument that he has created. He has been too busy perfecting the means to put himself into the end, the art. His compositions seem to me so far chiefly to be suggestive of the magnificent and startling possibilities of the organ. Looking at them as he played them through I found them unequal, not distinguished in pattern or conception always, and not thought through with the eminence of talent that perhaps may be his when there is more time for composition and for expression after his long contriving intervals. But there were moments, however brief, that were as beautiful as anything I have ever

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seen or heard, the passion of the mind said purely in another medium, pure and incredible color, the sense of the life of light itself. They gave me the sense of endless and infinite possibilities either in his hands or from greater, or from a wider region of living to be expressed. And apart from all that, the color remained impalpable, dwelling in air, free of any vehicle, never seen like this before.

But this interspace of admiration for the mechanical realization made in this color organ leaves us wondering still, to use Coleridge's noble words, who said: "All science begins in wonder and ends in wonder, and the interspace is filled with admiration." This art of mobile color may be capable of becoming the last step toward the completion of the use of light in art, as music completes sound. Perhaps color, which is light, is closer to us than sound is. I would not try to say, opinions vary. Perhaps light is nearer to us than anything else, through a mere animalism by which we turn to the sun. The aspect of the sun, that revelation of the world by light, may be the nearest of all things to our consciousness. As for this art of mobile color I cannot say if ever there will come a time when color and form in this abstract domain can be as close to us as sound can be, abstract as it is also, in music. Color and form are about us always, as sound is; but they are in a far more objective embodiment. The voice of a cello is complete in itself, its very idea, and is so thought of by any man; but its actual color is less easily separated from its body. Color and form are so bound up with the things we see that their purer state may be harder to come at. Whereas the sounds of the world, though they are as plentiful as its color, meet no such hindrance in reality; and having no body of themselves live for us only in our consciousness. And yet it is certain that almost every man feels constantly the mere color and line and pattern in what he sees, as is shown by his sense of proportion in objects, his resentment of bad color in things. But though every man, unconsciously perhaps, more or less sees design, abstraction, in the mountain, the winding river, the clouds, the running horse, the fact

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remains that he is accustomed to seeing it only beyond and through these outward objects that it informs and by which it is presented. So that it may easily be that when the abstraction of this visual experience is set forth without the object that he is used to seeing,—the mountain, the cloud, the horse,—that he will find himself bewildered and will ask what it all means. "I see the colors moving like that and the forms, but what does it all mean?" he will be asking. The answer is simple. What does music mean? What does the sound of the wind outside mean when we sit listening to it? What do clouds mean? What do patterns mean in cloth, or the harmony of the houses in a street? Gradually he may learn to understand this manner of speaking, as he has learned the dialect of music, which he follows without remonstrance or explanations in so far as he is musical. He may learn that we have been as close at least to light as we have been to sound; and may even be asking himself whether there might be some symbol in the fact that sound is limited by atmosphere but light travels through the universe forever.

In the end one thing at least is true. Whether or not the Universe is a universe at all or is only a diversity; and whether the world is only our representation, remain questions for philosophers. But it must be true that the measure of our living depends on our response to the world about us. The life in us is a continuous exercise of the individual in the general. Life is only a passion of desire to remain individual and at the same time to enter into the whole. And art is the whole as it is expressed through the one. By whatever new approach we apprehend the world about us, we are made richer in our living. Something is created for us where nothing was before. It is a new language gained, an added dialect.

THE HOLIDAY*

BY EMILE MAZAUD

MONSIEUR MOUTON. MONSIEUR PICQUE.

TRUCHARD. THE MILKMAN. MARIE.

SCENE: *In a little town, some fifty kilometers from Paris. The garden of a modest villa: that of Monsieur Mouton. A table in the middle of the garden; several chairs. On the right, the house and its terrace, approached by two or three steps. In the background, an iron grating on a stone parapet, broken by a voluted gate, supplied with a little bell. Beyond the grating, the quiet street, lined by similar villas, hidden by the foliage.*

MONSIEUR MOUTON, *seated beside the table, is reading his paper.* MARIE, *busy with her housekeeping, comes and goes between the garden and the house.* In the street appears MONSIEUR PICQUE, *who stops before the grating.*

MONSIEUR PICQUE. Morning, Monsieur Mouton.

MONSIEUR MOUTON. Monsieur Picque, good-morning.

[He goes up to the grating, opens the gate and shakes hands with MONSIEUR PICQUE. As they talk, MONSIEUR PICQUE gradually edges his way in.]

MONSIEUR PICQUE. Well, your guest missed the 5.23 last night?

MONSIEUR MOUTON. No. Fancy!—I don't know how he did it—he managed to walk right by us without seeing us or without our seeing him.

MONSIEUR PICQUE. Peculiar! I really could not wait any longer . . .

MONSIEUR MOUTON. No matter.

MONSIEUR PICQUE. . . . as I explained to you. I had to be at Vernans by seven. I had barely time. My brother-in-law insisted on my staying the night. I have just gotten back.

MONSIEUR MOUTON. . . . and the poor fool, instead of walking straight ahead of him, down the Avenue de la Gare, which would have brought him to the house in ten minutes, goes and loses himself in the Rue du Commandant Bertin, which winds and winds . . . ! He balled himself up in all the lanes of the old town. And, natur-

* La Folle Journée. From the *Repertory of the Vieux-Colombier* published by Éditions de la Nouvelle Revue Française, translated by Ralph Roeder.

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ally, the further he went in that direction, the more he asked his way, the less they knew me. Meanwhile I was waiting for the 6.30. The train pulls in: no Truchard! I came home then. Well, five minutes later, in he walks.

MONSIEUR PICQUE. Peculiar!

MONSIEUR MOUTON. He had met the postman who set him right. The postman accompanied him to the door. I offered the postman a drink.

MONSIEUR PICQUE. The point was, that he should get here!—You must be happy.

MONSIEUR MOUTON. Yes.

MONSIEUR PICQUE. How long you have been talking about him! "When Trouchard comes, we'll show him this, we'll show him that!"—An old friend of yours?

MONSIEUR MOUTON. Yes.

MONSIEUR PICQUE. Served with you? You were prisoners together?

MONSIEUR MOUTON. No. That was Lacasse. He was a prisoner in Prussia with me.

MONSIEUR PICQUE. The gentleman we met in the Gare de Lyons? We had a game with him.

MONSIEUR MOUTON. That's the one! I met Truchard after the war . . . In '74 . . . I was a waiter . . . Oh, yes, I was a waiter, I don't deny it. There's no common trades.

MONSIEUR PICQUE. To be sure.

MONSIEUR MOUTON. As long as you work, and the work is honest, one job's as good as another. And I worked! I have a little income, I have my seven francs to buy me a meal every day, because I went without often enough in the old days, and worked Sundays and holidays! . . . Where was I?

MONSIEUR PICQUE. You were a waiter.

MONSIEUR MOUTON. Yes. That's how I met Truchard. He was a mopper. He's a mopper still. He worked for my boss. Talking of one thing and another, we got to hanging together. I was living in rooms, rue St. Denis. What does he do but come and take a room in my hotel! After that, we saw a great deal of each other. We got to going out together. He was more fun! . . . For four years. . . . Then I quit waiting. I went into a Club. I had to move to live handy. We saw each other still, but not so often. And then, after a while, a gentleman had an eye on me, he gets me a job as a receiver in a big firm in the Sentier. I said to myself: "I am back

THE HOLIDAY

in town now: I'll go and find old Truchard in the hotel, rue St. Denis." Old Truchard had moved. He was off, where do you suppose? To America.

MONSIEUR PICQUE. To make his pile.

MONSIEUR MOUTON. To make his pile. A scheme he had at the time. . . . I was three years in the firm in the Sentier. I quit after a tiff with the cashier. Two days before I left, whom do I see alighting at the hotel, rue St. Denis? Truchard! And in what a state!

MONSIEUR PICQUE. He had not made his pile.

MONSIEUR MOUTON. No, indeed. I squarred him up a little. It wasn't long before I found him work. He's a hard-working lad; I'll say that for him, a hard-working lad! . . . At the end of a month, he was on his feet again. He had taken a room in the hotel on my landing. That lasted six months. All of a sudden I get a job offered me: floorwalker in a novelty bazaar, in Montrouge; a hundred and five a month, and meals. You can just fancy if I took it! . . . I went to live over that way. I was working Sundays. I lost sight of Truchard. In four years I met him only once; we had a drink together on the corner of the Boulevard and the rue St. Martin. I go up for my fortnight. We are at manoeuvres. I was passing the time of day with some comrades. Somebody taps me on the shoulder. I turn around: Truchard! Right you are! Truchard who was serving his fortnight in the same regiment, who had been trotting along with us all morning!

MONSIEUR PICQUE. Peculiar.

MONSIEUR MOUTON. Wasn't it? But there's something more peculiar! Wait till I tell you!—I return to Paris, to my job. One of the delivery boys had just quit. I don't lose half a minute. I go and find Truchard: I offer him the job. Well, he returns with me. He comes to live in my hotel. He was just the same as ever, more fun—! But there was a falling-out with other delivery boys, jealousy or something—and there were words—and a fuss. . . . It wasn't always very pleasant for me. At the end of six months they thanked him. It wasn't his fault.

MONSIEUR PICQUE [*who, for several moments, has been craning his head, looking for someone: Truchard*]. No.

MONSIEUR MOUTON. I don't know if he thought it was mine; but it was a long time before I saw him again.

MONSIEUR PICQUE [*as above*]. It wasn't your fault.

MONSIEUR MOUTON. He came to my wife's funeral, in '87.

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Then, once more, no Truchard. I never saw him again until the year of the Exhibition, in '89. Listen to this: . . . I was walking quietly in the Exhibition. I was preparing to go up the Eiffel Tower. Someone slips a prospectus in my hand: one of those sandwich-men. I look up. The sandwich-man is Truchard. I don't know when I laughed so much! . . . And he, he was fairly splitting! . . . For some time his work hadn't been going well; he had had to take what he could get. Always good-humored. That was peculiar now, wasn't it?

MONSIEUR PICQUE [*as above*]. Very peculiar.

MONSIEUR MOUTON. Well! after '89 I never saw him again.

MONSIEUR PICQUE [*as above*]. Never?

MONSIEUR MOUTON. Or rather: just once. He has been living for fifteen years out my friend Lacasse's way, who's a butcher. Whenever he passes he asks news of me. And Lacasse tells me about him when I visit him, that's about every five or six months. Truchard, you understand, would never think of passing without inquiring for me.

MONSIEUR PICQUE [*as above*]. Is he married?

MONSIEUR MOUTON. He was married, formerly. He had no luck. Made a bad choice. His wife left him after a year of marriage, and took the child with her.

MONSIEUR PICQUE [*as above*]. He never tried to find her?

MONSIEUR MOUTON. I don't know. No one ever knew, really. All the same, he was good fun.

MONSIEUR PICQUE [*as above*]. A character like that is a blessing.

MONSIEUR MOUTON. Yes. Isn't it?

MONSIEUR PICQUE [*as above*]. And he is still a moppper?

MONSIEUR MOUTON. Still a moppper.

MONSIEUR PICQUE [*as above*]. He's not growing any younger.

MONSIEUR MOUTON. He is a little knocked up. When I settled down here, first thing I said was: "I am going to invite Truchard." That was at Pentecost. On New Year's Day, when I went, the same as every year, to dine with my friend Lacasse I mentioned it to him. It was like fate: for the last thirteen months he hadn't seen Truchard, not a sign of him. I said to myself: "It couldn't be that he's dead." And one fine day, in walks Truchard, going by Lacasse's house, to inquire for me, as usual. That's how I got his address and wrote him . . . [*He notices the movements of MONSIEUR PICQUE, looking about him*] . . . Have you lost anything?

MONSIEUR PICQUE. I am looking for Monsieur Truchard.

THE HOLIDAY

MONSIEUR MOUTON. He is not here.

MONSIEUR PICQUE. Gone already?

MARIE [*as she passes*]. In bed.

MONSIEUR PICQUE. In bed? He is snoozing.

MARIE [*stopping short*]. No, Monsieur Picque, he ain't up yet.

MONSIEUR PICQUE. Not up at half-past four in the afternoon?

MONSIEUR MOUTON [*embarrassed*]. He was a little indisposed, last night. We let him sleep.

MONSIEUR PICQUE. That's my luck . . . Monsieur Mouton, I'd like nothing better than to sit talking to you, that's a fact. . . . But I have to look in on the plumber; my kitchen is full of water. We'll have a game this evening?

MONSIEUR MOUTON. Agreed.

MONSIEUR PICQUE. With Monsieur Truchard?

MARIE [*suspending her operations*]. If he is up.

MONSIEUR PICQUE [*shaking hands with MONSIEUR MOUTON*]. Till to-night.

MONSIEUR MOUTON [*taking up his paper*]. Right. [*He seats himself and begins to read again.*]

MARIE [*under color of her work, accompanying MONSIEUR PICQUE to the gate*]. Yes! Monsieur there, no sooner he gets here (he was late, to begin with) but he begins to put on airs. He didn't want to go for his walk with Monsieur Mouton. A battery of cannon couldn't keep Monsieur Mouton from his walk! Doctor's orders, as you know. To grow thin. When they get back, Monsieur Picque, begging your pardon, he ate like a pig and drank like I don't know what! It went to his head, and then . . . my whole dining-room floor! Yes, Monsieur Picque, he ups with it on my beautiful waxed floor that I had been over with sawdust and oil that very day! And this morning Monsieur didn't get up. From time to time I go and listen at his door. He snores; but it ain't proper to snore the way he does when you're on a visit, sir.

[*During this tirade, delivered with volubility, MONSIEUR PICQUE has reached the gate. He goes out, after having exchanged with MARIE some words that are not heard.*]

MONSIEUR MOUTON. That will do, Marie, that will do. What are you muttering about?

MARIE. I was talking to Monsieur Picque.

MONSIEUR MOUTON. You are not to talk of my guests.

MARIE [*who engages venomously in some sweeping or other . . . Between her teeth*]. Fine guests!

THE HOLIDAY

MONSIEUR MOUTON. You can be civil, can't you? I suppose I shall have to consult your approval. . . .

MARIE. Sometimes you . . . [*Making a stand, her clenched hands on her hips, in front of MONSIEUR MOUTON*]. And the first thing, at table, he takes your seat, by the sideboard.

MONSIEUR MOUTON [*surrendering to evidence*]. It can't be helped, Marie. The man hasn't any . . . he doesn't know any better.

MARIE. That's what I say.

MONSIEUR MOUTON. When he wakes up, he will want a bite. I told you to bring up some wine.

MARIE. I brought it up: red and white.

MONSIEUR MOUTON. My white!

MARIE. Monsieur Truchard, last night, preferred white.

MONSIEUR MOUTON. I didn't tell you to serve it.

MARIE. To-day we can't change.

MONSIEUR MOUTON. Of course. But one bottle only. Understand?

MARIE. Don't worry. 'Specially as there ain't much left.

[*TRUCHARD appears on the terrace, wan, his hair dishevelled. He descends laboriously, still half-asleep.*]

MONSIEUR MOUTON. Well, old boy?

TRUCHARD [*his voice is weary*]. Good-morning, Mouton. . . . Good-morning, Madame. [*He clasps MONSIEUR MOUTON's hand. He greets MARIE with a little bow.*]

MARIE. Good-morning, Monsieur! [*Sarcastically.*] Hope you slept well.

TRUCHARD [*touched, promptly, with gratitude*]. Yes, madame, thanks.

MONSIEUR MOUTON [*cordially*]. Feeling better?

TRUCHARD. Yes, thanks. I must ask you to . . . to forgive me . . . for last night. . . . I don't know what happened. [*He looks sheepish.*]

MONSIEUR MOUTON [*reassuringly*]. That's nothing, nothing. As long as you are feeling better. . . . You will eat something?

TRUCHARD. No, no, nothing! I never eat anything.

MONSIEUR MOUTON. But, old man, you have had nothing since last night.

MARIE [*contributing her charitable mite*]. And last night . . .

MONSIEUR MOUTON. Marie, lay the table.

TRUCHARD. I assure you, old man, I want nothing.

THE HOLIDAY

MONSIEUR MOUTON. No, no! You must be hungry. You don't seem to realize that it is half-past four.

TRUCHARD [*surprised: a little*]. Half-past four? I'd have said I had slept longer than that.

MONSIEUR MOUTON. No offense: but how much sleep do you need?

TRUCHARD [*shaking out his legs, left and right, to limber them up. With a smartly casual air*]. True, true, in the country you go to bed with the hens and get up with the cock.

MONSIEUR MOUTON. The cock was up before you.

TRUCHARD [*tilting his nose up, opening as wide as he can his poor worn eyes, and drawing two or three deep breaths*]. It grows light very early here. . . . It will be a fine day. . . . The country is pleasant at this hour. . . . You rise every day at half-past four?

MONSIEUR MOUTON [*surprised*]. At what time?

TRUCHARD. At half-past four?

MONSIEUR MOUTON. At half-past four? Do you think I am like you?

TRUCHARD. You rose so early for my sake?

MONSIEUR MOUTON [*more and more astonished*]. What are you talking about?

TRUCHARD. You say it is half past four.

MONSIEUR MOUTON [*as above*]. Yes, it is half past four.

TRUCHARD. I didn't suppose I had risen so early.

MONSIEUR MOUTON. Early! You call half past four early?

TRUCHARD. Half past four in the morning?

MONSIEUR MOUTON. In the afternoon!

TRUCHARD [*dumbfounded*]. In the afternoon! . . . It is afternoon!

MONSIEUR MOUTON. What did you think it was?

TRUCHARD [*sinks, overcome, on a chair. In a heart-broken tone, he takes cognizance of the fact*]. It is afternoon.

MONSIEUR MOUTON. Well, yes, it is afternoon. You are not going to break your heart over that.

TRUCHARD [*sadly*]. I was going to take a turn in the cool of the morning.

MONSIEUR MOUTON. Come, come, Truchard! don't pull such a long face. Sit down and help yourself.

TRUCHARD [*resigning himself*]. Well, since it is afternoon. . . .

MONSIEUR MOUTON. Marie, you can serve. Sit down, old man.

TRUCHARD [*with an attempt at joviality*]. Yes, yes! Sit down, sit down! . . . You are going to let me eat alone?

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MONSIEUR MOUTON. I'll have a glass with you. [MARIE sets on the table several dishes of food and withdraws.]

MONSIEUR MOUTON [settling himself comfortably in his arm-chair]. Do you know you are not looking well to-day?

TRUCHARD [eating]. I'm always like that.

MONSIEUR MOUTON [scoring his point]. Ah! . . . Nevertheless: you are not looking well!

TRUCHARD. What gets me is, you have grown stout.

MONSIEUR MOUTON [annoyed, takes it out on MARIE, who has just brought a bottle]. Put it there!

TRUCHARD [insistent]. Yes. It's astonishing how stout you have grown. [Moved.] Old P-Popper!

MONSIEUR MOUTON [pours. In a tone of resentment which he attempts to make amicable]. Now, Truchard! I asked you last night to do me the favor of forgetting that name.

TRUCHARD [contrite]. I beg pardon. I see; you don't want to be called Popper, same as in the old days.

MONSIEUR MOUTON [picking up the flask of red wine]. White? . . . Or red? [With finality] . . . Red.

TRUCHARD. Hm! . . . If it's all the same to you. . . .

MONSIEUR MOUTON [offering the flask of red wine]. Certainly, old man! If you like red, take red. . . .

TRUCHARD [embarrassed]. That is . . . I prefer . . .

MONSIEUR MOUTON [very coldly]. What?

TRUCHARD [hesitating]. White. . . .

MONSIEUR MOUTON [sets down the flask and takes up the bottle of white wine]. Ah! . . . You prefer white? . . . Well, my lad, I will give you white. It's nothing to me, your taking white, you know. . . . You want white? . . . White it is, my friend, white it is. [He does not tilt the bottle]. . . . I don't refuse you white. . . .

TRUCHARD [intimidated]. Wait . . . on second thought. . . . I think I prefer . . . red.

MONSIEUR MOUTON [promptly replacing the bottle and picking up the flask of red wine. In a tone grown suddenly jovial]. Red, white; white, red. Whichever you like! [He steadies the flask and swiftly lowers the nozzle]. If you prefer white, you have only to say so. [He is about to pour hastily.]

TRUCHARD [catching the nozzle]. Yes. I prefer white.

[MONSIEUR MOUTON, in strained silence, slowly replaces the flask on the table, and ever so slowly, begins to pour.]

MONSIEUR MOUTON [in a voice frigid and hushed]. Well!

THE HOLIDAY

. . . I am pouring white. . . . You see . . . I am pouring white . . . since it is white you prefer. . . .

TRUCHARD [*more intimidated than ever*]. Thanks . . . thanks . . . [*With an attempt at conversation*]. . . . Yes! . . . If they had told me, I never would have believed it!

MONSIEUR MOUTON [*his hand on the bottle, which he has just put back on the table*]. What?

TRUCHARD. I never would have believed you could have grown so stout.

MONSIEUR MOUTON [*very stiffly*]. Marie!

MARIE [*from the house*]. Monsieur?

MONSIEUR MOUTON. Truchard says I have grown stout.

MARIE [*still unseen*]. Well, I never!

MONSIEUR MOUTON [*as above*]. Why man, I do a good seven miles every day, on foot, I'll take the trouble to inform you. Morning and evening, and afternoon, half an hour's walk, punctual! After that I won't be told I have grown stout.

TRUCHARD [*put in his place*]. Well, you see . . . I'd have thought you had grown stout.

MONSIEUR MOUTON [*coldly*]. You were mistaken.

TRUCHARD [*embarrassed, to change the subject*]. Your health! [*He raises his glass.*] You are not drinking?

MONSIEUR MOUTON. Yes. [*He pours himself some white wine*]. Your health!

TRUCHARD [*a little heartened*]. Poor old Popper!

MONSIEUR MOUTON [*coldly*]. You will, will you?

TRUCHARD. Beg pardon.

MONSIEUR MOUTON [*emphatically*]. You will, will you?

TRUCHARD. It's the name that comes back when I think of you.

MONSIEUR MOUTON. I never knew why you called me that.

TRUCHARD. It must have been because you seemed so much older than us, so much more serious; and also, no doubt, on account of your corpulence. Because, you know, you were always a bit sizzly.

MONSIEUR MOUTON [*exasperated*]. It was a fool name.

TRUCHARD. No: it was nice.

MONSIEUR MOUTON. You think so?

TRUCHARD. It seemed to fit you.

MONSIEUR MOUTON [*as above*]. Gaillard had such a silly look, when he blurted it out. I always felt like catching him one.

TRUCHARD. He was a good sort.

THE HOLIDAY

MONSIEUR MOUTON. Yes, none too clever. . . . Died in '93.

[*The following replies are broken by rather long silences.*]

TRUCHARD. No. . . . More like in 1901.

MONSIEUR MOUTON. So it was. . . . In '97.

TRUCHARD. And Soubiras? It's long since you've seen him?

MONSIEUR MOUTON. An age.

TRUCHARD. I thought I saw Bertrand the other day on the tramway. I am not positive. He's changed.

MONSIEUR MOUTON. What's become of all the old crowd? [*He sighs.*]

TRUCHARD [*sighing also*]. Ah, yes! . . . Time flies.

MONSIEUR MOUTON [*after a long silence*]. Thirty years! . . . Can't get over it!

TRUCHARD [*after a moment*]. Nor I either.

MONSIEUR MOUTON [*idem*]. Nor you either?

TRUCHARD [*idem*]. . . . I can't get over it! Can't get over how stout you have grown. [*Silence.*]

MONSIEUR MOUTON. Bertrand. . . . What I couldn't stand about Bertrand was his way of making you think he had his way with the women. . . .

TRUCHARD. He did.

MONSIEUR MOUTON. Not with all of them.

TRUCHARD. Oh, yes!

MONSIEUR MOUTON. He might have left you some then.

TRUCHARD [*with naïf good humor*]. Fact is, they never ran after me.

MONSIEUR MOUTON. No. [*In a tone almost malicious*]. On the contrary!

TRUCHARD [*a little taken aback by MONSIEUR MOUTON's tone*]. On the contrary? [*Suddenly comprehending*]. Ah, yes! . . . [*His voice suddenly changed, shaken*]. I didn't see at first what you meant. . . . Doesn't matter. . . .

MONSIEUR MOUTON [*immediately abject*]. What I meant? . . . What? . . .

TRUCHARD [*painfully*]. It's strange . . . the effect it had on me . . . that little dig you gave me. . . .

MONSIEUR MOUTON [*as above*]. Who? I?

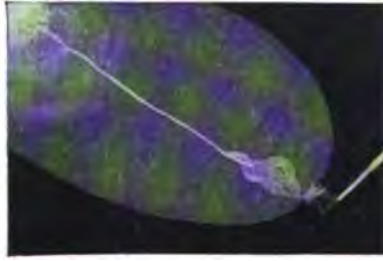
TRUCHARD [*as above*]. You can't imagine. . . . That allusion to . . . to my misfortune.

MONSIEUR MOUTON [*feigning astonishment*]. Alphonsine? You thought I was thinking of Alphonsine?

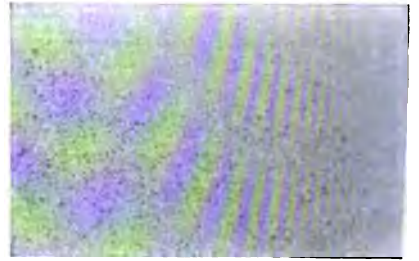


Photograph by Francis Bruquière.

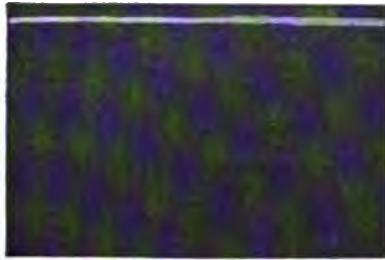
On this and succeeding pages *The Theatre Arts Magazine* presents the work of a new American designer, Mordecai Gorelik, a young artist of strength, pungency and originality. The design above is for the first scene of *The Emperor Jones*. On the next two pages appears an example of Gorelik's novel and individual contribution to the new stagecraft, a "color analysis" of a play, made before either settings or costumes are sketched out.



General survey.



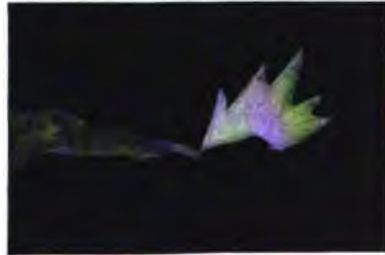
1. Act one. Opening scene.



4. Act two. Peter is poisoned, his money stolen.



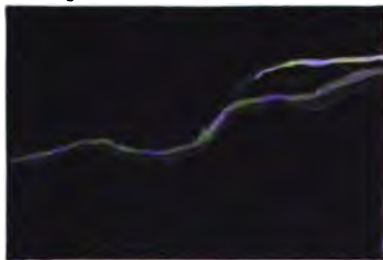
5. Act three. Nikita turns to Akoulina.



8. Act four. Akim smothers the baby.



9. He becomes conscience stricken.

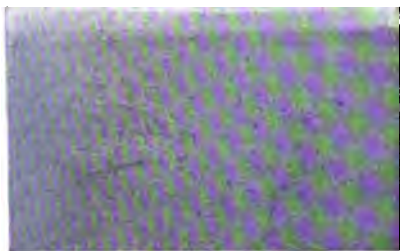


12. Nikita's talk with Mitritch.

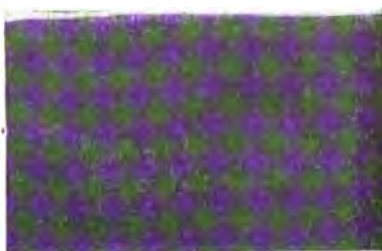


13. Nikita confesses. Closing scene.

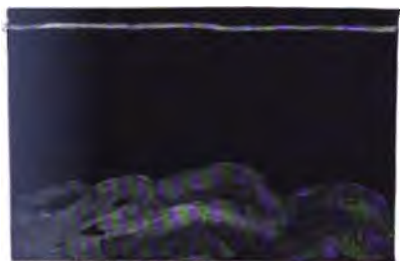
A "color analysis" of Tolstoy's *Power of Darkness* by Mordecai Gorelik. This series is an attempt to translate into color and abstract design the movement of a play. The diagrams are not intended to be taken literally;



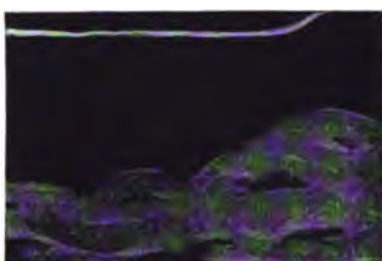
2. Enter Matryona. Abrupt change from green to blue.



3. Enter Akim. Nikita swears falsely. He repulses Marina.



6. Adultery, drunkenness and misery in the household.



7. The quarrel. Akim leaves the house.



10. Act five. Nikita is unable to face the wedding scene.



11. Nikita's talk with Marina.

they merely suggest the mood for each scene. The scheme begins with a green light suggesting late afternoon; this color deepens and changes to a colder blue on Matryona's entrance; at the beginning of Act IV it has reached black. The lingering daylight which forms the upper border of frame No. 1 is utilized as the symbol of redemption, and evolves later into the bright line representing Akim; after frame No. 8 it moves out of the series, but reappears in No. 12 and forms the beam of light in the last scene. The heavy, squirming lines of Nos. 5, 6 and 7 are a deep orange-red. The lines in Nos. 9, 10 and 11 are a dull gray-green; they become streaked with red in No. 11, and change, in No. 12, to a more peaceful blue, followed by the bright yellow. In the actual setting of the play the orange-red in Act III might be furnished by the lamp and the stove, the flash in Act IV (marking a climax of the play), by Matryona's lantern, the changing colors in Act V (an outdoor scene), by the horizon. The shaft of light in the last scene supposedly comes from a lamp on the table, as shown in the sketch on the next page.



Photograph by Francis Bruguidre.

The Power of Darkness, last scene, as sketched by Gorelik. Note the light upon the sinner, his confessor, and the *ikon*, corresponding to the shafts of light in the last section of the "color analysis" on page 45.

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TRUCHARD. Of whom? It's of no importance, never mind. . . . It's an old story. . . . Doesn't matter. [*An uncomfortable pause.*]

MONSIEUR MOUTON [*no longer knowing how to extricate himself. . . . Timidly*]. You never had any news?

TRUCHARD [*after a painful silence*]. . . . No.

MONSIEUR MOUTON [*without looking at him*]. And the girl?

TRUCHARD [*with a gesture more than with a word*]. Neither.

MONSIEUR MOUTON [*with great concern*]. You're not eating!

TRUCHARD. I'm not hungry.

MONSIEUR MOUTON. Drink. . [*He pours for him*].

TRUCHARD. Thanks! . . . Enough! . . . Thanks!

MONSIEUR MOUTON [*rising to the emergency*]. Ah, those were the days!

TRUCHARD [*with an effort*]. Yes.

MONSIEUR MOUTON. A jolly fellow you were too!

TRUCHARD. There weren't any scraps for the cat on your dish.

MONSIEUR MOUTON [*modestly*]. Oh!

TRUCHARD. No, indeed! . . . You liked them pretty raw too. My word!

MONSIEUR MOUTON [*protesting*]. I!

TRUCHARD. You were the one to find the ripe ones and the juicy ones. . . .

MONSIEUR MOUTON. Never!

TRUCHARD. You have forgotten.

MONSIEUR MOUTON. I don't know what you mean.

TRUCHARD [*kindling to his theme*]. Oh, yes, you do! How about the day you told us the story of the deacon. . . .

MONSIEUR MOUTON [*as if trying to recall it*]. The story of the deacon?

TRUCHARD [*relentlessly*]. Yes.

MONSIEUR MOUTON. That wasn't me.

TRUCHARD [*insisting*]. Oh, yes, it was.

MONSIEUR MOUTON [*stiffly*]. No! I say, no!

TRUCHARD. Well, now, that's a bit stiff! And the good one about the riddle of the calf's head? Bertrand broke his glass, laughing over it.

MONSIEUR MOUTON. The calf's head? You are mistaken.

TRUCHARD. Bless my soul! Yes, I say! That was a whopper! [*Declaiming.*] What is the difference between a calf's head and Richelieu's lady?

MONSIEUR MOUTON [*lowering his voice*]. Not so loud!

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TRUCHARD [*continuing to recite*]. The difference is: the calf's head. . . .

MONSIEUR MOUTON [*promptly*]. Truchard, I beg of you, watch what you're saying! Marie will hear.

TRUCHARD. You see.

MONSIEUR MOUTON [*addled*]. I see. I see nothing at all. . . . I see that you have confused. . . . [*Silence. Then MONSIEUR MOUTON begins to whistle, between his teeth, the Stanzas to Manon, which he accompanies by drumming his fingers on the table*]. "Manon, be-hold the sun."

TRUCHARD [*to himself*]. Yes . . . yes. . . .

MONSIEUR MOUTON [*whistling*]. "The spring has begun." [*Speaking*]. What?

TRUCHARD [*imitating him*]. "T'is love, lord of the universe . . ." [*Speaking*]. Yes . . . it brings it all back.

MONSIEUR MOUTON [*whistling*]. "T'is the bird's nest on the hill. . . ." [*Speaking*]. Hm?

TRUCHARD [*whistling*]. "Come, feel the sweet thrill." [*Speaking. In answer to MONSIEUR MOUTON*]. It takes the cake.

MONSIEUR MOUTON [*tumbling from the clouds*]. The cake?

TRUCHARD [*enlightening him calmly*]. I say: it takes the cake, how stout you have grown.

MONSIEUR MOUTON [*stopping abruptly; pointing to a plate of fruit*]. A pear?

TRUCHARD [*accepting*]. With pleasure. . . . Soubiras . . . Soubiras liked pears.

MONSIEUR MOUTON. I have seen him make a meal of fruit.

TRUCHARD. Soubiras. . . . You got on well with him . . . you were never apart . . . you were a pair of friends.

MONSIEUR MOUTON [*approving*]. Yes. . . . [*Then, easily*]. I never thought very much of him.

TRUCHARD [*surprised*]. Soubiras?

MONSIEUR MOUTON. I don't know why.

TRUCHARD [*bewildered*]. You amaze me.

MONSIEUR MOUTON. It's a fact. Besides, I never felt for anyone what I felt for you.

TRUCHARD. Ah, yes. We knew each other such an age. [*Melting*]. Old Popper! [*Quickly*]. Pardon!

MONSIEUR MOUTON [*deep in his memories*]. And your name was Ripaton.

TRUCHARD [*startled*]. Eh?

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MONSIEUR MOUTON. And your name was Ripaton.

TRUCHARD [*struck to the heart*]. Ripaton? . . . Bless me. . . . So it was! [*Gasping*]. Ah! What are you telling me? . . . How long ago! . . . I had completely forgotten. Ah, my dear, my dear old Popper! [*He is choked with emotion. He rises, gesticulating*]. . . . Ripaton! . . . Ripaton! . . . [*Drumming out the syllables with blows on the table*]. Ri-pa-ton! . . . That's it! . . . Ah, my good old Popper! my old Popper! [*With tears in his eyes, he sinks into his chair, his elbows on the table, clasping his head in his hands*].

MONSIEUR MOUTON [*moved*]. Those were the days.

TRUCHARD [*plaintively*]. You have been lucky.

MONSIEUR MOUTON [*saddened*]. I am no longer twenty.

TRUCHARD [*ditto*]. I am fifty-eight.

MONSIEUR MOUTON [*very much to be pitied*]. I can take my ease now. But it's my stomach won't work.

TRUCHARD [*ditto*]. Same as me. My stomach won't work. I can't take my ease.

MONSIEUR MOUTON [*after a short silence*]. What scallywags we were!

TRUCHARD. So we were.

MONSIEUR MOUTON. I never knew such a lot of rascallions.

TRUCHARD [*encouragingly*]. No.

MONSIEUR MOUTON [*deep in his memories again*]. The hair-dresser: when we played Manilla with him, didn't we make him squirm!

TRUCHARD [*as before*]. Yes.

MONSIEUR MOUTON [*waxing eloquent*]. And when we went to concerts!

TRUCHARD [*as before*]. Now you're talking!

MONSIEUR MOUTON [*as above*]. It wasn't often they didn't put us out!

TRUCHARD [*enraptured*]. Every blessed time!

MONSIEUR MOUTON [*swept away*]. We would bawl, all the five of us, in the street, till two o'clock in the morning!

TRUCHARD [*ditto*]. We bawled!

MONSIEUR MOUTON [*continuing*]. Once we all spent the night in the street.

TRUCHARD [*as above*]. And you put it over the sergeant!

MONSIEUR MOUTON [*triumphant*]. I made you split that time.

TRUCHARD [*as above*]. And he couldn't understand why we were splitting!

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MONSIEUR MOUTON [*in ecstasy*]. And the day of Bertrand's birthday!

TRUCHARD [*raising his arms*]. Ah, yes! . . . Let's have it! [*A clock—that of the parish church, no doubt—tolls five o'clock. MONSIEUR MOUTON rises.*]

TRUCHARD. Let's have it! [*He observes MONSIEUR MOUTON with astonishment.*]

MONSIEUR MOUTON [*quietly*]. Five o'clock. [*He puts on his hat, which he takes from a chair.*]

TRUCHARD [*his voice a little flat*]. Let's have it! [*Amazed by MONSIEUR MOUTON's preparations.*] You are off?

MONSIEUR MOUTON [*coldly*]. I shan't be long.

TRUCHARD [*rather uneasily*]. You have an errand?

MONSIEUR MOUTON [*slightly annoyed*]. No, certainly not! . . . I told you just now . . . My walk! . . . Half an hour. . . .

TRUCHARD. I'd be glad to go along.

MONSIEUR MOUTON [*as above*]. Don't trouble. Yesterday it fatigued you. I don't walk for pleasure. I walk for sport: I "foot it." You can have a drink till I get back.

TRUCHARD. Don't go to any expense for me.

MONSIEUR MOUTON. Nonsense! . . . Marie! Clear the table and bring the cordial.

MARIE [*bringing a bottle*]. There you are.

TRUCHARD [*imperturbably polite*]. Thank you, madame.

MONSIEUR MOUTON [*starting for the gate*]. I'll be right back. [*He walks laboriously. He stops, turns.*] If it were one's stomach only. But it's the legs also. I'm always afraid of a stroke of paralysis. . . . It's like hemorrhages. . . . The blood always rushes to my head. . . . When I die, I suppose it'll be from hemorrhages. . . .

TRUCHARD. Hemorrhages?

MONSIEUR MOUTON [*in an altered voice*]. Yes, hemorrhages.

. . . [*In a peculiar tone.*] Five seconds . . . no more Mouton! [*He snickers.*]

TRUCHARD [*without expression*]. Ah!

MONSIEUR MOUTON. Just in time to say, Ouf! . . . Nobody! . . . Listen! [*He comes closer.*] I'll tell you something that will tickle you. [*He snickers.*] Yes, yes! . . . Listen! . . . Last week . . . [*He seats himself.*] . . . I made my will. . . . [*Snickering.*] Don't that tickle you?

TRUCHARD [*calmly*]. That is something I never would do.

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MONSIEUR MOUTON [*in the same peculiar voice*]. Good joke, ain't it?

TRUCHARD [*indifferent*]. It's a useful precaution to take.

MONSIEUR MOUTON [*still snickering*]. I told you you'd be tickled.

TRUCHARD [*growing calmer and calmer*]. You never know who is to live or to die.

MONSIEUR MOUTON [*as above*]. But there's something better yet! Listen! . . . [*Snickering*]. D'ye know what I wrote in my will, as large as life?

TRUCHARD [*quietly*]. No.

MONSIEUR MOUTON [*in great perturbation*]. That's the best joke of all! [*Snickering*]. I willed that all those who attend my funeral . . . [*a snicker*] . . . see? . . . don't that tickle you? . . . [*a snicker*] civil funeral, naturally, shall be entitled to a dinner . . . [*He snickers*]. There will be a banquet laid out for them! You'd never have thought of that? [*He snickers again*].

TRUCHARD [*in the same quiet tone*]. No.

MONSIEUR MOUTON [*with increasing perturbation*]. A banquet. [*He snickers.*] If you can eat it!

TRUCHARD [*still perfectly calm*]. Agreed! I'll be there.

MONSIEUR MOUTON [*as before*]. A bomb-shell, eh? [*With a prolonged snicker.*] Splitting, ain't it?

TRUCHARD [*quite simply*]. Agreed! I'll bring my friends.

MONSIEUR MOUTON [*rising painfully, takes several steps, tittering. Then, in a cavernous voice*]. . . . So long!

TRUCHARD [*who has understood nothing*]. So long. [*Just as MONSIEUR MOUTON opens the gate, the bell of which tinkles.*] Well, you see, the more I reflect, the more I think . . .

MONSIEUR MOUTON [*turning. Like a man who no longer knows where he is*]. You think? . . . What do you think?

TRUCHARD. I think . . . that it's ex-tra-ordinary, how stout you have grown.

MONSIEUR MOUTON [*bowing his head; in a low voice*]. So long. [*He goes out and disappears slowly, down the street. TRUCHARD remains seated, motionless, before the bottle of cordial that MARIE has brought him. MARIE, who has been coming and going between the garden and the house, finally comes to a halt, struck suddenly by TRUCHARD's inaction.*]

MARIE. You're not drinking?

TRUCHARD [*meekly*]. I have no glass.

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MARIE. Beg pardon.

TRUCHARD [*timidly*]. Don't mention it. [*MARIE has gone into the house to fetch a glass, which she brings to TRUCHARD.*]

MARIE [*after some time, observing that TRUCHARD has not moved*]. I gave you a glass.

TRUCHARD [*more timidly than ever*]. But no corkscrew.

MARIE. Ah! I am stupid! [*She runs in for the corkscrew, returns, and uncorks the bottle.*]

TRUCHARD [*overwhelmed*]. Oh, don't mention it! [*MARIE has recommenced her peregrinations. But again she stops, astonished by the persistent immobility of TRUCHARD.*]

MARIE. Well! Why ain't you drinking?

TRUCHARD [*after some hesitation*]. Don't like it.

MARIE [*stupefied*]. Don't like cordial?

TRUCHARD [*bowing his head*]. Don't like cordial.

MARIE. You're not feeling funny?

TRUCHARD [*shamefaced*]. Can't help it.

MARIE [*who cannot recover from her amazement*]. Well now! If Monsieur Mouton was to hear you! His cordial! His cordial as he goes and buys himself from the still, every year, in the Eure-and-Loire!

TRUCHARD [*overwhelmed*]. Don't like alcohol . . . Never drink anything but water.

MARIE. You drank white wine just now.

TRUCHARD. Because it's not so heavy as red. Red wine—why, the very color of red wine is enough to upset me. I don't like white wine either.

MARIE. Yesterday you drank pretty near two quarts yourself.

TRUCHARD. It was Mouton: he was urging me . . . And I had a touch of fever.

MARIE. You had eaten too much . . . no offense . . .

TRUCHARD. I've no appetite . . . Mouton kept filling my plate . . . All the same, I was hungry . . . That accounts for my eating. Besides, I was tired; I felt feverish, as I told you . . . And so, though I don't like wine, I kept drinking a great deal.

MARIE. That's what did for you.

TRUCHARD. I know what you mean.

MARIE. Me?

TRUCHARD. I can see what you're thinking. You are saying to yourself: "Now, there's a fellow, badly dressed as he is, can't have had his fill every day."

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MARIE. Oh!

TRUCHARD. "... and he's taking this chance to stuff himself like a pig." That's what you say. Well, it ain't that, it ain't that at all. I'm not given to eating. What I'm fonder of than anything is the country—flowers—trees—rivers—little birds—poetry, you know. That's it: My hobby would be poetry!

MARIE. I don't get you.

TRUCHARD. Well, I'll explain. I'm glad to have this opportunity to explain . . . In the condition you saw me in yesterday, madame . . . I hadn't eaten for two days.

MARIE. For—two—days!

TRUCHARD. For two days. You wouldn't have thought it, would you? . . . when I arrived. I hold myself proper enough, you saw that for yourself. No one would have thought it.

MARIE [*distressed*]. What's all this you're telling me, Monsieur Truchard.

TRUCHARD. It just happened so. Deliberate-like. I couldn't get a stroke of work all last week. I had set aside the few sous I had saved, for the train.

MARIE. You'd oughter put off your visit.

TRUCHARD. Put off my visit? Put off my visit to Mouton? Ah, Madame! [*Assuming once more the detached tone of his narrative.*] . . . Well, I economized for the trip. The result was, that for the last week what I've eaten . . .

MARIE [*touched*] . Well?

TRUCHARD. Well—yesterday morning, I was short ten cents for my ticket. Luckily I found an odd job that very day. I could hardly keep on my feet. You can imagine: the hollow feeling. But I was happy. Only, it was inconvenient about the time. I almost missed the train; and I ran the whole way! When I got here, I took the wrong street: I went round the whole town. And then, once here, Mouton wanted me to go for a walk with him.

MARIE. Poor Monsieur Truchard!

TRUCHARD. . . . On our return I was dead beat. I must add that I didn't take time to eat in Paris. And, at table, Mouton there kept piling up my plate and stuffing me, and wouldn't stop filling my glass! It made me sick!

MARIE. Poor Monsieur Truchard! Why didn't you tell us?

TRUCHARD [*respectably*]. Oh, Madame, when you're on a visit!

MARIE. T'would have been better, though, than to make yourself so sick that . . .

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TRUCHARD. I was upset, you know.

MARIE. But to-day, you're feeling better?

TRUCHARD. I'm feeling better. But not brilliant.

MARIE. To-morrow there won't be a sign of it.

TRUCHARD. Let us hope so.

MARIE. Have you found work when you get back to Paris?

TRUCHARD. Yes, fortunately.

MARIE. That's good! That's good, Monsieur Truchard!

TRUCHARD. You're very kind, Madame Marie. I see you know what's what,

MARIE. Yes, I know life. I've been there.

TRUCHARD. I pity you.

MARIE. If I was to tell you! All I'll say is, I was going to have my little girl, when I was made a widow.

TRUCHARD. Madame Marie, I pity you.

MARIE. My little girl's at school. I spend enough for her, I can tell you! Phew!

TRUCHARD. I pity you with all my heart, Madame Marie!

MARIE. You've children maybe.

TRUCHARD. I had a little girl, also . . . That was very long ago. I had a wife too . . . All that's a very old story. Fact is, Mouton, just now, said something about that, that I didn't like . . .

MARIE. You lost them?

TRUCHARD. No . . . Yes . . . You wouldn't understand . . . I wasn't very fortunate, you see.

MARIE. When I think there's some folk have nothing but happiness on earth!

TRUCHARD. Yes, everything succeeds with some people. Mustn't grudge it to them. T'aint always their fault.

MARIE. Well, Monsieur Truchard, the way I see it, 't oughtn't always be the same ones.

TRUCHARD. If we all understood one another!

MARIE. 'Twould make things easier now, wouldn't it?

TRUCHARD. Society can't be very well ordered.

MARIE. You're not an anarchist, Monsieur Truchard!

TRUCHARD. Me! . . . Oh, no, Madame Marie! No! Never in the world! It was Mouton who was given to that sort of thing.

MARIE. Monsieur Mouton! an anarchist!

TRUCHARD. He was a little rash.

MARIE. He's changed then.

TRUCHARD. I dare say. But all in all, I haven't seen him for

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so long. I'd have said he hadn't changed very much.

MARIE. Really.

TRUCHARD. He has grown stouter, that's all.

MARIE. He grows stouter every day.

TRUCHARD. Otherwise, just the same. Not a bad fellow, good heart, sound character.

MARIE. When you know him.

TRUCHARD. A little pleased with himself. Always liked to show off a bit.

MARIE. Perhaps . . .

TRUCHARD. But it suits him.

MARIE. He looks well enough.

TRUCHARD. Wears his clothes well.

MARIE [*after a brief silence*]. Monsieur Truchard, you are pleasant enough, to be sure. But I'll have to be leaving you. My dishes aren't done yet, it's after five.

TRUCHARD. By all means, by all means. Don't let me keep you, Madame Marie. Just a word. Do we dine?

MARIE. Do we dine?

TRUCHARD. That's to say: do I dine?

MARIE. Do you dine?

TRUCHARD. Do I dine here, this evening?

MARIE. I don't know, Monsieur Truchard. He ain't said.

TRUCHARD. I haven't been informed either.

MARIE. You'll see soon enough. [*She goes into the house.*
TRUCHARD *takes a turn about the garden.* MONSIEUR MOUTON *returns, striding along lustily, wiping his brow.*]

MONSIEUR MOUTON [*out of breath*]. Well, well, Truchard! What's all this? Don't you know it is half past five? You've just time to catch the 5.45.

TRUCHARD. My train's at 5.45?

MONSIEUR MOUTON [*positively*]. There is a train at 5.45.

TRUCHARD [*tranquilly*]. I didn't know there was a train at 5.45.

MONSIEUR MOUTON. You'll have to hurry not to miss it.

TRUCHARD [*in no wise disturbed*]. I'll take the next one.

MONSIEUR MOUTON. The next one! There's none till 7.13. It will be nine o'clock by the time you get to Paris. That'll make you dine Lord knows when.

TRUCHARD [*with sublime indifference*]. —Oh, I'm not particular.—It often happens that I lunch—and dine too, for that matter—at very irregular hours.

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MONSIEUR MOUTON. I'm sweating. Half a minute—change my flannel waistcoat. Be right down. Get ready.

TRUCHARD. Yes.

MONSIEUR MOUTON. Just run up—be right down. [*He starts towards the house.*]

TRUCHARD. Wait, Mouton. While we're alone, I'd like to ask you something.

MONSIEUR MOUTON. Well?

TRUCHARD [*with a certain diffidence. Not too much.*] Would it inconvenience you to lend me a franc?

MONSIEUR MOUTON [*immediately. In an admonitory tone.*] My boy, you know I have no capital. My income is invested in co-operative dividends, every penny of it. I have no money here. Barely a few sous. [*He would continue at great length in this vein.*]

TRUCHARD. Let's forget it.

MONSIEUR MOUTON. If you will allow me?

TRUCHARD. No, no! I just asked, thinking it wouldn't inconvenience you.

MONSIEUR MOUTON. I beg you to observe, I don't refuse to do you a service.

TRUCHARD. I'll be all right.

MONSIEUR MOUTON. Well, I'm glad to hear you'll be all right. 'Pon my word, it gives me great satisfaction to hear you say that. That proves you are not actually in want. But I am ready to help you out a little. Look! I'll give you all I have in my purse.—You see! [*He takes out his wallet and opens it.*] Just two francs; there they are. You see! All I possess. [*He takes the two coins and places them, one by one, in TRUCHARD'S hand.*]

TRUCHARD. Thank you.

MONSIEUR MOUTON [*spreading his wallet wide and extending it for TRUCHARD'S inspection*]. You see: my whole fortune. You can verify.

TRUCHARD. Oh!

MONSIEUR MOUTON. No, no! I want you to have it! [*Facetiously.*] What's here? What's here? I was going to cheat you. My word! A sou! [*He takes it out.*] A sou that had slipped into the lining! Here it is! . . . Will you take it? . . . Yes, yes, take it: I insist! [*TRUCHARD takes it and MONSIEUR MOUTON, putting his hand in his watch-pocket, triumphantly extracts another.*—And another! . . . which I find in my vest pocket! . . . There! . . . What? Certainly, certainly! . . . Truchard, I beg you to accept it! No

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ceremony! . . . Be a good fellow and take it! . . . Old friends like us! . . . I shall think you want to insult me . . . [TRUCHARD *ends by accepting it.*]

TRUCHARD [*shamefaced*]. Thank you.

MONSIEUR MOUTON [*with unflagging kindness*]. That makes exactly forty-two sous due you. Wait for me, I'll not be long. [*He goes up the terrace. Just as he enters the house, he turns and, with his hand, describes, smiling, an affable gesture towards TRUCHARD. Then he disappears. He can be heard talking to MARIE.*]

MONSIEUR MOUTON. He's taking the 5.45. [TRUCHARD *remains, alone, musing. MARIE, comes out from the house and spreads MONSIEUR MOUTON's coat on the back of a chair.*]

TRUCHARD. Come here, Madame Marie.

MARIE. What?

TRUCHARD. There, Madame Marie.

MARIE. What's that?

TRUCHARD. You see. Two francs.

MARIE. Two francs? What for?

TRUCHARD. Your tip.

MARIE. My tip?

TRUCHARD. Yes: I must give you a tip. It's the proper thing to do. I have always heard that when you are invited out, you must leave something, when you go, for the maid.

MARIE. You're queer.

TRUCHARD. Oh, it's not to humiliate you . . .

MARIE. No, I don't suppose it is.

TRUCHARD. Take your two francs, Madame Marie, you'll not have any trouble spending them.

MARIE. T'ain't that I'd have any trouble spending them.

TRUCHARD. You can buy something at least for your little girl; she costs you a fortune; and you're not rich.

MARIE. You've no thousands neither.

TRUCHARD. No, I have not.

MARIE. Two francs; that might come in as handy for you as for me.

TRUCHARD. So it might.

MARIE. You see.

TRUCHARD. Well, listen: you know what we'll do? We'll share it.

MARIE. Yes, I'll do that with you.

TRUCHARD. There's twenty-one sous, Madame Marie.

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MARIE [*accepting it*]. Twenty-one sous? That ain't the half of forty.

TRUCHARD. No: it's the half of forty-two. [*At this moment the prolonged whistle of a locomotive rends the air.*]

MARIE [*starting*]. Ah, my God! Quick, Monsieur Truchard, quick! There's your train coming.

TRUCHARD [*without moving*]. My train?

MARIE [*growing excited*]. 'Talways whistles before it goes in the tunnel, and in no time sweeps round the hill and in the station. Your hat? . . . There! . . . You didn't have a stick.

TRUCHARD [*mechanically taking his hat. Bewildered.*] What? . . .

MARIE [*shouting towards the house.*] Monsieur! Monsieur! [*To TRUCHARD.*] Quick! Run! You'll reach the station same time as the train! . . . Monsieur Mouton! [*Pushing TRUCHARD.*] Hurry!

TRUCHARD [*struggling, becoming excited.*] But I can't go away like this! I can't go away without saying goodbye to old Popper!

MARIE [*pushing him.*] For Heaven's sake, Monsieur Truchard, you'll miss it!

TRUCHARD [*still struggling, distracted.*] Ah, my God! My God! I can't go away without saying goodbye to old Popper! [*A second whistle.*]

MARIE [*more urgent.*] Listen! It's through the tunnel . . . Monsieur Mouton!

TRUCHARD [*with all his might.*] Mouton!

MARIE [*pushing him towards the gate.*] He don't hear. Getting deaf. I told him so yesterday. Run! [*TRUCHARD has submitted to being hustled to the gate. MARIE opens it now.*]

TRUCHARD [*stopping short and rummaging in his pocket.*] Well, then! . . . Well! . . . Madame Marie! You'll give him . . . a letter . . . a letter that I wrote . . . on the receipt of his invitation . . .

MARIE. I'll give it to him.

TRUCHARD [*searching for it. He trembles.*] Where is it? . . . Ah, my God! Where is it? . . . Here it is! . . . [*He takes out a letter, which he flourishes.*] . . . I was happy . . . and so touched . . . that I wished at once to . . .

MARIE [*pushing him.*] Yes, yes . . .

TRUCHARD [*trembling.*] . . . to write him a letter . . .

MARIE [*as above.*] . . . Yes! . . .

THE HOLIDAY

TRUCHARD [*breathless*]. . . . which I intended . . . to send him . . . upon my return . . . to thank him.

MARIE [*as above*]. . . . Yes, yes!

TRUCHARD [*as above*]. . . . for the delightful holiday I had spent with him . . .

MARIE [*has opened the gate*]. —I'll give it to him, I'll give it to him! Goodbye, Monsieur Truchard, goodbye! But hurry, hurry! [*She succeeds in getting him out*]. Run! Run! You'll catch it.

TRUCHARD [*outside the gate, grasps her by the arm*]. Goodbye, Madame Marie! [*He wrings her hand in both of his. In a tone of entreaty, with tears in his eyes*]. You'll say goodbye for me to old Popper, won't you? You'll say goodbye to him?

MARIE [*wresting her hand free*]. Yes, yes! Run! Pleasant journey!

TRUCHARD. Ah, my God! Ah, my God! [*He gets under way and disappears, running*. MARIE, *out in the street, watches TRUCHARD. Suddenly the voice of MONSIEUR MOUTON is heard*].

MONSIEUR MOUTON [*in the house*]. Well, well, Truchard, my boy! It seems to me you are taking your time! [*With these words, MONSIEUR MOUTON appears on the terrace. He looks around for TRUCHARD*]. Where did Truchard go?

MARIE [*coming back into the garden*]. He's just gone.

MONSIEUR MOUTON [*choking*]. Gone! . . . Gone! . . . Without saying goodbye!

MARIE. I called you. He called you.

MONSIEUR MOUTON [*beside himself*]. That's the last straw! . . . To go like that, without a word! . . . Ah, no! . . . No!

MARIE. It went against his heart, I can tell you. It was me, so to speak, as put him out. He'll just make his train, and lucky.

MONSIEUR MOUTON [*tears in his eyes*]. Without a word! Nothing!

MARIE. He left a letter for you.

MONSIEUR MOUTON [*promptly*]. A letter? Let's see.

MARIE [*flourishing the letter*]. "But I can't" he was a-saying. "I can't leave without saying goodbye to old Popper!"

MONSIEUR MOUTON. That's what he said?

MARIE. "Ah, my God! Ah, my God!" he was a-saying.

MONSIEUR MOUTON [*impatiently*]. Give me the letter.

MARIE [*still flourishing the letter*]. "It's a letter," says he, "I wrote on the receipt of old Popper's invitation," says he. He was so happy to be invited. He wrote the letter out beforehand, think-

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ing to send it, on his return to Paris, so as to thank you for the holiday—says he—that he had spent with you.

MONSIEUR MOUTON. Give me the letter!

MARIE. That's so. Here it is. What was I thinking! I'm all out o' breath for fear he'll be late. He left just as the train was out of the tunnel.

MONSIEUR MOUTON [*considering*]. He'll have time, if he runs. Let's see this letter. [*He rips up the envelope, crumples it in a wad and throws it on the ground. It rolls away. The day has been dying, slowly. MONSIEUR MOUTON, who has seated himself, is forced to follow the setting sun to read. A wind of considerable violence sweeps through the trees. Some leaves fall at the feet of MONSIEUR MOUTON and of MARIE, who stands motionless.*]

MARIE. The wind is rising.

MONSIEUR MOUTON. The night comes on quickly. [*In fact the night is falling rapidly. Gates are heard, whining and closing. A little bell tinkles. Other gusts of wind. Very far off, hardly perceptible, the sound of a horn.*]

MARIE. There's the milkman. [*She turns to go.*]

MONSIEUR MOUTON [*stopping her*]. He's not here yet. Let's see what Truchard has to say. You can listen. There's nothing private. [*MARIE stands erect before MONSIEUR MOUTON. Mechanically she has rolled her sleeves to her elbows. Is it the cold? she is gently rubbing her arms, which she has crossed, throughout the letter-reading. At almost regular intervals gusts of wind pass. The milkman's horn sounds, every now and then, nearer and nearer.*]

MONSIEUR MOUTON [*unfolds the letter, bends down and reads in a voice at first cold, quizzical, then amused, finally somewhat touched*]. "My dear Popper:

"Now that I am back in Paris, in my little hotel room, let me thank you from the bottom of my heart for the happy hours that I owe you, for the delightful holiday that I have just spent with you. Thank you, my dear Popper, thank you! With what joy I took the train! I sang, like a lad, the whole way. You were waiting for me at the station, we embraced each other on the platform. And then you brought me to your magnificent propi . . . propi? . . . propity. We had a real rustic dinner, with good things of the country, radishes from your garden, beans from your garden, strawberries from your garden. There was wine on the table; but I preferred some fresh milk. And, at dessert, we lingered at table, talking over our young days. Like myself, you had forgotten nothing. It was moonlight

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when we retired. We were worn out with talking. But it was good.—I slept well. And nevertheless, the next day, we were up at four in the morning. We took a walk in the cool of the day: it was delightful. And then we came home for lunch, very slowly. We had an excellent lunch. All afternoon we played Manilla in your arbor, with some of your neighbors, very pleasant gentlemen indeed. And, while we played, we talked over old memories. We had a drink before dinner; for me, something sweet. We dined well. Then you brought me back to the station; even your neighbors, who had come in for coffee, were kind enough to accompany us. You stood in front of my carriage, until the train left. Then you waved your handkerchief . . . like this. . . . And now . . . now, here I am alone, all alone again, and my first thought is to write and thank you, to tell you all the good you have done me. It is a long time since I had so much joy! Thank you, my dear Popper! Thank you for having thought to invite me, thank you for thinking of your old, your poor old Truchard. How long it has been! . . . Maybe we will never see each other again. . . .”
[*A long whistle far off.*]

MARIE [*low*]. The train! Monsieur Truchard's gone.

MONSIEUR MOUTON [*after a silence. Reading more heavily*]. “Maybe we will never see each other again. Be happy, my dear Popper! We have been such good friends, you and I and all the rest: Bertrand, Soubiras, Gaillard! Life is life. But to know that for one of us at least fate has not been too unkind, and to think that that one should be you, well, you see, it's pretty good all the same, and it makes one feel a little less discouraged. I will close my letter here, old Popper, because really, I am getting too wrought up. I feel the tears in my eyes! Goodbye, my old, my dear old Popper! . . . I embrace you with tears in my eyes. . . .” [*A gust of wind. The horn of the milkman, nearer by. The whinnying of his horse. It is almost night.* MONSIEUR MOUTON *lets fall on his knee the hand that holds the letter.*

[*The milkman's wagon is at the gate. MARIE has gone up to it and opened the gate, the little bell of which tinkles. MARIE exchanges several words with the milkman.—“How much?”—“Only half a quart to-day.”—“So! No guest then?”—“No, he is gone.” MONSIEUR MOUTON, his head bowed, has not moved. A gust of wind. A lantern is lit, outside, visible through the branches.*]

THE AMSTERDAM EXHIBITION

ANOTHER sign of the return of the world theatre to a normal basis of international amity and co-operation is to be marked in the comprehensive exhibition of modern stagecraft and theatre architecture announced to be held in Amsterdam, Holland, during January and February. The project is put forward by the progressive society called "Kunst aan het Volk" under the leadership of H. Th. Wijdeveld, and already has the support of a distinguished international committee that includes Gordon Craig, Adolph Appia, Alfred Roller, Georg Fuchs, Jacques Copeau and William Butler Yeats. The official announcement says: "The purpose of this exhibition is to give a view of the Modern Theatre as it is *in the imagination*." Here, then, is to be a notable attempt not only to gather the scattered threads of international cooperation, but to focus the vision of the world-theatre.

A NOTE ON THOMAS WILFRED

Thomas Wilfred, the inventor of the color organ is a native of Denmark. At an early age two desires had already developed in his mind: one was to write poetry, the other to put the mechanical and electrical achievements of the day to work for the creation of beauty.

At the age of 19 he left Denmark and travelled through Europe finally settling down in Paris, where he became interested in folk song research. He is now well known as an interpreter of folk songs and player of the twelve string archlute.

But the desire to put mechanics at the service of beauty never left his mind and in his spare time a new instrument, the color organ, began to grow under his hands, the beginning being a primitive device enclosed in a cigar box. For many years he worked quietly until the cigar-box device changed into an electrical instrument of the utmost delicacy. "And," says Mr. Wilfred, "Thomas Wilfred changed with it from a proud inventor into a humble priest before an altar upon which a new beauty is being born."



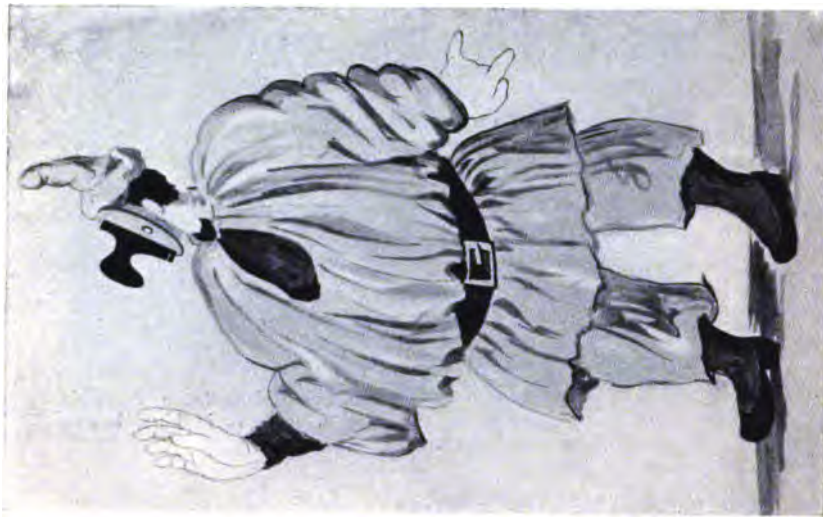
Stage designs by Pablo Picasso for Diaghileff's Ballets Russes. Costume designs for *Tricorne*.



Setting designed by Picasso for *Tricorne*.



Design by Picasso for *Pulcinella*, a fantastic comic ballet. The original is in blue, brown and black.



From The Theatre of Tomorrow.



At the left Picasso's design for the costume and mask of Pulcinella, an extraordinary and arresting conception. At the right, a character from *Parade*, as dressed from Picasso's design, perhaps the most advanced attempt yet made in costuming.

THE HOME THEATRE OF THE CANADIAN PLAYERS

BY RUTH H. KERR

FIND a winding road in far-Western Canada, away from the well-traveled trails of tourists; follow it over mountains, through forests of giant pines, until it leads to blue Lake Okanagan, fringed by undulating stretches of fruit-laden orchards, and there is the end of your quest—a theatre far-away—"for the service of beauty, and for a true expression of the Canadian spirit—to be used by the young actor as a training-ground for his abilities and by the young poet as a testing-ground for his work."

The erection of the Home Theatre in an isolated section of British Columbia, miles away from a railroad, has not resulted from quixotic notions. The founders, Carroll Aikins and his wife, during years of arduous labor on their fruit ranch, have had a dream—the dream of a great adventure with other congenial souls, in a Canadian theatre, where native art might be fostered. With the immense faith and true courage of pioneers they have raised a tiny altar in a fruit orchard, where sparks of native talent may be fanned into leaping flame. And they have offered it to their fellow Canadians as an expression of their hope in a future articulation of beauty.

A native of Canada, Mr. Aikins combines the keen perception of an artist with the ingenious creative ability of a man who has worked with his hands—characteristics which vividly exemplify the new type which has come into the experimental theatre. One of his own plays, *The God of Gods*, was produced three years ago in the Birmingham Repertory Theatre, and it is because there has been no Canadian theatre where native plays could be tested that Mr. Aikins has felt so keenly the need for its development. Though he previously knew nothing of theatre problems,

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by his very ignorance he has created a playhouse entirely new in concept, which adequately meets the particular needs of the Canadian Players. Mrs. Aikins was until her marriage an American, and is a graduate of Vassar. She shows as intense an interest in the new venture as does her husband, and is playing in various productions.

The Home Theatre is built above the fruit-packing house of the ranch, situated high on the hills, with a wide sweep of sky, water, and far-off fruit orchards viewed by the audience as they mount the outside steps; the auditorium with white plaster walls and peaked ceiling, where the evening sun, slanting through dormer windows, casts golden shafts in the cool interior with its long green-stained benches, amber lights and hospitable foyer. The packing house was built in the summer of 1920, and the Home Theatre was formally opened last November by the Prime Minister of Canada, who came to Naramata specially for the dedication. It was not until the spring of 1921 that Mr. Aikins made actual plans for productions in the little playhouse, and early in June the stage equipment was ready—the dimmer box was set up, the scenery flats were painted, and the wiring was completed.

Every fruit ranch in the Okanagan makes extensive use of hay-wire and iron pipe, and these two materials are used in ingenious ways on the stage of this orchard theatre. Hay-wire is pliable and strong, and serves admirably for the fashioning of all manner of home-made properties. Iron pipe is made equally pliable by means of the implements for cutting and bending, used in irrigation piping. In the Home Theatre it has been used for scenery battens, for lighting equipment floor bases, and for a veritable network in the loft, high above the stage, on which may be clamped "spots" and "borders," curtains and scenery, and where electricians and "grips" may work on wooden perches.

The physical arrangement of the theatre represents a departure from the usual which is original and practical. The stage is on a level with the floor of the auditorium, and the

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green benches rise gradually on shallow steps. By building a false proscenium, removing the footlight strips, and banishing the present curtain of wall-board, which is stained a dark green to harmonize with the woodwork, a stage of added depth will be possible. The plaster sky dome—the only one in Canada—extends the length of the back wall, and the stage is so wide that masking flats and flies are unnecessary for certain settings, when an effect of great space is desired. A set of gray curtains may be used in various positions when moved on the iron pipe rod, which clamps to the battens above the stage. From the windows of the dressing rooms are magnificent views of blue sky and bluer lake, which give the impression of boundless space, and the atmosphere of these rooms is always wind-swept.

The scene flats used in the Home Theatre were made by Mr. Aikins and his assistants, none of whom had ever done such work before. Heavy muslin was stretched over wooden screens, set up in the scene gallery, and Hessian mesh, a coarse fabric like sacking, was applied over it with glue, and the surface painted a warm ecru with kalsomine dry color. These flats, of rough texture, assume beautiful vitality under light and will take any number of applications of paint. Removable door and window frames of varying colors are used with them. Steps and platforms have been built with the same rough finish, for use with the flats and gray curtains.

The problem of obtaining electric power in a region so distant has been solved by simple and no less surprising means. The dynamo from an abandoned mine in the mountains was purchased by this practical adventurer in the theatre, placed in a small shed and "hitched up" to one of the farm tractors, which is run by kerosene. A skilled mechanic devoted many hours to the fascinating workings of this unique contrivance, and takes great pride in its faultless mechanism. When an audience is gathered in the Home Theatre, a passing motorist may hear the rhythmic chugging of the faithful tractor, and see the lights of the playhouse through the trees.

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Mr. Aikins received the assistance of Maurice Browne and Lee Simonson in the selection of his lighting equipment—probably the most modern and complete in Canada—and it represents the combined ideas of these two practical artists of the theatre. Mr. Aikins did the actual work of installation and arrangement of lights, after the wiring was completed. The battery of twenty dimmers controlling spots, X-ray borders, strips, floods and house lights, is in turn controlled by a master dimmer, the entire "lighting organ" a masterpiece of modern designing. And not only because the lighting facilities are so complete, but also because they are used in the most flexible manner by means of the clamps and pipe battens, is the stage a valuable experimental ground for young artists.

The audience, as represented at the first production in the Home Theatre, is decidedly not the least important feature of the venture. Eager to support and encourage this pioneer effort came people from all the little settlements around Lake Okanagan—distances of ten to fifty miles, over rough roads. There were cultivated English voices, staccato middle-class voices and variations of the clipped speech of Canada, rising in the pleasing monotone of the average audience, just as it is heard in London or San Francisco today. The farmers, ranchers, "remittance men" and their wives, in that audience, approved of the productions and enjoyed the plays—because they told their friends to come, and came back themselves for later performances.

Players for the first production came from neighboring ranches to try out for roles in Zona Gale's *The Neighbors* and Doris Halman's *Will-O'-The-Wisp*, American-made plays which assumed a distinctly Canadian flavor by their manner of presentation. And it is noteworthy that this opening production was Canadian from every important aspect. It is very likely that if a member of that Okanagan audience had been present at a first production in the Chicago Little Theatre some ten years ago, he would have sensed a similarity in the underlying feeling of the two, for

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Carroll Aikins and Maurice Browne are striving, each in his own way, one a beginner, the other far advanced, to discover the "why" of theatre-craft. Not content to accept tracings of old patterns, worn thin with use in the "old-school" theatre, they are carving out new patterns which will serve to convey the newer vision.

The progress of the art of stage decoration since the first Chicago production in 1912, could not be more vividly exemplified than by the satisfying stage pictures for the two plays presented in June. The picture-frame stage, of beautiful proportions, with cream-tint flats glowing and lambent in rays of diffused light—integrally pulsing parts of the plays—was a worthy example of the dignified beauty and spontaneity of the new theatre.

Canadian newspapers had given wide publicity to the Utopian method devised by Mr. Aikins for later productions, and in July six students arrived in Naramata to enter the experimental theatre. Stage-designers are offered material for their experiments, writers have the opportunity of testing their plays with actors, on a real stage, and young actors may learn the foundations of their craft, in this laboratory. And not only are they enabled to work together, as beginners in dramaturgy; they are provided with free tent-houses and board at cost, as these six applicants were delighted to learn. In addition, enterprising workers may earn extra money during the fruit-picking season. Imagine a day in the Home Theatre of the Canadian Players—early morning rehearsal, fruit picking until lunch, and afterward until tea, a late supper, and long evening rehearsals! In rehearsal are *The Trojan Women* and Masefield's *The Locked Chest*, with *Candida* and one of Mr. Aikins' plays scheduled for earlier production.

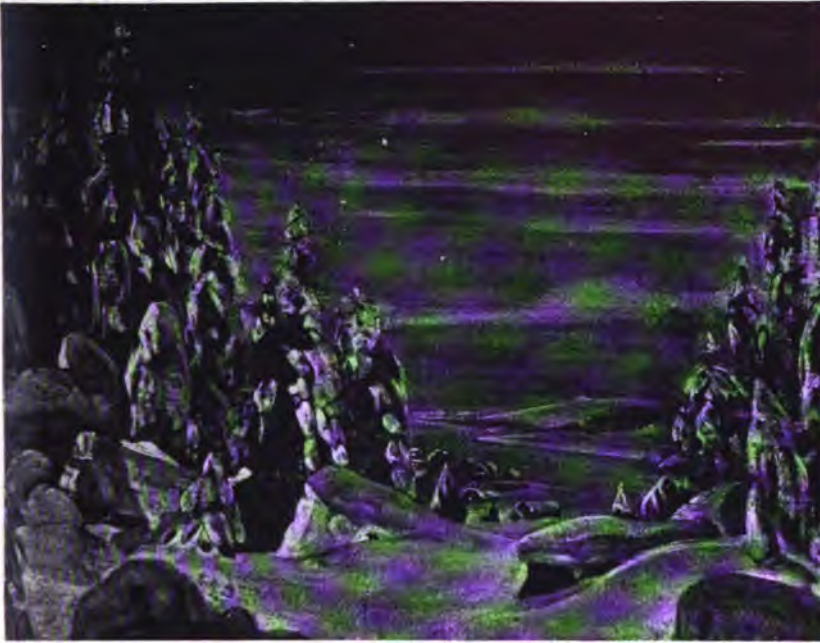
The Home Theatre is open to visiting productions as well as to visiting artists. This autumn Adolph Bolm is appearing in a special dance recital before the Okanagan audience, the Cornish Puppets of Seattle will present a series of marionette plays, and the Repertory Company of

lem of the actor, when I should have done far more. I imagine that more discussion is needed to clear up the relation of the player to the new aesthetic of *presentational* or consciously theatrical production, as against *representational* or the pretence that we look upon actuality through a fourth wall. An exploration of the art of Yvette Guilbert, of Sir Harry Lauder, of Albert Chevalier, or of Ruth Draper, might have made this issue less vague.

The share of Isadora Duncan and of physical movement in the newer theatre is shabbily handled. There should be something in sketches and in text upon the study in designed movement by which Sam Hume and Irving Pichel gave *Twelfth Night* in the Greek Theatre in Berkeley with a quality that only Copeau seems to have hinted at in America.

Far more important, I have not properly emphasized the inevitable end of the movement away from the fourth wall and the proscenium. It carries us clear past scenery, even beyond what Sheldon Cheney aptly calls Copeau's "naked stage," and to a playhouse with an entirely formal architectural background against which the quality of the play is developed wholly in the relations of the movements and positions of the actors. It may well be that the new stagecraft is the swan-song of the scene painted, a happy song of some one ready to give place to a better. Perhaps this disposes of the suggestive, stimulating but disquieting inroads of expressionism in design.

It cannot, I believe, dispose of the place of expressionism in the drama. Doubtless my treatment of this matter is hasty and over-enthusiastic; I should certainly, had it been possible, have profited by a long, first-hand study of what has actually been accomplished—or has not been accomplished—by George Kaiser and the rest on the German stage. But I do not think my haste or my enthusiasm unprofitable if they have conveyed some sense—as I hope they have—that the theatre of tomorrow must and will have a place for the inner spirit of man speaking directly out of the humdrum figures that we see in the life about us.



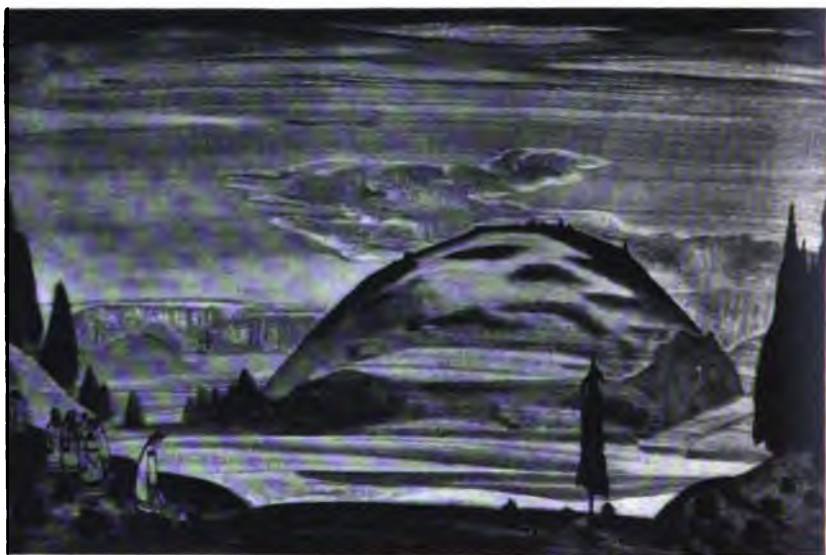
Four designs by Nicolas Roerich for the Chicago Opera Company's production of *Snegurotchka*, the Rimsky-Korsakoff fairy opera; costume designs for this production appeared in the last issue of *The Theatre Arts Magazine*. Above, A Northern Light, the prolog.



**The Village of the Berendy, from *Snegurotchka*,
design by Roerich.**



The Sacred Grove, from *Snegurotchka*, design by Roerich.



The Valley of Yarilla, from *Snegurotchka*, design by Roerich.

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FOUR PLAYS FOR DANCERS. By W. B. Yeats. (The Macmillan Company, New York.) *At the Hawk's Well; The Only Jealousy of Emer; The Dreaming of the Bones; Calvary.* When a man writes four plays away from the usual, and achieves the result he sets out to achieve as successfully as Mr. Yeats does in these *Four Plays For Dancers*, and when he writes as distinguished a preface and note as Mr. Yeats has written, explaining just what he was trying to do with his masks and his symbolic folding and unfolding of the cloth, and his mystic poetry, and when he illustrates that book with designs by Mr. Edmond Dulac, and when, for good measure, the publishers print and bind the book in unusually good form, it ought to be superfluous to say more to any lover of the beautiful in the theatre than that he should read and enjoy the book at the earliest possible moment. But there is one other word that wants to be said; namely, that while critics and dramatic philosophers have been writing and discoursing and arguing about the possibility of a new dramatic form that should take cognizance of the new psychology of the subconscious and should be written from within, so to speak, Mr. Yeats has been quietly and happily writing just such expressionist plays, plays which have the same compelling quality for the imagination that sound realism has for the judgment. Reading *Four Plays for Dancers* is an adventure.

RHYTHM, MUSIC AND EDUCATION, by Emile Jacques-Dalcroze. (Putnam, New York.) A good deal of this book is already known to many people in connection with Dalcroze Eurythmics; and certainly the main idea and point-of-view might be familiar. Apart from that no little of the content is self-evident for anyone who has thought at all along the lines of the relation of the body to rhythm, to music, dancing, and acting, and indeed to all art. But the whole of this theory has the advantage now of being unified under the hand of Dalcroze himself; we get here the definite and complete impress of his experiment and theory. For the practical and aesthetic uses of people interested in the theatre, the chapters on dancing and music-drama and the discussion of gesture in the theatre make the book invaluable; and the expert observations on directing choruses, the

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ness, the relation of the individual gesture to the crowd, the crowd as an entity, and so on, are among the best of their kind.

ONE ACT PLAYS, by Alice Brown. (The Macmillan Company, New York.) *The Hero*; *Doctor Auntie*; *The Crimson Lake*; *Milly Dear*; *The Web*; *The Loving Cup*; *Joint Owners in Spain*; *The Sugar House*; *A March Wind*. In this new volume of plays by Alice Brown there are two good plays and one play that is very good. And to say that of any one-act volume, picked together as such volumes are today to fill out the space between covers, is to say a good deal. *Joint Owners in Spain* has already found so many friends for the two old ladies of ill-temper that it is enough to say that it is one of the good plays in the book; *The Hero*, played by Stuart Walker's company carries over its special appeal both of character and situation better than most plays with the flavor of war about them. But *The March Wind*, the story of the not too young farm woman who marries a tramp and finds happiness, is a really good play, well worth professional attention. With great simplicity, directness and economy Miss Brown has told a highly dramatic, poetic human story. Reading it, one awaits the opportunity to see it played.

PASTICHE AND PREJUDICE, by A. B. Walkley. (Alfred Knopf, New York.) A good deal of this book consists of a mild-minded sort of thing known very often in England as "delightfully written"; which means that there is an easy, more or less cultivated, and gentlemanly pottering over subjects with no particular intensity and no violent theories or excitement. On this basis Mr. Walkley's book is quite above the average, though it is not by any means a milestone of importance. It is the work of an old and experienced playgoer and a man of no little range of reading, in French particularly, it would seem.

Scattered among other literary articles are numerous papers on the theatre, seen often with point and a quiet discernment that make them worthwhile. There is a little discussion of the art of Henry Irving, for one thing, others on Acting as an Art, Plays within Plays, Theatrical Amorism, The Beggar's Opera, Puppets, Vicissitudes of Classics and sundry themes, for the most part lightly dwelt upon but not without diversion and diverting references and allusions and quotations. And among the pastiches are things in the manner of Aristotle, Dr. Johnson, Sterne, Sir Roger, Dickens and others, all touching on the theatre. These last are certainly worth a reading,

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for they bring to bear on their theatre matter a happy reminiscence of other personalities and styles of thinking and writing, and so furnish a widening of judicial approach and whimsy. To many readers Mr. Walkley will be a happy venture, these papers especially, and perhaps the whole of the volume.

SIX SHORT PLAYS. By John Galsworthy. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.) The newest volume of plays by John Galsworthy assembles some of his best short work and some of his worst—work which no other Englishman can touch for true and tragic intensity and work which makes one wonder again that creative artists can sometimes be so blind to the failures they encounter in fields not theirs by right. The failures of *Six Short Plays* are two puerile light comedies of the most obvious kind, *Hall-Marked* and *Punch and Go*. Comedy of another sort, ironically sympathetic comedy, appears in the familiar *Little Man*, once acted in New York by O. P. Heggie. *The Sun* is a post-war play of middling quality that may act most excellently. The substance of the volume, however, lies in *The Defeat* and *The First and the Last*, the latter a longer play. Both are bitingly true in their realism and beneath the surface of each flame and beat those intimations of the immortality of the humble and the disinherited which Galsworthy catches so vividly.

THE BEST PLAYS OF 1920-21. Edited by Burns Mantle. (Small, Maynard & Co., Boston.) The only yearbook of the American theatre; a volume of facts and figures dealing with productions in New York, combined with digests of the ten plays selected by the dramatic critic of the New York *Evening Mail* as the best of the past season.

FROM MORN TO MIDNIGHT, by George Kaiser. (Henderson's, London.) Sooner or later someone will write for English readers an adequate review of that new outpouring of German plays grouped under the general name of "expressionist" which have so disturbed playgoers and playreaders for the last few years. But there does not seem to be any use waiting for that time to announce the one play now available in English, *From Morn to Midnight*, by George Kaiser, the first German play to be produced in England after the war. That it represents a new technique is obvious, or rather than technique let us say a new attitude toward play-writing, with the words spread thin and the action laid thick; for a technique implies an accomplished means of achieving a desired end, whatever

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that end may be. And neither Kaiser, read with the aid of really adequate translation, nor Kokoschka and Hasenklever, read earnestly and openmindedly in the original, give any sense of having achieved any new beauty or truth, any greater expression of the sub-conscious in terms of drama than any man might who dug into his own soul and—having pulled up unrelated reactions to word and story stimuli—put them into print. If you are interested in literary and psychological experiment the plays do stimulate you to thought, as do the Binet tests; their authors do happen upon—or create—scenes of a certain elemental quality of beauty as they did in their earlier, non-expressionist, plays; they do strip life of its frills, as vaudeville does. But they give no sense of carrying on, to new heights and deeper depths, that translation of life which is drama.

THE WHITE HEADED BOY, by Lennox Robinson. (Putnam, New York.) Though not so even or so keen as many of the Irish comedies *The White Headed Boy* has more possibilities than most plays, and more distribution of interest over a range of the foibles and whimsicalities of family life. Some of it is cheap comedy and much of it commonplace enough, but the whole thing is covered with Irish charm and Irish ways of saying things and with the half poetic oddity that these Irish dramatists know how to get. For more or less non-professional uses *The White Headed Boy* is unusually well suited because of its variety of character, simple settings and effective lines and because also of the fact that none of it exacts, though it supplies a vehicle for, very excellent acting. The only thing in the way is that Irish accent with its irresistible delights, but the play has enough quality to survive even the loss of that.

FOUR ONE-ACT PLAYS, by Lewis Beach. (Brentano, New York.)

TEN ONE-ACT PPAYS, by Alice Gerstenberg. (Brentano, New York.) Miss Gerstenberg's *Overtones* and *The Pot Boiler* have more really theatrical possibility in them, vaudeville especially, than have any of Mr. Beach's plays. But on the other hand Mr. Beach's *The Clod* has more pungency and bite than any of the more plausible achievements in the other volume. But in general the two volumes are the same kind of thing; the plays in each are at bottom more or less mere arrangements, cooked-up situations, with rather flat dialogues and empty turns and reactions. They have no important reality. But they evidently meet a certain need since a number of them have already had a good deal of success in little theatres and amateur organizations.

THEATRE ARTS BOOKSHELF

PRODUCING IN LITTLE THEATRES, by Clarence Stratton. (Henry Holt and Co., New York.) Both the organization and the mechanics of little theatre production are so different from either professional production, at the one end, or old-time amateur production, at the other, that a handbook especially designed for little theatres and elucidating their problems will find a ready welcome. Mr. Stratton is equipped, by long and varied experience, to write just such a book.

THE CIRCLE, by Somerset Maugham. (George H. Doran, New York.) For the review of this play see page 9 of this issue.

SWORDS, by Sidney Howard. (George H. Doran, New York.) For a review of this play see page 8 of this issue.

NEW PLAYS FROM OLD TALES, by Florence Wright. (The Macmillan Co., New York.) Dramatizations for young people of Aucassin and Nicolette, The Birthday of the Infanta, Pilgrim's Progress, and other well known tales.

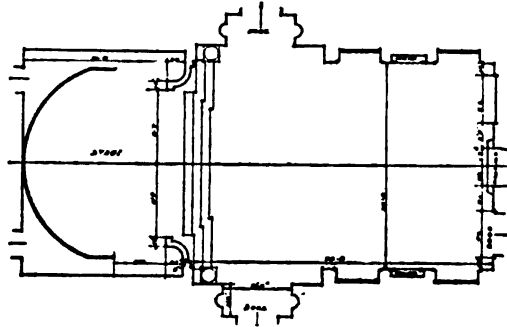
THE TONY SARG MARIONETTE BOOK, by Tony Sarg. (B. W. Huebsch, New York.) A little book, that tells how children can make marionette shows of their own at home, and expounds some of the mysteries of Mr. Sarg's own puppets. There are also drawings by Mr. Sarg and two plays by Anne Stoddard for home-made marionettes. A jolly book for children.

THE PLAYS OF EDMOND ROSTAND, translated by Henderson Dangerfield Norman, illustrated by Ivan Glidden, 2 volumes. (Macmillan, New York.) This edition of Rostand contains all the plays except unfortunately *Don Juan's Last Night*, which is just now much sought. The translation is often a happy one. But the fact remains that it attempts rhyming verse, and rhyme in English, especially in couplets, is a very different matter from French rhyming where the tonic accent is not so strong. For acting purposes this mars Mrs. Norman's translations; for reading not so much. And to put such well-known plays as *L'Aiglon* and *Cyrano De Bergerac* into English, *The Eaglet*, *Cyrano of Bergerac* and so on seems unnecessary. But the two volumes are handsome in form, despite the illustrations, and comprise the most nearly complete edition of Rostand in English.

A DOME FOR A LITTLE THEATRE

SO much has been written about the possibilities of the plaster dome as a substitute for the canvas cyclorama, and so many questions have arisen about the expense and difficulties of installing a structure of this sort in an American theatre, that *THE THEATRE ARTS MAGAZINE* has asked Howard Greenley, the architect who created the Blythelea Theatre from stables on the estate of Charles C. Goodrich, in Orange, N. J., to describe the design of that playhouse and to furnish a rough estimate of the cost at which a similar dome might be installed in a little theatre, either built or building:

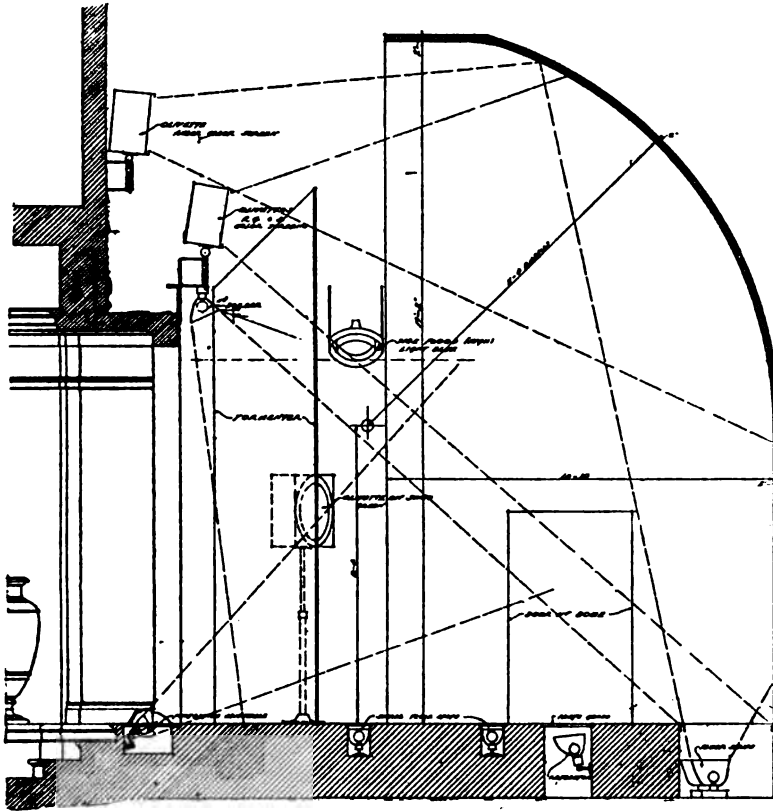
The space available for the auditorium, stage, dressing rooms, property and scenery rooms and the like was the carriage house and hitching space, the harness rooms, the cow and horse stables and the hay and feed rooms above. The removal of the apartments over the



Plan of the Blythelea Theatre showing relation of dome, stage and auditorium.

carriage house and hitching space created the opportunity for an auditorium of a dimension of 25 feet in width by 36 feet in length with a segmental vaulted ceiling 16 feet in height. The stage and auditorium are designed so as to create the impression of a single room, the elevation

of the former being obtained by a broad flight of steps placed directly in front of the proscenium instead of the usual apron. When no performances are being given, the stage may be set, the curtains opened and the stage lighting maintained in harmony with the lighting of the auditorium. The stage carries the full height of the



Section through stage of Blythelea Theatre showing dome, adjustable sunken footlights and general lighting system. The region of illumination from each lamp is shown with dotted lines. The colors of the lights are indicated as follows: A, amber; B, blue; C, green; R, red. The door in the dome was an unfortunate necessity. Architect, Howard Greenley.

THEATRE ARTS MAGAZINE

gabled roof with a depth of 16 feet and a width of 26'-0". On account of the relatively shallow depth the plaster artificial horizon or dome was set close against the back wall and circulation obtained through the passage way back of the rear wall of the stage.

The horizon or dome was determined upon primarily for its susceptibility to uniform illumination when exterior stage settings were employed, and secondly, on account of the peaked roof which determined a circular-headed form of cyclorama as giving an illuminated surface of maximum area.

The dome, which is finished in smooth plaster over wire lath stretched on a steel angle-frame, rests directly on the original concrete floor of the building two feet below the level of the stage so that its weight, which is considerable, is adequately supported and the plaster surface not subject to cracks due to settlement. The plaster surface was treated with a special mat finish white paint as being the best method of insuring uniform light distribution of any color selected. Subsequent examination into this question of surfaces leads me to believe that a granular surface such as could be obtained by the use of a white coarse quartz sand would give better results, due to the resolution of the light ray into its component colors upon contact with each quartz crystal considered as a prism. As to the cost of the dome, it should not greatly exceed \$1,500.00 based on present labor and material prices and based on the dimensions shown on the sectional drawing. The system of flood lighting for its illumination consists of four 750 watt flood lights located in front of the upper perimeter of the dome with red, blue and green color filters and a pale straw filter on the upper flood light for desaturation. Supplementing this overhead light, and located in a pocket at the rear of the stage are two strip lights, each with three color filters, and 500 watt stereopticon lamps which are used for effects of sunrise and sunset. A proper manipulation of colors and dimmers on the switch-board enables one to produce on the surface of the dome almost any light variation in color and in intensity that may be desired. The balance of the stage lighting is arranged with a view of utmost convenience and control, with pockets off stage for floods or spots, all dimmer controlled.

There are two fixed spots in concealed pockets in the auditorium alcoves for front of the house lighting and the footlights are similarly located in floor pockets which may be covered with a panel when not in actual use.



The interior of the Blythelea Theatre on the estate of Charles C. Goodrich, in Orange, N. J., rebuilt by Howard Greenley from a stable.



Design by Ivan Bilibin, the Russian artist, for the Castle of Naine in the opera *Ruslan and Liudmila*, staged at the Narodny Dom, or People's House, Petrograd, before the war. In the Narodny Dom there are two theatres, a larger one for opera and a more intimate one for drama.

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Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Edith J. R. Isaacs, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is one of the editors of the *Theatre Arts Magazine*, and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

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EDITORS:

EDITH J. R. ISAACS

KENNETH MACGOWAN

STARK YOUNG

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April 1922

Number 2

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Nikita Balieff

Photograph of *He Who Gets Slapped*, by Lee Simonson

Two settings of the *S. S. Tenacity*, by Copeau and Jones

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Florence Taber Holt



Photograph by Francis Bruguière.

Nikita Balieff, founder, *regisseur* and stage-autocrat of *The Bat*, the super-cabaret of Moscow, now visiting New York under the name of *Le Chauve-Souris*. Before each number this morosely comic figure edges between the curtains to convulse the audience with oblique interpretations.

THEATRE ARTS MAGAZINE

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THE PORTRAIT OF A SEASON MIDWINTER IN THE NEW YORK THEATRES BY KENNETH MACGOWAN

I.

THEATRICAL seasons have personalities. They are made up of a hundred separate plays, and each play is a complex of a dozen creative forces struggling for expression, supremacy, perhaps even fusion. There are the audiences, too, fifty of them every night in New York, ten or twelve thousand a year, each an accidental welding of hundreds of separate egos drawn together by chance. A strange miscellany of little human strivings; yet no stranger and no more miscellaneous than the conglomeration of bones and tissues, femurs, occiputs, corpuscles, glands, endocrines, vegetative nerves, jellies and juices, proteids, sugars, bits of other animals in processes of absorption, brain furrows and veins, and back of it all, a lurking titan, the Unconscious. If these mysterious and shifting elements which go to the making of a man can create an impression of definite and peculiar personality, one need not be surprised to find in every theatrical season a certain complexion, a certain air, a certain harmony of temperament particular to itself. Perhaps the basis of the impression is a general tone; the two past seasons, for instance, seemed active, healthy, bounding, burgeoning and surprising. Over this and supplying landmarks, spires for remembrance, individual peculiarities, as the flesh of the face supplies features that identify human personality, come the outstanding plays of a year; *Déclassée*, *Abraham Lincoln*, *Clarence*, *Jane Clegg*, *Beyond the Horizon*, *Richard III.* in 1919-20; *Enter Ma-*

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dame, Heartbreak House, The First Year, The Emperor Jones, Deburau, The Beggar's Opera, the Hopkins-Jones Macbeth, in 1920-21.

The new season seems to me to have established a personality already, a most depressing personality, and December, January and February are a clear expression of it. To me these past three months give an impression of spasmodic and rather desperate effort, of much blind mechanical activity, of incompleteness and disappointment. Fine things muddled in accomplishment, like *The Nest* and *The Idle Inn*; fine things ignored by the public, like *The S. S. Tenacity* and *The Deluge*. Alien and gaudy flashes of success like *The Czarina* and *Le Chauve-Souris*. Disquieting successes like the Theatre Guild's debasing of *He Who Gets Slapped*; disquieting failures like *The Color Organ* and the partial eclipse of the Provincetown Players. Such things have come upon the top of the failure of *The Straw, Swords, The Hero, The White-Headed Boy, The Children's Tragedy, Don Juan*, and *Daddy's Gone A-Hunting*, to make us forget that *Anna Christie*, is still with us and *A Bill of Divorcement, The Circle* and *The Madras House* only just departed.

II.

The most depressing features of the past quarter has been the failure of the American playwright. Zoe Akins' *Varying Shore* is a row of tarnished gilt mirrors in which we are asked to study with sentimental enthusiasm the features of a noble courtesan of The Duchess school as they recede into an arbitrary past. In *The National Anthem*, Laurette Taylor and Hartley Manners conspire once more to hide the light of a rather brilliant actress under the bushel—short-measure at that—of a second-rate playwright. *To the Ladies!* cheers us for the moment as a successor to *Dulcy*, the equally topical but less sharply satirical comedy of the same authors, George S. Kaufman and Marc Connelly. But the invasion of the theatre by two American men of letters distinguished in their own fields, the novelist, Theodore Dreiser, and the poet, Arthur

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Davison Ficke, has resulted in no broadening of theatrical horizons.

As a matter of fact those horizons shrank very perceptibly when the Provincetown Players mounted Dreiser's *The Hand of the Potter*. There is much good writing in this play, as anyone who reads it in the printed version can see; but, out upon the stage where it belongs, it discloses a good deal of melodrama not at all mitigated by the discovery that the play as a whole is simply another of those soul-deadening studies of twisted and crushed spirits. The Provincetown Players, with the assistance of John Paul Jones—the Booth of *Abraham Lincoln*—to play the pervert, gave a not inadequate performance, but *The Hand of the Potter* remains a study in degeneracy with no more illumination in it than you can find in *Psychopathia Sexualis*.

If Ficke's *Mr. Faust* had not been in print these ten years I should have expected more from its performance than Ellen Van Volkenburg and Maurice Browne were able to make it give. Here we have poetry pushing at the horizons of the theatre—a modern version of the Faust theme written in blank verse. There is a good deal to say for its philosophy as philosophy, if not as drama. But actual performance—even when Browne speaks as skilfully as he does in the first act—still leaves the verse very, very blank in spots. It seems to me that there is far more drama, as well as more beauty, in the theatre when the Holy One recites a deliberately rhymed poem than when Ficke is pounding out the te-tum-te-tum-te-tum-te-tum of lines that have no inner, fiery reason for seeking expression in anything but prose. *Mr. Faust* is no worse and not much better than all the other products of the modern delusion that blank verse, in any but a masterhand like Shakespeare's, is a serviceable and beautiful means of expression for the playwright.

The Provincetown Players provided the stage for Miss Van Volkenburg and Maurice Browne to exhibit players and performance as they were in the Seattle Repertory

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Theatre which these two invaluable pioneers directed on the Pacific Coast last year. Except for Browne himself as Faust and Moroni Olsen as Satan, it did not seem a very adequate interpretation, and even these two had their bad moments, particularly Satan when Miss Van Volkenburg, who directed the production, set him dodging about Cleon Throckmorton's Hindu pillars in the second act.

From the Provincetown Players again came the only American play of significant quality seen in New York in the past three months, *The Verge*, and even *The Verge* has grave failings. Susan Glaspell's drama is extraordinary in its scope. It attempts to picture the mind of a woman on the edge of madness as she seeks to escape out of the conventional patterns of life into a life of—what does Miss Glaspell call it?—"Otherness." Perhaps the awkwardness of the word with which she wants to make us grasp a most difficult philosophic idea is an indication of the major fault of the play. Miss Glaspell has not been successful in translating her idea into easy terms of the theatre. Passion and murder do not save her from long and difficult discussion, fit only for the "pit of philosophers" which Shaw once demanded. *The Verge* was better played than any piece presented by the Provincetown Players in the past few seasons, yet the leading part presented such difficulties and such opportunities that many who appreciated the uncommonly understanding work of Margaret Wycherley as the woman could still see an interpretation of a very different sort which would have given the play a spiritual vitality that it needed.

III.

It has been a three months of alien dominance in the New York theatre, but not the alien dominance we are most used to, the dominance of England. England has sent only one new play of any quality, *The Dover Road*. This is a neat little comedy by A. A. Milne, who wrote *Mr. Pim Passes By*. It is not the equal of *Mr. Pim* in symmetry of construction, in economy of effort, but it is

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far more ingeniously amusing in its first act and fairly entertaining throughout. Much of the charm of the beginning is the charm of puzzlement: just who is this mysterious and mannerly person who stops eloping couples on the road to Dover and insists on keeping them under lock and key until they have had a thorough and usually disillusioning dose of one another? When this mystery is solved the play descends to a vaudeville of rather familiar incidents, such as the lover with a cold in his head, the lover who has to shave in the dining room, the lover who wants to escape the tedious attentions of his inamorata. The smooth and humorous dialog of Milne is considerably aided in these last stretches—as in the first act—by the excellent cast and direction supplied by a new producing manager, Guthrie McClintic. Charles Cherry's playing is unusually amusing and characterful, and there are no more than one or two lapses in the members of the supporting cast. Such playing, instead of the fumbling extravagances of Iden Payne and his actors, might have made Milne's other new play, the story of an advertising genius, *The Great Broxopp*, not half so faulty as it seemed.

Revivals and survivals mark the other contributions of England. John Galsworthy's *The Pigeon*, a play lost to our stage after only a little shorter run than most plays have, has been reclaimed by Edward Goodman, former director of the Washington Square Players, and reproduced in a performance better in one part and almost as good in others as when Winthrop Ames first mounted it almost ten years ago. Whitford Kane, the artist of the original production in London, outplays Russ Whytal in every element of the dear, lovable "sloppy sentimentalist." No one can ever quite efface the impression made by Frank Reicher as the French vagabond, but Georges Renavent's performance is thoroughly satisfactory to every sense but the sense of memory. Herbert Druce, so incomparable as the broken-down revolutionary in *Redemption*, makes the drunken cabby a vivid caricature.

For survivals from earlier epochs we have the "emo-

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tional" acting of Marie Lohr displayed in the sort of pieces that an actress with no higher ambition than self-display might choose, *Fedora* by Sardou and *The Voice from the Minaret*, a play by Robert Hichens, in the style of the early Henry Arthur Jones period; and we have also an argumentative thesis-play by Fernald, once mounted at the Neighborhood Playhouse and revived by Norman Trevor for a brief excursion into actor-management.

IV.

By far the most interesting event of the season has been the discovery of France as a source of drama decidedly more modern than the modish work of Bataille, Bernstein, and de Flers *et* Caillivet. There is nothing to be sure, in *Kiki*, a Belasco importation by André Picard, except an opportunity for Lenore Ulric to do an amazingly vivid piece of acting as a *gamine*, and nothing at all in *Bluebeard's Eighth Wife* by Alfred Savoir except a briefly-popular *succès de scandale*. On the other hand, in *The S. S. Tenacity*, by Charles Vildrac, in *Madame Pierre* (*Les Hanneçons*), by Eugene Brieux, and in *The Nest*, by Paul Gerdard, we have plays of the finest spiritual quality, plays skilfully conceived and skilfully executed.

The resemblance between Vildrac's piece and Gerdard's is superficially very slight. *The S. S. Tenacity* is a play of French working people; *The Nest* deals with a well-to-do family of Parisians. The turning point of *The S. S. Tenacity* is a love-scene (or, as we prefer to call it, seduction) involving one of two ex-soldiers bound for Canada and a waitress in a coast-town restaurant; *The Nest* is a study of the spiritual suffering of a middle-aged couple as their children grow up, the daughter marries and the son begins to find interests of an affectionate nature outside the home. In spite of this difference in material and plot, the two plays have in common a Gallic reality and perfection of outline which we are not apt to appreciate as French. The characters are drawn with nicety, with reserve, and yet without missing a single trait that could better define them. The incidents of the plots are suffi-



Photograph by Francis Bruguière.

He Who Gets Slapped, Andreyeff's circus tragedy as produced by the New York Theatre Guild in Lee Simonson's setting. Simonson's interesting composition of mass and line is supplemented by the use of three stage levels which permit a far more fluid handling of the many characters of the play than would be possible on the flat stage to which almost all our directors and artists cling.



A contrast in staging. *The S. S. Tenacity* by Charles Vildrac, as set in the permanent frame of Jacques Copeau's naked stage in Paris, and the design of Robert Edmond Jones for Augustin Duncan's production of the play in New York. Copeau has merely added to the architectural background of the Theatre du Vieux Colombier, tables, chairs, a rude bar and stairs and a set of doors. Compare the stage with its arrangement for *Twelfth Night* and *Surprise de l'Amour* reproduced on page 293 of the last issue of this magazine.



Jones's design for the New York setting is deliberately realistic with, however, a minimum of detail and a maximum of mood.



Photograph by Francis Bruguière.

*The Death of a Horse, or The Greatness of the Russian Soul, a scene of stylized burlesque from Balieff's *Chauve-Souris*. As in all Balieff's scenes, the setting is a small and simple backdrop and a set-piece or two placed in a frame of black curtains. *Décor* by Remisoff.*

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cient to make us see these characters and their relationships fully, and yet there is always an effect of reticence, of life clearly seen and then most carefully redrawn with as few lines as possible. In mood it is the opposite of the banal sensationalism of the boulevard playwrights; in method it is equally apart from the work of the encyclopædic naturalists who first revolted against the "theatricalism" of the popular French stage. It is different, again, from the realism of the English playwrights of the Manchester school; it is never heavy or didactic or gloomy. I do not think even such discreet realism is the true fare of the theatre, but it is admirable in conception and adroit in execution.

The S. S. Tenacity seems the better and the fresher of the two plays. The figures in *The Nest* we meet more often in the playhouse as well as in life, though we almost never penetrate so deeply into their lives. The two young men of the former play—one a man of action, the other a dreaming, irresolute fellow—and their reactions to a love affair in which both are characteristically involved, are more important than the surface elements of the plot. With the aid of an old stevedore, who acts as a sort of chorus to the play, Vildrac has been able to make it a character-study which is also a comment on life.

The S. S. Tenacity as *Le Paquebot Ténacité* has been one of the genuine successes, artistic and financial, of Copeau's post-war season at the Vieux Colombier. There, of course, it was acted within the conventionalized setting of a permanent and almost naked stage, with only a table, some chairs, a counter and two café doors worked into the architectural background. In New York Robert Edmond Jones has given it realistic scenery tempered by lines and tones that suggest the mood in addition to the place. Under Augustin Duncan's direction, the play is acted with a suitable discretion, though, except for Duncan's stevedore, without any notable distinction.

The Nest, on the contrary, is played with so little conviction, directed so poorly and set so abominably that

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almost all the quality of the original disappears and it is hard to believe that this which we see and hear is actually *Les Noces d'Argent*.

Creating the atmosphere of France and of the French is probably the most difficult problem that any director can face in our theatre. Though he may never solve it, at least he can give the play a definite and individual quality of its own which is neither American nor English in color or emotion. Robert Milton has done something of the kind in William Harris, Jr.'s., revival of *Les Hanneçons*. Roland Young and Estelle Winwood are adroit and amusing as the pedagog who has attempted to avoid the responsibilities of marriage and the mistress who has succeeded in defeating his purpose; with the rest of the company, they permit the excellent comedy and most of the emotion and meaning of Brieux to shine out. The play is far more effective and entertaining now than when Lawrence Irving and Mabel Hackney acted it in New York, ten years ago, if not quite so convincingly bourgeois. It seems to me to be Brieux's most successful play, a nearly perfect fusing of theatre, life and idea. It does not attempt to preach any deliberate sermon on the snares of illicit relations; it demonstrates the proposition in action, effective, entertaining, convincing action.

V.

David Belasco's success in making careful and workmanlike reproductions of *The Easiest Way* and *The Return of Peter Grimm* has led many managements to imagine that revivals of tried plays might prove a way out of the disasters of this season. The result has been the production and prompt failure of the following commonplace successes of other days: *Bought and Paid For*, *Alias Jimmy Valentine*, *Trilby*, and *The Squaw Man*. Wiser counsels dictated the revival of plays like *The Pigeon* and *Les Hanneçons*, which had come to Broadway before their time, and to these Arthur Hopkins has added that ironic and most interesting drama, *The Deluge*, which he originally produced in 1917.

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The interest of Henning Berger's play is double. It is, first of all, a study of American life by a Swede who, like Knut Hamsun, spent some years in the Mississippi Valley at the end of the last century, and who returned to the old world to win reputation as a novelist. Through the intercession of an American friend of the old days, Frank Allen, *The Deluge* comes to the American stage a pungent, plausible and characteristic study of types and of one aspect of the life of the Mississippi states. In addition to furnishing a picture of a shyster lawyer, an up and coming young broker, a business failure turned "grouch," an Irish saloon owner, a girl of the streets, a "small time" vaudeville actor, a broken-down immigrant, who might all wander into a riverside saloon, *The Deluge* fuses these people in an ironic study of the springs of loving kindness in the human animal. Berger sends a flood against the town. He locks his people in the saloon under the fear of almost certain death. He shows them rising out of themselves in a burst of fellow-feeling and sinking back into their own selfish lives—all but the prostitute—as the danger passes and the flood subsides. Like most dramas founded on an "idea," a designed scheme of action, *The Deluge* lacks a certain ungovernable vitality which the best drama possesses. But it is consistent throughout, it is rich in characterization, and it has scenes of fine excitement. It is acted rather better than in the original production, with the exception of a single part. There is no Pauline Lord to play the tortured girl.

VI.

Perhaps the first thought aroused by the production of *The Czarina*, a play from the Hungarian of Lengyel and Biro, is the absence of German plays on the American stage. There have been numerous French plays this year, and Russian, even Scandinavian, dramas in the past few seasons; but almost nothing from Germany. Except for Halbe's out-moded drama, *Youth*, the dramatic output of the Central Empires visible in New York recently has been confined to Austria and Hungary—Schoenherr's

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Children's Tragedy, and *Thy Name Is Woman* (*Teufelsweib*), Molnar's *Liliom*, Lengyel's *The Dancer* and *The Czarina*. Memories of Schnitzler's *Anatol* and *The Green Cockatoo*, Bahr's *The Master* and *The Concert*, Lengyel's *Typhoon*, Molnar's *The Phantom Rival* and *Where Ignorance Is Bliss* overshadow Hauptmann's *Hannele*.

The Czarina is a grandly absurd burletta on the loves of Catherine of Russia. It is a completer play than Shaw's *Great Catherine*, but not so rich and jovial. It is principally entertaining as a feminist dig at the clinging-vine type of wife. Catherine assumes towards the young Cossack noble who comes into her life with news of a plot against her crown, much the same attitude as the family man who comes home to his little wife to find in her arms shelter from the cares of the world. The young count may watch out for treason, but he must not trouble himself with affairs of state. He must curb any such ambition and remain a haven of beauty and untroubled peace for the busy empress to seek after a hard day in her council chamber. When the play varies this theme with melodrama, in an attempt to build up the solid structure of so-called dramatic interest demanded ten years ago, *The Czarina* loses pace and grows confused. In much the same way, the impersonation of Catherine by Doris Keane falls off from vigorous and adept comedy to a confusion of dramatic motives. Perhaps eight years of wasted repetitions in the single part of Sheldon's *Romance* have left Miss Keane less prepared to cope with new and knotty problems than she might well be. The play has been lavishly mounted with the assistance of Warren Dahler, and its cast provides good work of various sorts from Frederick Kerr, William H. Thompson, Basil Rathbone, and Ian Keith.

VII.

Russia provides these three months with three very different sorts of entertainments. There is Ben-Ami, to begin with. His second vehicle in English is another play from his Yiddish repertory, *The Idle Inn*, by Peretz Hirsch-

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bein. It provides—or rather it provided him for a few weeks—with a chance to demonstrate his physical and spiritual virtuosity. In English he repeated as surely as in Yiddish the portrait of a rangey, turbulent braggart and horsethief from the Russian countryside, of which I wrote when Ben-Ami was playing with the Jewish Art Theatre. The play itself suffers badly from translation—or whatever one should call the process by which it has been rendered into stiff and impossible English. The lyrical quality of the original has disappeared and carried along with it all possible understanding of the mystic motive presented by the evil spirits which dominate the play. Indifferently set by Robert Edmond Jones, unimaginatively directed by Arthur Hopkins and unillustriously acted by the large supporting cast, it had life only in the second act. Then, at the wedding, with Ben-Ami dancing and the stage reduced to a picture of alien and pungent folk-customs, *The Idle Inn* had vitality.

Another Russia appears in Andreyeff's *He Who Gets Slapped*, and still another in Balieff's *Chauve-Souris*. Balieff's super-cabaret has doubtless suffered change in its journey from Moscow to New York via Paris and London; but this is nothing compared with the alterations in mood and emphasis which make *He Who Gets Slapped* even more alien than *The Idle Inn* to its original. Through this bitter and mad tragedy the Theatre Guild has achieved a financial success as great as it won with *Liliom*; and it has achieved it by the simple process of sweetening the acting and atmosphere to the point where Andreyeff's play becomes a sort of *Polly of the Circus* by a dramatist with a flair for sentimental tragedy.

Even Lee Simonson's admirably designed setting—quite the best we have had for a realistic play—takes on through its amber lights and certain elements of its decoration a cosy and picturesque quality quite at odds with the stark and cruel satire upon all worldly good, which the author has written. In practically all of the playing except Louis Calvert's perfect vignette of the gross old baron, there

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is warmth and prettification where there ought to be something very like the chill of the grave and the dignity of a challenge to all human life. Margalo Gilmore's little equestrienne is perhaps closest to the original in conception, if not completely sure in execution. Frank Reicher turns the bogus count, who has fallen at last to the circus as a field for his swindles, into a gentleman who could ply his trade in much higher circles. The circus owner becomes a cheerful dullard and Zenida loses her terrible and torturing fire. Finally, Richard Bennett takes the *savant*—a man whose high mentality and ideals have been crushed by intrigue and unfaithfulness in wife and colleague—and makes him a whimsical fellow who seeks the seclusion of the circus and plays with odd and amusing ideas like spouting learned speeches to the audience and being slapped for his pains. There is no satire on existence here, no picture of beauty and truth and reason tottering on the edge of extinction. At the last, the clown is a sentimentally heroic tragedian who prefers to poison his beloved and himself rather than the beast who seeks her.

As to Balieff—well, Balieff may do old turns such as figures on china clocks that come to life and wooden soldiers that march, and he may spread over the past the sentiment of the French court (was the Romanoff's court without its Francophilism?); but Balieff is an extraordinary comedian, Balieff is an uncompromising *regisseur*, and Balieff brings us the ruddy rejuvenating warmth of the peasant where he is most the peasant. Balieff's entertainment is varied enough for anyone's taste; his *mise-en-scene*, always simple, is pungent and gay, while the players who appear against the bright little backgrounds of Remisoff and Soudeykin move with a brilliantly exact technique. As an example of conscious direction and consistent playing—in or out of a musical piece—*Le Chauve-Souris* is a lesson to all our spasmodic *regisseurs*.

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BY HERMAN GEORGE SCHEFFAUER

CHURCHES, both as bodies and as buildings, have their congregations. Capitols, Parliaments, City Halls, Town Councils have their communities. Why then—if we give the theatre a place as an institution and fight to give it power and dignity as the church profane or lay temple for the people—why then, should not theatres have their congregate communities? The great metropolis of today is a machine incessantly revolving; the citizen finds neither rest nor a home at the center, but only about this circumference. So the suburbs have scented danger and risen in insurrection, at least the suburbs of Berlin. High tram-fares and reduced services are also a factor, for they make it difficult for the Man to get to the Mountain. Certain suburbs of this "Athens on the Spree" have therefore resolved to have mountains of their own. These were the central and impelling ideas in a significant new theatrical enterprise recently launched.

In the broad, tree-lined Schloss Strasse in the suburb of Steglitz, there stood a large stately manor house in a park full of venerable trees—the historic old *Schloss* of the Counts Wrangel. The place had stood empty for many years and had become very shabby until it was revived and degraded by being converted into a beer-garden and restaurant filled with music, lights and dancing, with the honest burgher and his family and the aroma of *Kalbsbraten*.

In 1919 the boroughs of Steglitz, Neu-Köln und Pankow decided that each should erect a community theatre, to be supported by the local tax-payers and to serve as an expression of the artistic life of the borough. Each was to irradiate its own style and individuality. But borough was to interlock with borough so far as administration

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went in relation to the stage and mechanical appointments. These were to be identical in all three theatres, all of a fixed form and interchangeable, so that the scenery of all three might be used in common. Thus the Atlantean loads imposed upon Germany enforce many ingenious solutions of economic difficulties. This laudable civic undertaking, however, came to naught, for soon after this project had been proposed, that of Greater Berlin came up, overshadowing everything and now the boroughs, as separate municipal entities, have been swallowed up in the great sprawling whole.

Steglitz, however, was not to be deprived of its Communal Theater, even though it was forced to forego the support of the borough. The theatre-community could be called into being under the aegis of a society as well as under that of a council. In 1920 a small group of authors, artists, lovers of the drama and businessmen with culture founded the enterprise of the "*Theater-Gemeinde Schlosspark*." Founder's subscriptions were advertised at 500 marks and the list was soon full. The young undertaking also received strong material and intellectual support from Robert Prechtel, the poet and publisher of *Der Spiegel*, a type of man of whom Germany might well be proud. Robert Prechtel is famous for his cultural activities, not only as a patron, but as a creative worker—he is to be numbered among the younger intellectuals. The pseudonym conceals the identity of a member of one of Germany's wealthiest industrial families.

The Society is co-operative and follows to a certain extent the plan upon which the great *Volksbühne* of Berlin, with its 130,000 members, is built up. The founders are entitled to certain special and permanent privileges, such as cheaper prices, preferential seats and the like. The subscribers or members, who pay a yearly fee of 10 marks, enjoy similar privileges though in a more restricted degree. Though a community, the principle, as we see, is not precisely communistic.

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A blight, practically a ban, lay upon all building. Hardly a brick stirred in Berlin or a hammer rang. Nevertheless, the restaurant soon vanished. In its place a charming *Kammerspiel Theater* shone forth amid the trees, the "small house" of the new enterprise. A long bright foyer of rough-cast walls of pleasant texture and tint, subtle hidden illuminations, bare, well-proportioned wall-spaces with oases of green curtains that sing like an expanse of sky or field from high stark arches, heavily-carved wooden ceilings with deep caissons, massive wooden benches adroitly composed, a short, wide-debouching stair. A door to right and to left leads into the auditorium. It is a large room with mellow Mercury-vapour lights glowing from behind the pilasters, a steep pitch to the floor, a wainscot of dark wood. The small stage has a ramp with two small archways to right and left for off-stage exits and entrances. The orchestra pit is hidden under the stage itself. A loggia of simple boxes crowns the rear of the hall. The stage is well-appointed and extremely modern in its mechanics and, in spite of its small measurements, it is equipped with the translucent *Rund-Horizont*, with Fortuny lighting, the whole designed by the greatest of German stage technicians, Adolf Linnebach of Dresden.

The "small house" was opened in May 1921. The "large house," which is erected within the walls or partly within the walls of an annex of the old *schloss*, is about to be opened. The small house is devoted exclusively to plays, the large one to the play, but also to concerts by famous musicians and conductors, to readings from the poets by eminent actors and actresses, to artistic dancing by the Elizabeth Duncan School, Niddy Impekoven, to the artistic film, and so on. The *Schlosspark Theater* also has its own house magazine which is given out with the program and contains excellent and instructive critical and literary contributions, dealing with the play, appropriate illustrations, and so on. It is edited by Dr. Hans Lebede.

The opening play was Shakespeare's *Timon of Athens*

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in a new version by Robert Prechtl who has given this intense and concentrated tragedy,—the tragedy of man himself at the hands of man,—this piece of true *compressionistic* art—corruscating with hate exalted into ecstasy and with fury like an elemental force of nature—a new garment in German. Surely a strong flesh-pot this for the house-warming of a new theater! Who among our managers would have ventured to confront the first of his first-night audiences with the torrential curses of the great misanthrope—with this deluge of wormwood and gall—this broad bitterness in poetry almost too remorseless for modern nerves?

"Expressionism," says Prechtl in the program, "*that* is the principle of style that dominates this work. The language is packed with content to the point of disruption. Cataracts of words shower upon us; chains of images sweep by. But the word never leads nor misleads the thought. It is the thought that forever coerces, presses and gags the word. The sentences in this play are like flagons of steel into which superabundant quantities of gas have been forced. There they stand—under a terrific atmospheric tension. The experiences of a whole life-time are hammered into one short couplet. In these lines there is a pregnancy that seizes upon us, a plethora of passion that stirs up our inmost depths. The thing which our young and youngest writers are striving to do with such fiery agony—well, here you behold it done. But it is only when some all-embracing personality such as Shakespeare plunges his wild hand into the snow of the language, that the snow balls itself gratingly together, so that a piece of crystalline ice falls from the grasp of the poet."

I saw *Timon* acted here against fantastic backgrounds rich or barren as demanded by the tyranny of the play. Paul Henckels had worked with a sure hand and with much original force. There were rudenesses in the presentation, but these rudenesses were of the school of Burbage. All of them were overborne like rocks in rapids by the streaming and rounded torrent of devotion shown by the actors—who

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felt themselves and knew themselves as a guild, a family, a clan, all dominated by a common purpose, end or sacrifice. And one felt that, flowing like an electric circuit across the invisible insulation between stage and auditorium, the great and plastic energies of the community idea were at work. The spectators were linked up among themselves as well as to actor and enterprise. Something warm and fruitful was stirring here between these walls still damp with the new-stroked mortar. This sapling planted at Steglitz in suburban earth had very long roots, roots that extended as far as Weimar and Stratford-on-Avon.

The same intimate feeling was noticeable during the rococo amorosities and powdered and furbelowed scurrilities in verse which make up two of Goethe's youthful pieces, *The Whim of the Beloved* and *The Accomplices*. These were two bits of the archaic and the romantic which like the rejuvenated *Timon*, sprang into vivid life in this atmosphere of warm acting and responsive audienceship. *Tartuffe*, *The Tempest*, *When the Vine Blooms*, *The Yellow Jacket*, *Chitra*, *An Enemy of the People*, *The Pelican*, *The Scene of the Fire*, *Love's Labor Lost*, *Love and Cabal*, and a number of new works by the younger men are to form the program for the coming season.

The Schlosspark Theater Community owes much of its initiative, freshness and vitality to the brilliant directorship of Dr. Hans Lebede and Paul Henckels. They are young men who have gone forth from a school of aesthetic and intellectual discipline which has ground and polished them into devotion to an ideal and given them a wonderful efficiency for achieving it. And yet they would be unable to achieve it had they not also achieved the power not only of infecting but of fecundating others. That is one of the first essentials of the community as of all other living organisms. It requires a core and core is only another word for heart—the working, salient heart.

The interesting *Reflection* which follows this article is by Paul Henckels, the progressive director of the Schlosspark. It is clipped from the program book of the Expressionist performance of *Timon*—the book itself one of the worth-while products of the theatre.

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REFLECTION: MY ATTITUDE TOWARD EXPRESSIONISM ON THE STAGE, by Paul Henckels. Expressionism has existed as long as there has been an art of the theatre; an expressionism, however, that must not be mistaken for what—nowadays—that catch-word generally comprises and conveys. The expressionism of the catch-word is a matter of fashion. The theatre has never been the creature of fashion: it has been a product of culture, growing according to natural laws.

Fashion is antagonistic to culture. It is the head-work of nimble spirits whose aim is to excite rather than to stimulate. Many a new departure, valuable in itself, is used, twisted and perverted when it is made to serve their purpose. There is a lot of juggling and balancing, of tinsiling and beamirching. Anything that in the course of these manipulations happens to drop into the gutter, a shapeless mass, is indiscriminately picked up again and once more thrown into the busy whirl. Just so the vigorous source of what to day berates itself under the name of expressionism was the expression of a new cultural dawn. All too quickly these forms of expression became the mode, 'modern', and that delivered them at once into the hands of the Imitators—the "Also ran's." Only a few "Also-can's" have appeared. This is where discrimination must take hold—to separate the former from the latter, the re-fashioners from the creators, to dig up the treasures buried under the debris of the mode. Because there is something that is original, sincerely felt and logically constructed—even in expressionism.

Every dramatic work has its own style, is entitled to individual treatment, and to being experienced anew, according to our own nervous system. Tradition may act as a brake; it may, but it does not necessarily. There is no expressionist dramatic style; there dare not be any. It would be—it unfortunately is already—a standardized pattern. There is, there must be, only Honesty, Truth, Sincerity; a spiritual experience in concrete form.

That is the only basis for "expressionistic" stage direction.



Insignia of the Schlosspark Theatre.

L'ASSOMMOIR AT THE BA-TA-CLAN AND SOME NOTES ON MODERN DRAMATISTS

BY ARTHUR SYMONS

THE fact of having translated Zola's novel induced me, this June when I was in Paris, to spend one night in *Ba-Ta-Clan*, a curious theatre situated on the Boulevard Voltaire, where they were, for the first time, giving a dramatic version of *L'Assommoir* of Zola. That I certainly enjoyed; as much for the drama as for the acting: the whole thing was extraordinary, terrible, brutal, vile, squalid, tragic and comic; and, what is so essentially Parisian, was that this representation of the lowest classes was witnessed by the lowest classes of that quarter. Nana, with all her delicious perversity, her not yet evident corruption, was deliciously acted by a girl who was only five years old, Berthe Francis. Corruption certainly reigns over the whole novel as it reigns over the Tragedy, a vile yet pardonable corruption; for, in certain senses, there are touches of pity for the poor and for those who suffer unheard of miseries. There are scenes where these creatures share their cruel delights, their gross hilarities, their animal passions; and, besides this, there is an unerring logic—not tremendous, as in the Greek Tragedies—but logical, which makes the play what it is. The girl who played Virginie, Charlotte Lysès, was superb, sullen, vindictive; she had the undulation of an animal; an animal's spite and insolence; this was aided by her excessive make-up under and over the eyes. As I saw her I thought of Byron's hateful lines when he speaks of

"The moral Clytemnestra of thy lord,"

and of

"a breast unknowing its own crimes,
Deceit, averments, incompatible
Equivocations, and the thoughts which dwell
In Janus'-spirits."

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The man who acted Lantier reminded me frightfully of Hardy's Wildeve—the stage villain, theatrical, mercenary and malicious. Arguillière who acted Coupeau, represented the caressing carnal inevitable drunkard, who has much better qualities than Lantier: a figure so vivid that I seemed to see him in some brasserie I had passed on my way to the theatre.

In *L'Assommoir*, as in the dramatic version, one finds Zola using the language of the people so as to render the people with a clear truth to nature. Whether he has done that or not is not the question, in spite of his slang, and his colloquialism. The question is that his sentences have no rhythm; they carry no sensations to the eyes. Zola sins meanly, as he makes his characters sin; in this way he is penuriously careful. Zola drives home to you the horrid realities of those narrow incomplete lives; he has made up his mind that he will say everything, and with an utter indifference.

Writing on Middleton and Rowley I said: "If we seek a reason for the almost universal choice of brothels and taverns as the scenes of Elizabethan comedy, we shall find it partly in a theory, accepted from the Latin and Italian drama, that this was the proper province of the comic Muse. The Elizabethan audience was accustomed from the first to the two extremes of novel tragedy and brutal comedy. Thus, the dramatist being as free as the modern French caricaturist to make his appeal in the most direct way, to the animal through the animal, had no hesitation in using the gross material at hand, grossly."

This, almost literally, might be applied to the greater part of the modern French Tragedies and Comedies. Take, for instance, those of Bataille, who weaves into his tragedies complexities of an almost elemental kind—such as the conflict between the force of Destiny and some obscure and tormented existence. It has been justly said: "Because natural forces are personified and the conflict of those forces is represented as human drama this drama arouses a shudder by its immorality, its cruelty, its in-

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decency." Surely much of what is immoral in the plays of Bataille may have had its origin in what is at once Pagan and Immoral in the religion of the ancient Greeks, and in what remained in them of Heathenism. Besides this, he is a poet of nature and a dramatist who created a new form of Drama.

I saw Tolstoi's *Power of Darkness* acted—which in certain senses is more grossly realistic than the most realistic play of Ibsen; yet, achieved in terms of naked horror, created out of humor and horror, out of some abundance which has taken the dregs of human life up into itself and transfigured them by that pity which is understanding, Tolstoi gives in this play what Ibsen has never done—an interpretation of life which, in spite of its form, is essential poetry. In *Resurrection*, the moral idea owes most of its value to his realism of brothels and police courts. In a page of Zola and in a page of Tolstoi you might find the same gutter described with the same minute details; and yet in reading the one you might see only the filth, while in the other you might feel only some fine human impulse—the impulse of one who has a saintly patience with Evil.

Take, for instance, the plays of François de Curel, such as *Les Avariées*, *La Nouvelle Idole*, *L'Envers d'une Sainte*, you will find them almost entirely concerned with hideous medical details; the first and the worst, which disturbed Paris, is from beginning to end a pamphlet, it is not satisfactory as a pamphlet, and it has no other excuse for existence. In *La Fille Sauvage*, which is impossible, interesting and original, he grapples seriously with serious matters; some of his arguments are closely woven; some of them seem almost to bring a kind of naked poetry out of mere closeness of seeing and closeness of logical thinking. He is naturally not artistic. In *La Nouvelle Idole* there is some really sinister dialogue in regard to the horror of indestructibility which is admirable: in Paris it held the audience spell-bound, because in the midst of a vivid crisis it expressed a universal human feeling.

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The contrast between these plays and those of Shaw is certainly not fundamental: nothing in the whole of Shaw's prose or plays is for one moment fundamental, not to say creative. His logic is merciless as in *Mrs. Warren's Profession*—and besides this has all the cleverness and cunning of an actual detective; besides this, his characters are on the whole as ugly in their virtue as they are in their vices: that is, if they really have vices of an effective and of a dramatic kind such as the inevitable vices of a Vidocq or a Vaudier. No one can deny to the majority of Celtic artists, Imagination. Their genius is in every sense essentially different from the genius of the other races. Just as the mystic is the man who sees obscure things clearly, so the Welsh (whom I take for the moment as representing the "Celtic note;" the quality that we find in primitive races) saw everything in the universe, the wind himself, the serpent who is the symbol of Evil, the Eagle who is the Symbol of Strength and Beauty, the sense of the "delicate white body" that will be covered with nettles and the roots of the oak; the certainty that one wonders where man is in his sleep and is conscious of when the night passes into the day: the astonishment that books have not discovered the soul or man's invisible spirit; of beauty's sorrowful desire after wisdom, that wisdom which is beyond man's reach. As in the Latin mediaeval songs, so in these there is a mediaeval hatred of winter—"Winter, when the wolves live on the wind," as Villon sang. In these Welsh poets all one's sensations, all one's madness, all one's miseries, are reduced to the bare and barren elements of human emotion.



Radical stage methods enter what was the Königliches Schauspielhaus in Berlin. Two photographs from the International Theatrical Exhibition in Amsterdam showing the work of the successors of Max Reinhardt and Ernst Stern in the leadership of the German stage—Leopold Jessner, director of the Staatliches Schauspielhaus, and Emil Pirchan, his designer. Act one of *Marquis von Keith* by Wedekind, an interior of screens with neither ceiling piece nor borders. Note the extreme stylization of the setting; the telephone instrument is merely a mouthpiece and a few feet of cord.



Act three of *Marquis von Keith* as set by Pirchan and directed by Jessner. Screens again serve for an interior, and furniture is kept to a minimum of the chairs actually used. The doors at the back and sides are made from screens split down the centre and hinged to their neighbors.

DOWN TO THE CELLAR

BY LEE SIMONSON

THE most amazing fact revealed by a six-weeks journey through most of the theatrical capitals of Europe,—Paris, Berlin, Stockholm, Dresden, Munich, Vienna and London—is the extraordinary vitality of the German theatre. I left the American theatre spiritually bankrupt at the beginning of its worst financial season and found the theatre of a conquered and bankrupt country unaltered in spirit and experimenting with the widest range of plays and types of stagecraft. Consider what bad business and financial depression has entailed in the American theatre: the public inertia, the reluctance to go to the theatre, the increasing number of failures of interesting, or even excellent, plays, which in other seasons would have been successes. Then consider Germany. The mark fluctuates fifteen to twenty points in a single morning, two hundred in a week. The Reparation Commission is at the Adlon and the effect of its announcements is almost invariably to send the mark still lower. Panics on the Boerse are imminent and from week to week the entire structure of financial inflation seems to threaten its long awaited collapse.

The week I was in Berlin the Silesian decision was announced, and was considered by papers of every shade of opinion to spell the economic doom of Germany and destroy her last hope of economic rehabilitation. The mark touched a new low level. What this means, of course, is that a workman wakes up one morning to find that his wages can no longer buy him six meals a week; a professor, who manages to scrape along, suddenly finds that he cannot afford another ton of coal. As a result, strikes are periodic. Each class, in turn, struggles to keep its head above the steady onrush of rising prices. The dam is always bursting.

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Consider again the uncertainty, the apprehension, the depression and worry that such straits create in a country which fears that it may go the way of Austria at any time. And yet the theatres are crowded. Conditions, which if they were duplicated here, even in the slightest degree, would close every theatre in London and New York in a fortnight, seem to have no effect upon the tremendous eagerness of the German public for going to the play, not current trash only, but poetic drama of the most experimental form, as well as the established masterpieces.

During a single week in Berlin I saw at the State Theatre, directed by Jessner, a revival of the Viennese classic *Raimund, Die Gefesselte Fantasie*, Schiller's *Fiesco*, and *Richard III*, playing, not as one might expect, to empty seats, but to crowded and enthusiastic houses. (One must remember that a State Theatre usually holds 1,000 or more.) In the same week at Die Neue Volksbuehne I saw *Massemensch (The Masses)*, a poetic allegory of the Communist Revolution, written by Toller, still in jail in Munich, for his share in the Spartacist uprising, and staged by Fehling, with an orchestral rhythm of grouping so startling and overwhelming as to mark a new epoch in stagecraft. A few nights later at Reinhardt's old Deutsches Theater I saw an equally crowded house to hear the revival of *Kean*, a piece of outmoded theatricalism but produced with macabre intensity that gave it new life. In Dresden a reinterpretation of the Ulysses' legend called *Circe*, and on the following night, *The Crown Prince*, a study of the youth of Frederick the Great, remarkably similar in temper and method to our chronicle plays of Lincoln and Cromwell. I foolishly waited to buy my seats until the morning of the performance and got one of the last four in the house. The performance opened to placards of "ausverkauft." And remember that Dresden is a city about the size of Milwaukee.

In every city masterpieces were current, particularly Shakespeare. There was hardly a repertory theatre where he did not appear once a week. In fact, I began to wonder

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what the German repertory system would do without him. New interpretations, *Einstudierung*, as they are called, are constantly announced. Producers seem to win their spurs, or invite a final test of their ability and imagination with the production of Shakespeare very much as a violinist does when he attempts the Beethoven Concerto or a conductor giving his rendering of the Fifth Symphony. And it is not the so-called popular plays of Shakespeare which are current; somewhere I saw *Pericles, Prince of Tyre* announced as a matter of course, and *Lear* occurs as frequently as *Hamlet*. And however Shakespeare is given, whether decoratively or realistically or in the highly rhythmic and simplified manner of Jessner's *Richard III.*, on its red staircase, German audiences flock to the Bard and enjoy him boundlessly. Whether we like it or not Shakespeare has become a German institution, and the reason is, perhaps, that in Germany Shakespeare is not weighted down with literary tradition. Here we go to see a Shakespeare play, as we go to hear opera. We wait for the monologue or the soliloquy as we wait for an aria, the rest is merely recitative. How is the new Hamlet going to do the soliloquy in comparison with Forbes-Robertson? We wait for that exactly as we wait for Galli-Curci to do "Una voce poco fa" to compare it to Sembrich. Whereas, in Germany, it is the movement and the action of the play as a tale which constantly asserts itself, holds its public, makes the play easier to give and give well.

Despite the extraordinary variety of the plays I saw, each time I took up a paper I realized the greater number of things I missed. I had just arrived in Dresden when Schnitzler and Strindberg were announced in Frankfort. If I had gone to Frankfort I would only have gotten there the same night that I should have seen an interesting novelty in Dusseldorf. By the time I was south I wanted to be back north, and then I would pick up a paper and hear of some unknown group of players from a provincial town, re-enacting some of the medieval histories and old legends in so unique and charming a manner that they had

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begun to tour the cities with increasing success. So that, had I wanted to see even half of what Germany had to offer, remember, I would have had to swing not once back and forward but round the circle constantly for three months.

All of this is due to two factors. The first is obviously the repertory system, but more important perhaps is the fact that the theatres, as a result of the demand for repertory have created a mechanical perfection of their stages by means of which they are able to handle all varieties of plays and every variety of production. Plays of all sorts can be welcomed, any manner of play can be tried and put through, because every theatre is equipped with some means of making the stage so flexible an instrument that anything desired can be done with it. No play need be shelved because there are too many scenes or the scenes are too big, or the mounting might not warrant the expense involved.

It is more than a matter of good lighting, a cyclorama which will give perfect diffusion of light and a sky without our usual wrinkles and folds. During the war, Germany scrapped the Fortuny system of lighting because of its waste of current and limited intensity of color. In its place there has been developed a better and more flexible system. In addition to lamps that light the sky controlled by an extraordinary compact and flexible dimmer board, so that one can easily run the entire cycle of a spectrum without shifting a single lamp, three types of projection have been perfected capable of throwing upon the sky anything one can paint and moving it in any direction. Moreover, a substitution for the plaster cyclorama has been found, namely, one that unrolls along an overhead track, like an upright window shade. At the Royal Opera in Stockholm, where this system has been installed, I saw it, driven by an electric motor, span the opera stage in thirty seconds, and once unrolled it seems as solid as any plaster cyclorama and gives as perfect a diffusion

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of light. Rolled up it makes a column of canvass well out of the way to one side of the stage, not more than three feet through. (It is this combination of lights and the new cyclorama which is being marketed by a Swedish firm under the name of the Art System).

But even more important than the new lighting system is the fact that precisely because the German stages are workshops for producing plays, every stage of every theatre is a highly perfected mechanism which tries to solve with a maximum ease of speedy efficiency, the problem of staging a play. The machinery of the German stage is schemed just as carefully for the problems of its production as the machinery of a great modern factory.

The mechanical solutions are of three types: The revolving stage, the sliding stage, and the sinking or hydraulic stage. The revolving stage we are familiar with. A performance of *The Crown Prince* was an interesting example of what a sliding stage can do for a playwright. Here was a play in sixteen scenes. What theatre, not properly equipped, could have attempted it? The mere waits between the scenes would have precluded the opportunity, but at Dresden, under Adolph Linnebach's direction, it was done without an intermission, except the long one in the middle of the evening, and with not more than two minutes wait between any of the single scenes. The proscenium opening had been slightly narrowed. A sliding stage, double the width of this proscenium opening was used. Two sets had been built up on this in advance. As the play opened, scene one was shoved on. Scene two on the same platform was still in the wings. When scene two was shoved on, scene one was pushed off in the opposite wing and while the second scene was being played, the first scene was noiselessly reset and the stage rolled back in the opposite direction for the third scene to play, the remainder of the stage being constantly free to change whatever background was seen through doors and windows.

The designer's insatiable appetite for a chance to ex-

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plot the pictorial is usually considered the motive in emphasizing the new possibilities for a stage of this type. But consider what such a stage means to the playwright. We fail to realize how enormously cramped American playwrights have been, simply because any play not in three sets presents on the whole such insuperable problems to commercial production that playwrights are deterred from writing them. Now it is, of course, true that a play in sixteen scenes is not necessarily more important than a play in three acts, but yet everywhere at the present day there is a strong desire to break away from the traditional necessity of deliberately rearranging lives so that they reveal themselves in a single congested climax. The feeling on the part of the playwrights has come to be that the dynamics of character can be better revealed by following the series of climaxes which make up a life. Certainly *The Crown Prince*, this study of the youth Frederick the Great in revolt against his father, the first true Prussian, his hatred of the tight, militaristic, dogmatic, precise tin-soldier court, his attempted flight, his capture, his anguish in jail as he sees his friend shot for treason, his final reluctant acceptance of his position, was far more convincing and profoundly revealed, with far more cumulative effect than if it had all been worked into one big scene or massed in three acts which pyramided to Act II. And playwrights, such as Hasenclever, Toller and others of the group that calls itself "The Dramatic Will," in their plays which shift from the world of reality to the world of dream and back again, are given a complete freedom to attempt whatever they will in the way of interpreting life, simply because they know that there is no problem of how to stage their plays. Almost any theatre can mount them without ado. It is my conviction that the extraordinary variety of German plays written, and their wide range of experimental form, is as much as anything the result of such mechanically flexible stages and that the perfection of German stage machinery has freed the playwright for all the adventures of which his soul

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is capable, even more than it has freed the designer and producer.

At Dresden, there is a type of hydraulic stage which is to me more interesting than any other in its possibilities. Roughly, the stage is divided across its entire width into three sections, about 15 feet deep each. These can be sunk to cellar level some 20 feet below, in unison, or independently. Hazait, the technical director of the opera house, stood with me on the front section. A lever was pulled, we went down to the cellar as on a huge freight elevator. There the stage struck a track and rolled at cellar level to the rear of the theatre, and I saw the other two sections, coupled together, slide forward over my head to the footlights. The possibilities of such a stage for design and plastic movement are even more important than the obvious facility it gives to shift scenery. Hazait described to me a production of the *Joseph Legend*. He kept his central platform, on which he put Joseph's tent and the outline of a dune. The other two sections, which again are capable of being divided, descended front and back of this to the cellar as two flights of steps, and the entire crowd of desert Nomads swept up from below the level of the audience's eye on to the heights and down again. Within five minutes the stage was again level to receive the next scene. On the American stage one such scene might have been possible at infinite expense, but it would have immobilized the entire production and even the movement achieved would have been far more limited.

It is the range of movement which the hydraulic stage gives to the director, which is perhaps its chief importance. Our flat stages, with their inflexible, barn-like floors, are bad, not only because they make staging compositions flat, costly or cumbersome, but primarily because they are constantly limiting the movement of people front and back and from right to left on the same plane, so that we can get out of the groupings of our actors very little more than what I call the card catalogue or shuttle movements, whereas one of the most valuable movements in

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staging is the movement of people, masses of people, up and down. It is one of the most valuable assets in space composition, one of the things which awakens emotional responses in an audience that can be touched in no other way. It has its roots in our primitive psychology, which responds the minute we see anything leave the ground. An aeroplane invariably thrills us as it starts its flight. Once moving in a mechanical plane in the air, its capacity to give us an immediate emotion is much less. That is why we say Ah! as the sky rockets zizz upward. That is why a person climbing a hill or on the brow of a hill becomes a portentous or symbolic figure. We miss most of the emotional possibilities of the grouping in movement of human beings in our theatres by so constantly keeping them on a single flat level where they can merely cross and recross, cover each other up and then uncover each other again. Our stage directors are very much in the position of composers who could score only for a single melody in unison. The richer orchestration is beyond them, simply because to create varied and interesting levels to achieve a spiritual effect of vertical movement involves the cumbersome piling up of platforms so costly and so immovable when placed that it is rarely attempted.

The extraordinary value of this range of movement on the stage, and its significance for production was amply proved by the production of *Richard III.*, and *Masse-mensch* in Berlin. How much meaning was added by the red staircase in the second half of *Richard III.*, particularly in contrast to the purely horizontal movement of the first half played in front of a stone wall forming a low terrace. The only movement up before the close of the first half had been Richard suddenly appearing on this terrace as the Lord Mayor of London offered him the crown, looking down for the first time upon the heads of his enemies and the heads of his fellow-men. How immensely the movement of the second part was enhanced by the staircase when Richard appeared at its summit, when his men in red and Richmond's in white moved up and down it

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with all the symbolism of opposing forces, groups mounting it from each side towards its apex in imminent struggle. And what a contrast to all heightened movement as Richard descends it slowly at the end, in utter lassitude, to dream his last dream almost at its base!

Jessner, whose sense of movement and the emotional effect upon the spectator of the symbolic qualities of movement, perhaps is his most extraordinary characteristic, schemed the entire tempo of his play as a composer might scheme a symphony. It is the mounting and descending of these steps in contrast with the deliberate shuttle-like movement of plotting and conspiracy of the first part which really give climax and significance to his entire conception.

Massemensch at the Volksbuehne again made use of the rising level to achieve even more symbolic and sculpture-like effects. The play deals with the present struggle between opposing doctrines in the workmen's party, the plea for a general strike personified by a woman, the cry for revolution personified by a man. The scene of their first conflict at a workmen's mass meeting is staged on another flight of steps which goes the entire level of the stage. As the curtain goes up one sees in a gray light a vast circle as of perhaps fifty human beings, packed around the two central antagonists. The circle chants a refrain. A white light strikes the man and woman, their argument begins, they stand constantly surrounded by the circle of human beings, which contracts and expands slowly about them in harmony with the idea but constantly holds them in. The light gradually spreads from the top to the bottom of the whole group, leaving the fringes shadowy, from which only voices come. No scheme on a level stage could have given any such sense of the leaders hemmed in, surrounded by the very mass they are trying to lead, and of the ponderous effect of this mass of human beings themselves. This, quite apart from the amazing beauty of the single composition of this mass of people, sculptured with light, swaying, distending, contracting about its two central gesticulating figures.

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The scene following the outbreak of the revolution gained even more by the employment of the vertical line in its use of levels. Revolt has been attempted, there is battle in the streets, the workers are unable to hold the town. They struggle in through the black curtains, which encloses the huge stairway, each bringing an added fragment of news, culminating in the menace of complete defeat. And as they struggle in, they creep or run across the platform, building up constantly in the shape of a phalanx, crowding from the small spear head to the large one, which spreads diagonally across the entire stage. Their leader, the woman, in blue, standing rigidly immovable. A spear head in which every human being cowers in an attitude of complete helplessness! As the news of the loss of railway yards, telegraph office and post office comes in, the spear becomes tighter and tighter, yet each cowers further and further back, awaiting machine gun shots that it seems must come any minute through the curtain.

One stiffens intensely in one's seat, bracing oneself helplessly against the invisible bayonet stab.

The effect is more overwhelming than if one had heard the rattle of musketry and had seen these workers shot down on the stage before one's eyes.

And what a profound interpretation that mere grouping of beings was! How completely and finally it symbolized in its mere shape on the stage, the working class revolt of which the play told—their intention or their will, as militant as a spear head and as powerful as a phalanx, and yet each individual that went to the making of that phalanx, cowering and helpless. It seemed to me the greatest piece of stagecraft I had ever seen and gave me a fresh insight into how profoundly interpretative and how imaginative a producer can become, how much he can heighten the impact and the significance of a play by what one might call his orchestration of human movement and his composition of human form. And remember again that these scenes alternated with scenes



Design by Ludwig Sievert for Otto Zoff's *Schneesturm*, as produced by Richard Weichert at the Städtische Bühne, Frankfurt. Sievert is one of the designers of prominence before the war who has embraced the new simplicity and sharp emotional emphasis of the expressionists.



Four settings designed by Rudolf Bamberger for Paul Kornfeld's *Himmel und Hölle* at the Deutsches Theater, Berlin, following Max Reinhardt's retirement from the management of the playhouse. This expressionist drama is stylized and formalized in setting by the use throughout all five acts of permanent doors or portals at the sides, and the presence in each design of long lines and tall, oblong shapes in the background. Above is the setting for act one, from a photograph of the production. Note the tall French window in the middle. Act two utilizes the same window, but it is used for a new purpose.



Above, Bamberger's setting for act three of *Himmel und Hölle* at the Deutsches Theater. Below, act five of *Himmel und Hölle*. Only the portals remain from the previous settings, but at the back rises the guillotine in a shape that continues the lines of the tall window.



Design by Ludwig Sievert for act one of Hasenclever's expressionist drama *Der Sohn*, as produced by Richard Weichert at the National Theatre, Mannheim. The artist concentrates the attention upon the man, surrounding him almost with darkness except for the industrial skyline seen through a window at the rear, and the two formal indications of doors at each side.



Four scenes from Hasenclever's expressionist play *Jenseits* as produced by Adolf Linnebach at the State Theatre, Dresden, another example of the radical handling of light and design, as well as dialog, in a former royal theatre. These are not the designs of the scenic artist but sketches made of the productions in actual performance.



Scene from *Jenseits*.



Scene from *Jenseits*.



Scene from *Jenseits*.

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in a dream world against a vast and illimitable sky. On our stages, only one set of scenes would have been possible, and the play would either not have been written or not have been produced. . . .

That, I think, is the most important lesson that the modern German theatre has to give us. Producers like Jessner and Fehling have merely by their composition of human beings in movement begun what one might almost call a new era in stagecraft and achieved a new stylization, which as a picture has all the beauty of color and hue of a superb decoration and yet which has none of the flatness of decoration but, on the contrary, all of the highly dynamic qualities of mass in motion. We have cried here in America for the simplification of staging, for the suppression of scenery, for some methods of producing which would give the human being, the actor, a new importance. If we still miss it, it is because when we have attempted to suppress scenery, we have not had a plastic stage to take its place.

The revolving stage and the sliding stage will probably always be impossible on account of the real estate conditions of New York, because of the lack of sufficient space. No theatre, no matter how great its audience, how constant its subscribers, could help to pay for the amount of land that would be involved. We cannot spread out much to right or left. We cannot increase our average stages to any great extent in depth. But we can go down below the sidewalk, not only utilizing space under the stage, but if need be, all the space under the auditorium, thus doubling and tripling our stage area. We can get, with some adaptation of the hydraulic stage, all the ease and speed of mere scene shifting, so that our playwrights will be as free as any in Germany to write chronicle plays, in twenty scenes if need be, or dramas which fluctuate with almost dreamlike rapidity between the world of actuality and a visionary one. We can tell the playwright absolutely without any fear, that if he frees his imagination, if he becomes an adventurer, if he wishes to range not

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only the world, but heaven and hell in the course of a single evening, he will not be demanding a \$50,000 production. We can free him from the necessity of vulgarizing his romance and watering his poetry in order to make any such investment profitable. We can stimulate him as in no other single way with a new sense of freedom. We can do the same for the producer. In fact, in no other way, I think, can we so successfully incite him to new achievements. The price of a new dramatic freedom for us is the price of hydraulic plungers and their maintenance. We can be released by solving for ourselves a not insuperable technical and engineering problem. My firm conviction is that if stagecraft is to achieve new heights, it must create a stage that can go down to the cellar.

COPEAU'S SCHOOL OF THE THEATRE

If it were not for the unfriendly look of that '*traduction interdite*' on the title page nothing would seem more pleasant and more worth while than to transplant bodily into these pages Copeau's second essay in the Vieux Colombier series which he calls *The School of the Vieux Colombier*. Not that M. Copeau says so much that is new but just by way of reminding ourselves of some of the things about the theatre that we are apt to forget. 'Men invent new ideas,' Copeau quotes, 'because they dare not measure themselves against the old. They look ahead of themselves with enthusiasm because they are afraid to look behind them.' It is on this theory—on the theory that there is an art of the theatre, and an art of acting as old as the Greeks, or older—that there is a tradition worth preserving and that "a true education given by a true master does not produce mediocrity" that Copeau has founded his new school and has turned it over to a poet, M. Jules Romains, to conduct for him.

Here are some of the things that he says of the philosophy back of his plan:

COPEAU'S SCHOOL OF THE THEATRE

"If we wish to reconstruct the destroyed theatre we must see our task as big as it really is. We never look at it with a long enough perspective. To arrive at our goal, it is not talent which we lack, nor ideas, nor a heart for the work. It is above all else that discipline for work which used to preside over the most humble undertaking. It is the rule of thinking clearly added to the faculty of accomplishment.

"We must beware: In order not to introduce into our creative endeavor anything which is not of ourselves it is necessary to know and be able to make our choice of all the means which are the undivided heritage of generations. If technique cannot live except by sincerity, sincerity can flourish only in a solid technique. There is no great sincerity without mastery. There is no permanent renewal which is not attached somehow to a tradition, either continuous or renewed. There is no revolution which does not throw out its roots into the farthest secrets of some tradition believed dead. *It is not enough to have the will to be sincere, one must have the power.*"

Copeau quotes the story told of Gordon Craig whom, in 1910, M. Jacques Rouché invited to assume the direction of the *Théâtre des Arts*. Craig accepted with one condition: that the théâtre be closed to the public for ten or fifteen years so that the director might be able to begin his work at the beginning—that is, might form his students according to a plan well worked out, in a new spirit, and in relation to a revival of a real art. 'Lacking which,' Craig added, 'I should not feel myself able to do more than improvise things as mediocre as you, yourself, are able to create at the present time.'

Copeau's school is not intended only for actors, not only for the young artists and artisans of the theatre, but for playwrights and poets, critics, directors, and even, he hopes, for the audience. But especially for the young.

Only in this way, Copeau thinks, can we escape 'that madness which I have seen many times among numberless young people who on two continents give birth to art theatres for amusement, for excitement, for ambition, without ever having learned or contemplated, without knowing what they want or where they are going. They are seized by a formula. They attack the enterprise by the most alluring side that presents itself. After a while they stop, leaving the work at the point where the test comes, rebuffed by the experience which might instruct them. They throw themselves to the right as they had thrown themselves to the left, because the style has changed and their spirit changes with it. Or simply because, deprived of any original organization or method, they do not find any order or any development in their incoherent attempts.'

THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION IN AMSTERDAM

BY SHELDON CHENEY

THE first thing that impresses an American, upon seeing the International Theatre Exhibition at Amsterdam, is the huge scale upon which these progressive Hollanders have carried out their project of visualizing the "modernist" aspects of the world theatre. Here are eight rooms in the Municipal Museum, all of them sizeable, and several of them measuring no less than forty by fifty feet each, entirely remodelled and specially lighted to show the exhibits to the best advantage; here are indications of generous expenditure to bring the finest illustrations of stage decoration, costuming and theatre architecture from all parts of the world; here scores of artists have been working day and night to make the exhibition as a whole a decoration; here the State and the City have joined with an art society to make such an exhibition financially possible—and all for the sake of theatre art. One's first conclusion is that here exist an interest in the theatre and a love of art which are not to be found, or at least not easily to be discerned, in America—or England.

The plan was to bring together in a thoroughly international way the threads of co-operation and accord which had more or less bound together the "advanced" workers in the theatres of all nations before the war: and beyond that, to emphasize less the progress of "the new stagecraft," as was done in earlier international exhibitions, than the development of entirely new conceptions of theatre art as a whole. In the latter aspect the show is very successful: there are frequent examples of the most recent theatre architecture and projects for theatres, and there are numerous scene studies which suggest stages not only of a sort entirely unknown in the past but such that one never expects to meet with them by land or sea. And yet they probably are no more strange to our eyes than were the

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designs of Craig and Appia, now seeming very practical and theatrical, to the eyes of theatre workers twenty years ago.

In the other aspect, that of a comprehensive international showing, the exhibition is a little less successful. The Russian section, for instance, is almost confined to designs for the Chauve-Souris and the Diaghileff Ballet group (which, by the way, is giving a notably disappointing and watered version of its work in London), with only one thing out of the Moscow and Petrograd theatres; the American section is colorless, due chiefly, perhaps, to the short notice accorded to our artists and the resultant sending of photographs instead of originals by four-fifths of the designers; and England's exhibit is rather retrospective than forward-looking. The big things in the show are the Craig-Appia room, the small but very interesting Dutch exhibit, and the comprehensive German showing. Some of the gaps are badly noticeable; but in these features, and in its smattering of exhibits from no less than ten countries, it is probably as broad and complete an exhibition as could humanly be gathered with the world still tied up in wartime red tape, suspicion and restriction.

There is no historical purpose or completeness in the exhibition. A great number of masks from other times and exotic places are used merely by way of decorating the rooms, but otherwise everything is modern. Of course there are those who would say that Craig and Appia have become historical now, but after studying the other exhibits I come back to the Craig-Appia room with the feeling that it will be time enough to put these two on the history shelf when the rest of the world has caught up with them. Be it said at once that Craig's exhibition of sixty-five prints and drawings, with three models, is composed of material practically unknown in America. The long series of woodcuts, marvellous technically and of the greatest interest as characterization, says little that is at present comprehensible about a new theatre. But in the series of twenty etchings (soon to be published in collotype by the Oxford University Press) there is every indication that if Craig had his desired stage,

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together with the desired years and the desired workers, he would bring to life a sort of drama which has as yet been only dreamed. Most of these etchings are of scenes set with "screens"—formally, abstractly, with constant reference to the values created by movement and light. In them, as in the series of miscellaneous drawings, one finds always evident the feeling of the stage as a stage: solidity, quietness, something built, emphasis on the actor.

Whatever the critics may say, it is, first, last and everlastingly, *the theatre* that Craig has in his mind and his heart and at the end of his drawing-pencil—and that is more than can be said of many a clever decorator, architect and dressmaker here exhibited forth in the name of the new theatre.

Appia's eleven drawings are chiefly those that have been reproduced in more or less familiar channels, so that one finds little that is fresh to report about his work. The progress from simple, plastic, atmospheric stage (as for *The Valkyrs*) to the same sort of stage more formalized, with emphasis on abstract use of line and form, is the most interesting point. But one still needs more than these actionless pictures to prove Appia's title as master of the theatre. They are beautiful as pictures, and they indicate a sensitive appreciation of the problems of stage decoration—but there is something theatrical yet to be proved. Perhaps Appia's new book, just off the presses, will complete the case.

One steps from the atmosphere of Craig and Appia into the discreetly colorful atmosphere of the English room: Norman Wilkinson and Albert Rutherston in their Granville-Barker-Shakespearean period, Lovat Fraser supplying a jolly, balladistic note in his *Beggar's Opera* costumes, Paul Shelving, Alfred Wolmark, Charles Ricketts—that's all except Paul Nash. Incompletely represented, he still seems to be the coming man in England. At least he is forward-looking, has a sense of form as such, and is experimenting. England's exhibit at least is honest and unpretentious—little Bakst copying here!—and after all, England will some day claim Craig, who is credited to Italy by the authorities.

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The American room is far more colorless, due in part to native timidity (comparatively) in that direction, but more to the fact that exhibits, being hurriedly gathered, are fourths photographs. The success of the exhibit, as a whole, if it achieves one, is due to the quality of Francis Bruguière's photography more than to any individual designer. Even the Germans, to be sure, stop to study long over Norman Geddes' *Dante** series, and Jones, though inadequately represented, seems to be generally recognized as an artist of parts—I remember Gordon Craig looking for long minutes at the design for *Swords*,** and saying, "That is what counts. . . . No aping anybody else—that is Jones himself. . . . That is what is important." But there is no getting around the fact that the room as a whole is not only unspectacular but a bit dull. The sound, craftsmanlike work of Hume and Simonson shows how we have progressed up to a certain point—but that point is the one which most of the rest of the exhibitors here mark as their point of departure toward some later theatre. The others showing, Urban with his opera designs, de Weerth with his tremendous but not quite sure drawings, Wenger supplying the one bright color note but a bit formlessly, and Gorelik with his interesting color notation but none-too-clean draughtsmanship—these others do not knock down any foreign reputations by contrast. I know that I am on dangerous ground here—I count every one of these American exhibitors as a personal friend—but I am simply recounting the impression they make when set up beside the best the world has to offer. On our side I think we must realize that, to travel in such company, we must study the whole theatre more and decoration less, that to catch up with the Reinhardt of ten years ago is not achieving the new art of the theatre, that we must dig a lot deeper into our own selves and America.

The small French exhibit is even more colorless, and, except for the drawings of Copeau's stage, more uniformly second-rate. Gémier's material is entirely style-less, and

* Theatre Arts Magazine, October, 1921.

** Theatre Arts Magazine, January, 1922.

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Fauconnet's costumes are by no means notable; but it is interesting to trace the growing elasticity of the Vieux Colombier stage from 1913 to 1920. The Swedish exhibit includes only Grönevald's sets and costumes for *Samson and Dalilah*—Bakst-like things that confirm the suspicion, already echoed in America, that the *décors* of that production drowned the music. Belgium cannot be said to have exhibited, but Henry van de Velde, once of Brussels, shows plans and models of the famous Cologne "Werkbund Theater." Russia flames forth almost entirely through the exotic genius of Larionoff, Goncharova and Soudeykin—and in this company their work seems curiously outside the theatre—a gorgeous extravagant decoration, but not for any stage that is likely to echo to a serious drama of the future.

It is when one comes to the Dutch room that one gets back into the atmosphere of modernistic endeavor. The designs of Herman Rosse are here instead of in the American section—hardly his best, I thought—and there are attractively craftsmanlike designs by Fritz Lensfeld and others. But the dominating wall is that which is given up to the drawings of H. Th. Wijdeveld. His set of designs for *Hamlet* and a design for a people's theatre are known to readers of THEATRE ARTS MAGAZINE,* but here he has added a second project for a people's theatre that is of even larger interest. It brings a practical playhouse design into

* Theatre Arts Magazine, January, 1921.

On the page opposite, plan and section of a projected theatre by Oskar Strnad, shown through models and sketches at the Amsterdam Exhibition. The auditorium, seating 3600 people, slants sharply downward somewhat in the fashion of the Greek Theatre. The stage consists of a flight of steps rising from a pit below the first row of seats, two levels reached by these steps and a ring-like stage almost encircling the auditorium. This stage, in shape a huge doughnut, moves upon tracks in such fashion that portions of it may be reset while standing hidden beneath the rear of the auditorium. The setting, visible to the audience, appears between the tall pillars and against the circular plaster wall at the back. The pillars serve to carry lights and to permit actors to enter the scene from within them as well as from the steps at the front. Between the pillars are curtains which may be used to cut off one or all of the openings, thus reducing the size of the setting at will.

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From Wasmuth's Monatshefte für Baukunst.

A view from one side of the stage of Strnad's projected theatre showing the auditorium and a portion of a setting on the other side of the stage.

combination with the decorative features of modern architecture as conceived by such men as Mendelsohn and Taut and a surprisingly large and active group of Dutch radicals. The drawings and plans for this playhouse will, however, speak for themselves in this magazine later. In the meantime a word is due to the energy of Mr. Wijdeveld in gathering together the thousands of exhibits here, for he is secretary and chief worker of the Exhibition Committee, as well as designer of the decorative features that transform the rooms of a mid-Victorian building into an attractive setting for the show.

One night when the placing of the exhibits was being decided, and when the Craig-Appia room was planned for a position between the Russians and the Germans, I heard Craig protest politely but firmly. What he said was, "You know, Appia and I are not noisy," and the phrase came to mind again and again as I wandered through the German rooms. Craig rightly had his way, being assigned the entrance room, and the Germans were put at the other end of the show, making a natural progression from quiet, studious, musical design to the welter of experiment and achievement that is Germany.

These German rooms *are* noisy; but I cannot escape the conclusion that when one has learned to disregard the things that shout simply for the sake of shouting, and the



From Wasmuth's Monatshefte für Baukunst.

A sketch by Strnad for an exterior scene in his novel and gigantic playhouse.



From Wainwright's Monuments for the Railroad

A design by Strada for his platform, showing an interior confined to the space between a single pair of pillars.

THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION

things that are unintelligible because untheatrical, one can find more of life and progress in the German playhouse than in any other. Here are such comparatively conservative examples of the new stagecraft as Ernst Stern's designs for Reinhardt's production, Orlik's drawings, and Karl Walser's costumes; and particularly interesting as an example of purely "decorative" staging, a series of ten scenes and many costume plates from that *Macbeth* production, designed by Knut Ström and Rochus Gliese, which included the famous circular-staircase design for the sleep-walking scene. A step ahead is the work of Pirchan for the State Theatre in Berlin, where plastic settings have been further simplified until there is practically no decoration in the ordinary sense, but only walls, platforms and properties decoratively placed.*

There are several artists who seem to waver between this sort of simplified staging and that more truly Expressionistic sort which abandons all effort to suggest the reality of a room or a garden or a balcony, being intent upon projecting the dramatic emotion in the most direct way, setting or no setting. Thus F. K. Delavilla sometimes merely stylizes in the familiar Munich decorative method—I remember a bridge against a night sky, between colored curtains—and sometimes merely puts his actors into light on an empty stage. Ludwig Sievert ranges from his somewhat "pretty" *Parsifal* design and the immensely effective spacing of the wall and its single opening for *The City of the Dead* to a series for one of Oskar Kokoschka's plays, in which he cuts down his stage opening to the minimum, practically filling it with his actors placed in such ways as to effect a sense of design without background in the ordinary sense. In Amsterdam someone said to me that the new stage is tending to discard decoration. And it is true that very often the sense of locality disappears in a stage which preserves the feeling of a black void, with the little scene of action alone lighted; or else in a stage become so small as to be merely

* See page 117.

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a platform or a space for the movement of the requisite actors. And yet some of the most radical experiments are in the field of concentration and repetition of a single object in the background, often to the extent of wilful distortion. Cesar Klein, Maxim Frey (hardly *theatrical* as yet), Reigbert, and Gutzeit all work more or less in this direction, and they are men who will doubtless be much heard about in future. Even more interesting as a link is the work of Gudurian, who shows six very individualistic and delicate drawings, each informed by a distinctive feeling for the subject, and, despite subtle dependence upon lighting, probably all stageable with truth to the original sketch. And speaking of distortion, it seems to be a favorite exercise of stage designers in Germany at present to take the most rococo plays they can find and then to exaggerate rococo-ism until it flows in festoons of bologna-sausage-like decoration all over the stage. Rochus Gliese shows such a design for *Don Juan*, and Ernst Stern has a very similar set of designs. That, indeed, is perhaps the most characteristic tendency of modernist decoration (where decoration does not disappear entirely): exaggeration to the point of distortion or caricature.

The editors of THEATRE ARTS impressed upon me, in ordering this review, the importance of seeking out not so much the general run of designs as the personalities which are bound to command attention because of their shaping of the future theatre. I confess that I have failed to detect any such commanding work in the exhibition—except Craig's. Progressives here talk much about Leopold Jessner, but he is represented in the exhibits only indirectly through the work of Pirchan*; and of Oskar Strnad of Vienna, whose work can be studied in a long series of plastic, curtain-and-architecture, mildly-modernistic designs, and more imaginatively in the plans and drawing for a new type

* Besides the work of Pirchan, Jessner and Strnad accompanying this article and the work of the German designers on pages 129 to 136 of this issue there will be additional illustrations representing the exhibition in the July 1922 issue.

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of theatre.* It is one of the most provocative designs in the show, and might, if built, give rise to new sorts of drama.

The other important architectural exhibits include chiefly those projects already illustrated in these pages: Hans Poelzig's drawings for the Festival Theatre at Salzburg,** Max Reinhardt's Grosses Schauspielhaus,*** and the Volksbühne in Berlin; but W. Luckhardt exhibits a model which for freedom of use of architectural forms and directness of mass-handling rivals the work of the Expressionist Mendelsohn. And some of the models rejected by the jury went considerably farther on the road toward distortion and disintegration. After all, the architectural exhibits as a whole are disappointing—though the weakest spot in the show is the scene-model room, where the lighting is inadequate and the scenes seldom more than pretty playings-about with color and decoration.

On the whole it is a good show and a forward-looking show. It fails to show forth any new Craigs or Appias or Reinhardts—if anything it serves to re-establish Craig as the leading imaginative thinker in the modern theatre. It indicates startling progress forward in varied directions—but progress by hitches. There is no world movement, but several countries are somewhat moving, and many artists in many countries are experimenting, thinking open-mindedly, recording their conceptions more or less practically. If there is a tendency which seems most likely to offer the road to the next phase, it is that which is called Expressionism; but there is little in this exhibition which would help one to delimit Expressionism or even to define it as a theory of drama or production. It is an exhibition of experiments, tendencies, of changing stages, rather than of achievements and a completed period. It leaves one with the inspiration not of great work done, but of opportunities to achieve wonderful things as yet only glimpsed in the imagination.

* See page 144.

** Theatre Arts Magazine, July, 1921.

*** Theatre Arts Magazine, April, 1920.

THE QUEEN OF SHEBA

BY STARK YOUNG

Scene I.

A Gothic chamber, spacious and shadowy. And through the long, heavy curtains of the windows at the back the country appears, vague, wide, stretching into the mist and broken here and there with rocky cliffs. A dull sunset, almost imperceptible, shows in the western sky beyond. The sound of water in the coves rises from far below and mingles with the wind. The curtains move faintly now and then.

It is the King's Harem and the walls are fantastically spotted with pictures of women, prints, paintings and magazine covers, in many styles. On the table and over the floor lie a number of pictures cut in two.

At the side before a window that looks out on a gray, northern sky, Auvergne stands dressed as King Solomon in state, with a long, flowing mantle of reddish purple and a crown of faded gilt.

On the opposite side of the room, by a door at the back, stands Gawain, in a servile attitude, almost curlike.

A Sister of Mercy and the doctor stand near the windows at the back, watching.

SISTER. You must wait, Doctor. Sometimes he will not speak for hours together but will stand there dressed as you see in the long mantle listening like that. Last week the old physician went away and we have sent for you.

DOCTOR Has he been long in this madness?

SISTER. His father brought him here ten years ago. Since then his father and mother are dead.

THE QUEEN OF SHEBA

DOCTOR. And where is the other one?

SISTER. She will be coming in now any minute.

DOCTOR. He is going to speak now—mark—

Auvergne turns to Gawain.

AUVERGNE. That thou, Wales, mayst enter here we grant;

But thou mayst not draw near unto our person.

For ranged with ours, thy lineage is humble;

William the Norman, thy first ancestor,

Though Lord of Britain was meanwhile the son

Of a low peasant woman. Therefore thou,

Not through thy father's nor thine own desert,

Mayst look upon our face in presence here,

But through our courtesy.

GAWAIN. La, I know well the dead leaves fall.

Auvergne turns again to the window.

DOCTOR. It is a strange sickness. What is it he thinks, who is he?

SISTER. He thinks he is King Solomon and the other the Prince of Wales. And Adelle, the Queen of Sheba.

DOCTOR. She is his cousin?

SISTER. His father would not let them wed because they were cousins and there was already enough madness. Auvergne grew mad first.

DOCTOR. And when did they conceive her so?

SISTER. He had been calling after her, and when she came he thought that she had come up out of Sheba.

AUVERGNE. (*Without looking round.*)

Here thou, go bear this word:

The Queen of Sheba is most welcome.

Gawain shambles out.

DOCTOR. And this is his court?

SISTER. This is the King's Harem. You see his wives on the walls. He will sit sometimes cutting these pictures

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all day. Them that displease him he beheads. You will see them lying on the floor.

DOCTOR. I have never seen a madness like it. These are not common souls. I will observe them humbly.

SISTER. Ten years and they are still the same. But I am not the same. Is it not bitter how these two remain as they were always, while I, who am not mad, grow old and tired.

DOCTOR. It will be different for them but will come. They will not grow old as we do, counting the days of life, but only as colors fade. They have the freedom the soul dreams and shudders at. For what the soul most dreams it fears most.

SISTER. I have learned that.

DOCTOR. And they will not dwindle and grow stale and die like us, but only cease, losing their passion and splendor as the light fades from clouds.

SISTER. Sometimes she will be quiet as death all day and will not speak but hold her hand to her brow thus, as if she would remember something again.

DOCTOR. When was this?

SISTER. Now and then always, but oftener of late.

DOCTOR. And she has got her reason back?

SISTER. Never, never once. Or what would she do then?

DOCTOR. She would be well again if the change held.

SISTER. And what would he do if she were taken from him! I cannot pray for that, doctor, I have seen them too long like this together.

DOCTOR. What will she do now, will she come?

SISTER. She will come in by that door and go to him. You will see—look—

The door is reopened and Adelle enters. She wears a torn veil and glitters with ornaments. In her hand she carries an old wreath of wax flowers and with it a cluster of faded roses. Gawain follows her and takes his former place by the door at the back.

THE QUEEN OF SHEBA

DOCTOR. Look at her eyes, she is more terrible than he.

SISTER. He will speak now—

AUVERGNE. Who is she that looketh forth as the morning?

ADELLE. I am a rose of Sharon,
A lily of the valleys.

AUVERGNE. As a lily among thorns
So art thou among the daughters.

ADELLE. As the apple tree among the trees of the wood
So art thou among the sons.

AUVERGNE. There are threescore queens
And fourscore concubines
And virgins without number,
But thou art one.

SISTER. How beautiful they are!

DOCTOR. Listen—

ADELLE. From mine own far-off realm I come, O King,
For marvel of thy name.

AUVERGNE. Soft is thy voice as when the twilight falls
On Lebanon, and the dove calls.

ADELLE. Weary my feet and weary my starved eyes
For sight of thee, Beloved.

SISTER. How the wind rushes on the moorland!

AUVERGNE. Sweeter than honey from the cedar wood
Thy coming is, fairer than stars thy sight;
Yet to me thou hast been strange,
Thou hast been very strange and far away;
Though I have half forgot.

ADELLE. I do not know how it was;
Or why I should talk of it, and yet I must.
Suddenly another stood in my place here
And looked on thee and was afraid,
Finding thee strange and far away,
And all thy glory hideous.
And something horrible was there and there—
And something that came there and there
And would not leave me.

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AUVERGNE. Now I remember. But then—?

ADELLE. Then once again I saw thee as thou art,
Even as thou standest here.

AUVERGNE. That time I lost thee was the world
A darkness and a night.

For there is no other love but thee.

But that is gone, why will you think of it?

Why will you bring in sorrow?

ADELLE. I do not think I am well. Behind mine eyes
The fire and ice again.—Give me your hand!

SISTER. Do you see the flowers? Every day she will
come like this and bring these flowers.

ADELLE. Now it is gone.

AUVERGNE. It is past.

ADELLE. Behold, my lord,
Here I have brought thee flowers from the vale,
Little blue lilies from the waterbrooks,
And roses drowned with dew; and mingled here
Are petals all of wax, which I have done,
Weaving therein the summer of my love.

AUVERGNE. Star of the South, we render thanks to
thee.

ADELLE. Perfect are they, most perfect each to each,
As are our loves. Then wilt thou not, O King,
Make trial of thy wisdom? Which is wax,
And which the rain and sun?

Auvergne goes to the window and opens it.

AUVERGNE. Come hither, tiny arbiters of the air,
Winged seekers of God's sweetness through the world,
And solve my riddle!

ADELLE. Look, the clouds break! The Sun, O King!

*Adelle stands by the window and lets the sun flood
over her.*

AUVERGNE. The sun?

Behold they settle where the rose is sweet.

Did I not know? Look how the bees have judged.

THE QUEEN OF SHEBA

Alas, that in this world men know not true from false.

I know it not, though I am king.

Why wilt thou not turn and look?

Suddenly Adelle tears away her veil and shrieks.

AUVERGNE. What ails my queen?

ADELLE. Oh! Oh! Oh!

AUVERGNE. Hath the sun maddened thee?

ADELLE. Oh God!

AUVERGNE. Who are you, looking at me with such eyes?

ADELLE. Sister, where are you?

There is someone walking in my brain
To drive me out.

I do not know who she is, Oh, God!—

AUVERGNE. Who is she?

ADELLE. Oh, do not touch me!

SISTER. Daughter—

ADELLE. Save me, O God, save me!

SISTER. I am with you, what do you see?

ADELLE. A cloud passed from the earth. Look, look,
And tell me am I mad? Or is it he that's mad?
Is he not my cousin there, Auvergne?

DOCTOR. Speak to her now, hold her if you can.

SISTER. It is Auvergne. Come away, come away, child!

ADELLE. Is he not Gawain, sobbing by the door?
Whose face is like a beast's.

Gawain wails as he crouches by the door.

AUVERGNE. Silence thy crying in our court, thou dog!
Who is this woman glowering at me
That rends our court with noise?

SISTER. Will you not come with me?

ADELLE. Look where his eyes burn!
Do not come near me!

SISTER. You need not fear him. Give me the veil!

ADELLE. Oh, God, I see at last,
Thou hast shriven me from what I was.

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O horrible, most horrible,
Look! Auvergne!

AUVERGNE. Who are you that look on me like that?
And who has taken my Beloved from me?

ADELLE. Auvergne! Auvergne!

AUVERGNE. Depart out of my sight, give place, give place,
Lest I should drive ye forth!

SISTER. Come—

Adelle and the sister hasten out, the doctor following them. Gawain runs out in fear. Auvergne turns from them and suddenly falls on his knees by the window, beating his breast.

AUVERGNE. Hear me, O God, alone I turn to thee!
Let not the honor of thy servant fail;
Let not my glory nor my kingdom pass!
What is that face upon the wind, O God?
Whither is my Beloved fled, oh, whither?

Scene II

Seven days have passed. It is night, and the windows are dark. Outside the wind moans and eddies, and brings the sound of water and of bells far off. The flames of the candles in the chamber burn steady and straight. Auvergne lies propped on his pillow, his eyes closed. At the back Gawain crouches against the wall, holding an old lute and muttering to himself. Adelle and the sister attendant stand watching at the bedside.

DOCTOR. I have watched until I have no more strength. I will go now, and it is time, for this sickness spreads into my soul. I cannot keep in my science, nor take this as a mere madness, when there is so much beauty and sorrow and glory.

SISTER. What shall I do?

DOCTOR. What I have counselled if a right moment comes for it, but not till then.

THE QUEEN OF SHEBA

SISTER. I will see to it. If a right moment comes.

DOCTOR. And so good-night.

SISTER. Good-night, Doctor.

The doctor goes out.

ADELLE. Alas, he hath lain so these seven days,
Shattered and moaning, and his weary heart
Stolen from him into the vales of Sheba.

SISTER. How perfect this shadow is to him!

ADELLE. I will not think that there are any shadows
Nor any images that are all vain;
But they and life are one.

SISTER. God doeth all things well.

ADELLE. How should I know this God any more
Who set me in darkness!

How should I see him now save as an image

Shadowed, blurred, like all things to me?

SISTER. Hush, child, thou speakest rashly, for God
hath spared thee.

ADELLE. Why should He spare me and leave this man?
I have been spared and I know now what I was,
But I know also what it is to be like him.
Is it not cruel

That what is beautiful can yet live on,
A man's heart and courage and dreams
And his soul's magnificent love,
Be living still when he is worse than dead,
Because his dead feet walk not in life!

SISTER. He hath had his joys also, for God evens the
scales of life.

ADELLE. It were less cruel and more just
To be like Gawain there,
Who has no more lived than a dog,
But came into the world dead.

SISTER. No! No!

ADELLE. Better than what Auvergne has been.
How is it just
To shut him from man's life

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But leave him the imagination and the pain?
Look how he lifts his hands,
They are too white.

I cannot bear to see him lift his hands like that.

SISTER. I have seen him often do it in his sleep.

ADELLE. And where am I,
Who love his soul's height and sorrow,
That are the same in him even now as ever
But yet are made vain and lost?
Where should I be but lost?

At the back Gawain strikes his strings.

GAWAIN. Shall not the glow-worm light my chamber
then?

Sings.

His shadow moveth to his grave,
Kneel where he lies, ladie;
His cold lips kiss the ear of death,
Close down his eyes, ladie.

ADELLE. Where did he find this song?
There are old things like it,

But who makes songs out of death and madness now?

SISTER. You wrote it down for him, child, once, let
it be.

ADELLE. I wrote it once?

SISTER. You must not turn so pale, that time is past.

GAWAIN. Let them not fall!
There are leaves, there are black leaves falling
Down through the air upon his bed.

The sister goes and touches his arm.

SISTER. Hush, thy cousin lies dying.

The strings stop.

GAWAIN. Can we not light more candles?

SISTER. It is light here. The night is outside.

THE QUEEN OF SHEBA

GAWAIN. Sister, beyond the window, look, oh, look.
I see the souls of men shuddering in darkness.

SISTER. He has opened his eyes.

GAWAIN. I will play again.

He begins again to play on the strings and does not leave off.

SISTER. There—!

AUVERGNE. Who is she that looketh forth as the morning?

The rose of Sharon, the lily of the valleys?

My Beloved is gone from me, and hath departed.

As a lily among thorns, so was my love

Among the daughters. Oh, return, return,

That I may look upon thee!

ADELLE. Alas, canst thou not sleep?

AUVERGNE. The glory of my court is gone.

ADELLE. Auvergne, Auvergne, Auvergne, thou hast dreamed,

Cousin, thou hast but dreamed.

AUVERGNE. There are threescore queens and virgins without number.

But she is one. Seest thou not there

The women dead for my Beloved's sake?

ADELLE. I see but pictures you have cut, Auvergne.
There are no dead women here.

AUVERGNE. My Beloved is mine till the day break
And the shadows flee away.

Oh, return, return, that I may look upon thee!

ADELLE. Can naught be done?

SISTER. Nothing.

AUVERGNE. Send me mine end, O God, weary am I,
Weary and most weary of my realm!

ADELLE. Oh, is there nothing?

SISTER. Nothing.

ADELLE. Oh, God, I hear in the dark
The feet of all the women I have been,
Where shall I turn?

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AUVERGNE. Wilt thou not come again! The stars are set,
And the day is breaking,
Wilt thou not come again!

ADELLE. Spare me, O God, spare me, O God!
Let me be mad again,
Cast me out again, O God,
For I have killed him!

SISTER. No, do not curse yourself, you have not killed him.

AUVERGNE. Day after day, and weary years are come.
But not my love.

ADELLE. Show me, O God, how I may come to him!

SISTER. Take down your hands from your face; do not weep, and I will tell you what I think.

ADELLE. What do you think?

SISTER. That you might come again to him wearing the veil, put on again the queen's garments—perhaps—no, no, do not look at me like that! It is only a fancy; I had it from the doctor, but it is idle.

ADELLE. How should the doctor know, he has done nothing?

SISTER. Nothing. It is all idle.

ADELLE. Oh, never, never!

I could be mad, O God, or I could die for him,
But what would it be to put madness on again
When I am well,
And to go back—O God, I cannot!

SISTER. Do not heed me, child, I have forgot—

ADELLE. Not that! Not that!

AUVERGNE. What is my sin, O Lord, that thou hast sent

This sorrow on me?

Alas, forever and forever!

The wind lifts the leaves in the court,
But I am shaken with your stillness,
O Beloved.

SISTER. Pardon, oh, pardon! You must not stand like that

THE QUEEN OF SHEBA

Looking at me and seeing nothing.
Speak to me! It is past!
Come then with me, see, I take your hand,
You can do nothing here.
See, I take your hand.

ADELLE. Tell him she cometh.

SISTER. Oh, no, no, no, no, you shall not do it!

AUVERGNE. Thine eyes were like the fishpools of
Heshbon,
And I leaned down and looked therein.
I heard the bird at night sing,
And I saw the darkness on the wall.
All the night through I lifted up my hands,
But they are empty, for thou art gone forever.

ADELLE. O King, O Solomon, hear me, even now there
is word!

She cometh out of Sheba.

SISTER. Oh, no, no!

AUVERGNE. Open the gates that she may enter in.
Go forth quickly that ye may bring her,
Open the gates to my Beloved.

Adelle goes out.

Look forth, Beloved, on Jerusalem,
Lo, where the towers and the gilded spires
Make lightnings of the moon, and the night lies
Softer than sleep upon the town.
A star is in the west, sinking; but thou art mine.
As the moon amid the fading stars art thou
Among the daughters, O Beloved.

GAWAIN. The floor of the pool is dark under the
water.

SISTER. His eyes are glassed with death already.

*Adelle enters with the veil and wreath. She falls on her
knees beside him, and beats her breast.*

ADELLE. Here, here am I, here, here beside thee,
Sheba!

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SISTER. His eyes move not. What a wind there is to-night!

ADELLE. What have I done? I cannot bear it.
How should one dare
To be one thing and then another?
Let me be mad in truth, O God!
Let me not know what I shall know!

GAWAIN. *Breaking into a laugh.* What is it blows to the sea?

SISTER. Hush, Gawain!

GAWAIN. The little hand flutters on the strings,
The little light flickers on the wave.

ADELLE. Lo, I am come, O King, the Queen of Sheba.

SISTER. We are too late. Take off the veil.

AUVERGNE. Mark, how the trumpets blow about the walls.

I will go out to meet my love,
I will go out to her beyond the gates.

The sister holds up her hand to Gawain and drops to her knees. The music stops.

ADELLE. *Crying out to him.* If I shall call thee!
Auvergne, Prince, King, Beloved—!

SISTER. He will not hear you. His eyes are set.

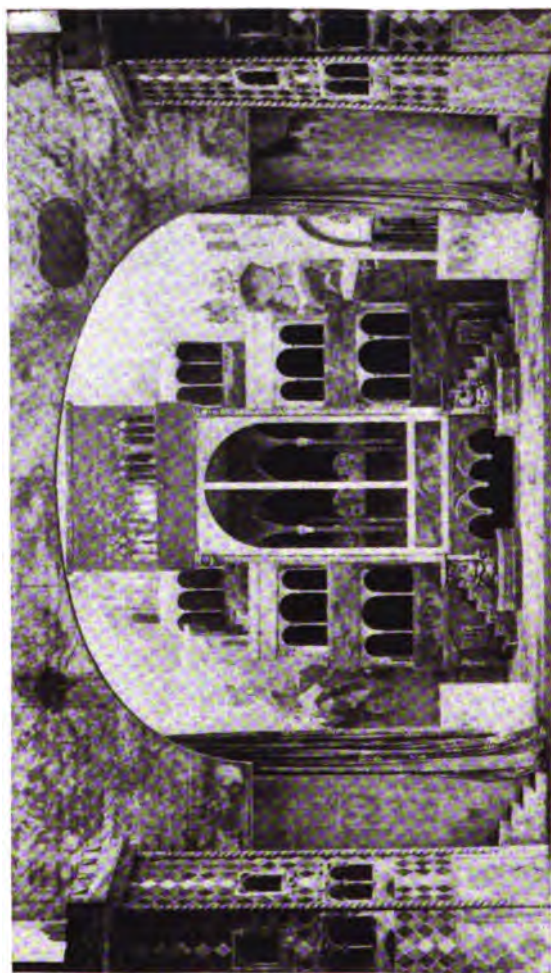
Adelle draws the veil from her and stands looking down at him.

AUVERGNE. Till the day break and the shadows flee away,
Oh, return, return, that I may look upon thee.

CURTAIN



Love for Three Oranges in settings and designs by Boris Anisfeld. Above, the interior of the palace as staged by the Chicago Opera Company. Below, Anisfeld's sketch for the portion of the setting within the inner proscenium. At each side of the upper picture is a permanent tower of boxes in which appear the fantastic mediaeval figures who watch and occasionally take part in the performance of Prokofieff's bizarre and comic fairy-opera.



The towering court scene in *Love for Three Oranges*. For this episode of comic masquing Boris Anisfeld has piled up tier on tier of arched Italianate windows behind which the nobility sit to watch the show below. Throughout the production Anisfeld uses warm, rusty reds in great profusion, set off by flashes of deep green. The coloring and extravagance of the setting above compensate for its lack of clear theatrical composition.



Throne Room in *Love for Three Oranges*, Anisfeld, like almost all the Russians, is content to paint as if for the stage of two generations ago, using false perspectives upon flat backdrops. He gives to his design, however, a vigorous distortion which forbids any charge of realistic pretense. In this particular setting the three walls and ceiling at the spectator's right are painted on a single flat surface.



The Desert Scene from *The Love for Three Oranges*. Above, the completed setting. Below, Anisfeld's design for the inner scene.

THEATRE ARTS BOOKSHELF

REMINISCENCES OF ANTON CHEKHOV, by Maxim Gorky, Alexander Kuprin, and I. A. Bunin. Translated by S. S. Koteliansky and Leonard Woolf. (B. W. Huebsch, New York.) NOTE-BOOK OF ANTON CHEKHOV. Translated by S. S. Koteliansky and Leonard Woolf. (B. W. Huebsch, New York.) The reminiscences of Chekhov set down by three men who knew him well, evince a quality in the man that might have been expected from his work as we know it. A nature so strong it was, evidently, that its essential character comes through each of these accounts as identically the same, a character open, gentle and simple, hating all pretence, full of pity, of humor, of irony and despair; and, with it all, laborious and reserved, finely reticent always and watching life with a tremendous intensity and acumen. "I think," Gorky says, "that in Anton Chekhov's presence every one involuntarily felt in himself a desire to be simpler, more beautiful, more one's self; I often saw people cast off the motley finery of bookish phrases, smart words; and all the other cheap tricks with which a Russian, wishing to figure as a European, adorns himself, like a savage with shells and fishes' teeth." "All his life Chekhov lived on his own soul; he was always himself, inwardly free, and he never troubled about what some people expected and others—coarser people—demanded of him." "He did not like conversations about deep questions—" "Beautifully simple himself, he loved everything simple, genuine, sincere, and he had a peculiar way of making other people simple." Kuprin describes Chekhov's estate at Yalta, his dogs, his orchards and his visitors, his study, his writing hours, his gentle hospitality. Bunin gives an account of Chekhov's last days. The three records of Chekhov do him credit as coming from his friends, they are without affectation, simple and direct, tender and courageous; and there is no nonsense or pious twaddle heaped up by them around his memory.

But far more than any friends' recollections, which after all can render Chekhov's quality only through a medium outside of himself, and more than any volume of his letters, which were written for the eye of another person, more than any of these the note-book is important. Here we have items set down for his own use. Here we have what Chekhov himself considered as grist to his mill. These are the little hints on the surface of life from which he might study its meaning and through which he might reveal his philosophy of life. Kuprin gives an instance of Chekhov's rushing for his note-book to set down a whole anecdote exactly as it had been told; and quotes Chek-

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hov's theory of notes: "One should not put down similes, characteristic traits, details, scenes from nature—this must come of itself when it is needed. But a bare fact, a rare name, a technical term, should be put down in the notebook—otherwise it may be forgotten and lost." That is his method then.

And so we find the notes mostly short sentences, comments briefly made, names that are striking, situations, exact incidents. A few long passages, and many short ones like the following:

A storm at sea. Lawyers ought to regard it as a crime.

Ordinary hypocrites pretend to be doves; political and literary hypocrites pretend to be eagles.

From her face one would imagine that under her stays she had got gills.

The University brings out all abilities, including stupidity.

Title for a play: Golden Rain.

Every day after dinner he threatens to become a monk and his wife cries.

Title for a play: The Bat.

And this very characteristic remark:

Simple people suffer from mothers-in-law; intellectuals from daughters-in-law.

Whether or not these are good translations one would have to know Russian, perhaps, to say. But certainly it may be said that the effect they achieve in English has the simplicity and naturalness and point that Chekhov himself commended. If Chekhov is the most important figure in modern realistic drama since Ibsen, as many critics believe him to be, these two books are among the most important events of the year for students of the drama.

PLAYS OF THE ITALIAN THEATRE, Verga, Morselli, Lopez, Pirandello. Translated by Isaac Goldberg. (John W. Luce and Company. Boston.) This volume of one-act plays contributes perhaps only a very little to the discussion, long since familiar, as to whether the Italian stage is national or not in its character; but it supplies examples at least to prove that many of the Italian plays are excellent in themselves. The translation itself is rather poor, freighted with a singular angularity and barrenness of form; and the plays are all of necessity short and do not represent the best work of their authors. But Pirandello's *Sicilian Limes* is one of

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the best known short plays in Italy. Verga's *The Wolf Hunt* has some of the flavor of his longer and more famous *Cavalleria Rusticana*; and Lopez' *The Sparrow* carries with it some of his theme of the contrast of flesh and spirit in men, though his larger irony and Florentine wit as seen in his longer plays get small chance here. There are two plays from Morselli, *Water Upon Fire*, and *Gastone the Animal Tamer*; they suggest but slightly the beautiful and sustained tone of his more mature work in *Glauco*, which is one of the most admired plays in Italy. But this volume from the Italian theatre is a much needed addition to the available translations.

THE HAUNTED INN, by Perez Hirschbein. Translated by Dr. Isaac Goldberg. (John W. Luce, Boston, Mass.) *The Haunted Inn*, made famous in New York by Ben-Ami's production of it the season before last at the Yiddish Art Theatre, is a folk play of unusual charm and power. Its atmosphere carries with it the superstition and poetry of the life of these Jewish peasants who belong to the earth; and the details that go to establish this atmosphere evince a delicate, haunting quality that warms and deepens the play and carries it beyond and ahead of any folk play seen in our theatre for years. The translation tends to be stiff and rather barren, but even with that the glowing appeal of the play remains.

EDMOND ROSTAND: SON THÉÂTRE, SON OEUVRE POSTHUME, par Jean Suberville. Etienne Chiron, Paris.) This book of M. Jean Suberville's, crowned by the Académie Française and now in the second edition, is necessary to any student of Rostand. In it is to be found the most illuminating information available about Rostand's life and temperament; and the best analyses of his various plays. To this second edition is added an account and discussion of the posthumous plays of Rostand, *Le Vol de la Marsellaise*, and *La dernière Nuit de Don Juan*. There is about the whole work an effect of charm and enthusiasm and security of judgment and of a completeness of acquaintance that gives it uncommon distinction.

OLIVER CROMWELL, by John Drinkwater. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.) This play of Mr. Drinkwater's will seem either platitudinous and slow or moving and nobly poetic, one extreme or the other, according to the reader. The beauty of it has little relation to history or to social tendencies or even to the ordinary natural life that men lead. Its claim to quality depends on its extraordinary ability to convert into a separable and unified form the larger and more poetic aspects and forces that make up the story of a hero of the people. The pathos, which in the *Abraham Lincoln* attached to the leading character, arises in this new play of Mr. Drinkwater's

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from the character's relation to his mother, a fragrant and exquisite old figure who begins and ends the whole action. Technically the play is interesting because of a kind of ballad quality—with all the implied simplicity and single-mindedness and straight line—to which the author has been able to reduce his material. There is a battle section where the action and the conception lag no little, but otherwise the dramatic ballad quality is sustained throughout the whole.

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH DRAMA, by Benjamin Brawley. (Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York.) One of those treatments of literature that appear to be written by the simpler sort of English professor. A history of the drama like this of Prof. Brawley's might be said to be scholarly, but only because it has an accumulation of facts, regardless of how disproportionate in emphasis and without distinction the sum of them may be. It may be impartial also, but only because of graduate school prudence in using words like "considerably," "perhaps" and so on—too easy a game—and because, too, the author has no particular—we need not say prejudice or theory—comprehension of the subject to get in his way, and no style to violate his judicial tone. This last is shown, for example, by the treatment of Congreve, for the measure of whose essential distinction Mr. Brawley seems to have no conceptions available. It is shown more plainly in the case of Fielding; and in the author's allotment of more space to Tennyson—who was hardly a dramatist at all—than to Congreve or Fielding. As for modern drama Mr. Brawley is still talking about "unpleasant subjects" in such work as Bernard Shaw's and talking seriously of the thought of Henry Arthur Jones. An honest sophomore would do better. But this history has one advantage to give it interest to students of drama: the order of the material, the dates, and the bibliography make it a convenient reference book.

MASTERPIECES OF MODERN SPANISH DRAMA. Edited by Barrett H. Clark. (Stewart, Kidd Company, Cincinnati.) This new edition of Mr. Clark's collection is not, of course, the very latest drama of Spain; for, compared to such writers as Benavente, Echegaray and Galdós seem very old-fashioned and outmoded. But the plays presented, *The Great Galeoto*, *The Duchess of St. Quentin* and *Daniela*, are none the less important, and the translations of them are above the average. The translation by Mr. John Garrett Underhill from Guimerá's Catalan is particularly welcome, for though *Maria Rosa*

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went around the world this is the only translation available of the *Daniela*. The two other plays in the volume represent extremely well the essentially Spanish melodramatic quality that remains in spite of the foreign technique that is employed with so much skill.

WILL SHAKESPEARE, by Clemence Dane. (Macmillan Co., New York.) Why this verse play by the author of *The Bill of Divorcement* should have been a failure in London is easy to understand. Given a miracle of production a great success might have been equally easy to account for. The play has great moments and dull ones; a sweep of poetry to meet a fine sweep of situation through entire scenes and again a laggard quality both in manner and material. It is a play worth writing and well worth reading. But it is rather too large a canvas for a playwright to fill who has not more experience than Miss Dane in the development of plot and character. "Large men, large steeds," as Matthew Arnold would say.

VAGABOND PLAYS: *Double Miracle* by Robert Garland, *On Vengeance Height* by Allan Davis and Cornelia Vencill, *Pan in Ambush* by Marjorie Patterson, *Release* by Edward Smith, *Importance of Being a Roughneck* by Robert Garland, *Conflict* by Clarice McCauley. (The Norman Remington Co., Baltimore, Md.) Few volumes that represent the output of the little theatre equal in general level of acting quality this group of plays performed by the Vagabond Players of Baltimore. For any volume to contain two such good melodramas as *On Vengeance Height* and *Release* is unusual, and for any single melodrama to contain the added strength of characterization of the former play is more unusual. The other plays in the volume, while not up to this standard, are adequate of their kind.

RUSSIAN FESTIVALS AND COSTUMES, by Louis H. Chalif. With half of the book devoted to plates illustrating various types of Russian costume, peasant home, head dress, ornament, festival, etc., and with clear and explicit chapters on Russian manners, customs and festivals as they offer material for dance and the pageant, this handbook by an experienced worker in the field should prove very useful.

THE COCKPIT, by Israel Zangwill. (Macmillan Co., New York.) Mr. Zangwill has strayed a long way from the fine insight,

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the deft character portrayal and the dramatic handling of situations in his *Dreamers of the Ghetto* or *The Melting Pot*, to arrive at such a hodge-podge of people, places and ideas as *The Cockpit*.

WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY PLAYS (University of Washington Press, Seattle). These three plays by students of the Washington University playwriting class are as good but no better than other student plays although they reflect a healthy understanding of the dramatic value of things that lie close at hand.

PLAYS OF OLD JAPAN, translated by Leo Duran. (Thomas Seltzer, New York.) The statement of this title is quite misleading. The five plays included are not translations, but mosaics and hints from many plays, according to the translator, which are now fitted into more or less original plays. The form professes to give the actors an opportunity to work into the spirit of the part by substituting rapid dramatic scenes for long dramatic dialogues, whatever that remark may mean. So far as one can see Mr. Duran's book is the result of his finding his admired originals so tedious that he would give us the more admirable substitute. In a word we gild the lily. But apart from the Japanese, these plays have little quality or value in themselves of style or horror or beauty. The titles are, *The Daimyo*, *The Honor of Danzo*, *The Horns*, *The Hands in the Box*, *Forsaken Love*.

PORTMANTEAU ADAPTATIONS, by Stuart Walker. (Stewart Kidd Co., Cincinnati). Of the four plays in the volume two are adaptations, *Gammer Gurton's Needle* and *The Birthday of the Infanta*. Both of these are in a form that is admirably adapted to acting; the *Gammer Gurton's Needle* proves in this form to be perhaps the best and most actable of the earlier plays. The rendering of *The Birthday of the Infanta* manages to secure so persuasive an effect dramatically that one wonders why Oscar Wilde himself did not see the story in a form for the theatre. The other two plays, *Sir David Wears a Crown* and *Nellijumbo*, have the same quality as those pieces of Mr. Walker's already so well known, the *Six Who Pass While the Lentils Boil* and the *Jonathon Makes a Wish*. The volume concludes with the repertory of the Stuart Walker Company, a list of remarkable range, from Harry James Smith to Lord Dunsany and from Eche-garay to Cyril Harcourt.



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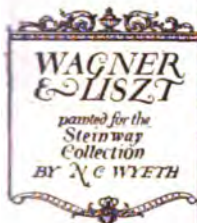
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THEATRE ARTS MAGAZINE

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THE YEAR AHEAD WITH EUROPE AS PRECEPTOR BY OLIVER M. SAYLER

“**T**HERE were once, you know, the Greeks.” With these suggestive words, Kenneth Macgowan concluded his best seller of the dramatic book stalls, *The Theatre of Tomorrow*, referring to the heyday of Athens and implying the possibility of its reincarnation once more upon the earth. There were once again the Greeks—other Greeks—and I wonder whether he did not have at least remotely in mind the likelihood of their reincarnation as well.

I refer, of course, to the Greeks of that later Athens, Constantinople, who fled the downfall of their civilization before the Turk, swarmed westward into Italy and planted the seeds of which the epoch we know as the renaissance was the flower. And while we may look long and longingly for the counterparts of those earlier, more austere, more ecstatic, more naive and more perfect Greeks, is it not possible that we are face to face today with the brothers in imagination, in flight and in power to inspire, of the god-fathers of the golden middle ages?

All this, I know, sounds like an echo of Hendrik Van Loon's provocative analysis of the esthetic times in which we live, published recently in *Vanity Fair* under title of *The American Naissance*. Before proceeding, however, to an application of the theory to the data of the year ahead on Broadway, I insist on pausing to deny the charge of echo and to claim for myself some credit for the dis-

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covery. Back in 1914—October 10, to be exact—I wrote in *The Indianapolis News*:

"The future of the drama lies in America. . . The men and women who possess the indomitable soul of the artist are looking to America for a fresh and untilled field for the realization of their fondest hopes. . . . What may happen as the result of the coming to our shores of a single genius like Gordon Craig or Max Reinhardt or someone whose name is not known but who may be dreaming mightier things than any one has yet dared dream—what may happen from the arrival of such a personality is beyond prediction. We can only turn to the past and trace the glories of the renaissance as a result of the exodus of the artists from Byzantium to Italian shores when the eastern wars put a stop to their work at home."

It seems like a far cry, in all conscience, from the Constantinople of St. Sophia to the Moscow of the Reds, the Berlin of the Republic and starving Vienna. Florence and Rome seem even more remote from Manhattan, though the Italian cities were money-grubbing marts before the "new learning" awakened them. And probably they realized less promptly and less keenly than we can after our broad experience with human tidal waves, what was likely to happen to them as a result of the influx of those alien artists of old.

Whether anything worthy of being called a second renaissance is going to happen to us or not, depends on us. The influx, the influence, the inspiration are here. They have been coming unobtrusively but in ever greater numbers since the first year of the war. At first we thought they were using us as refuge to avoid the confusion of battle. But they stayed, just like those other Greeks of old. They stayed and more came. They stayed because they liked us and our opportunities for creative work and our comparatively prompt understanding of what they were trying to do, the "younger generation" to the contrary notwithstanding.

All this has happened unobtrusively, as I have said—

THE YEAR AHEAD

quite casually, in fact. It is only when we are faced by a prospect like that of the season ahead of us that we are forced to call a halt, examine the nature of a movement that has reached the proportions of an invasion, try to differentiate it from previous periods of unusually heavy dramatic imports, and attempt to detect, if we can, the evidence of an influence already registered on the activities of purely native source.

With these rather puzzling questions and channels of speculation to keep the mind alert in traversing the annual catalog of Broadway, let us run through the colored pages of that catalog, at any rate, and then in conclusion see whether we are readier to answer our questions.

It is to be a European season. That much is clear. And Russia dominates. Not so much in numbers as in import and significance. The bulbous Balieff and his kaleidoscopic *Chauve-Souris*, booked by the intrepid Morris Gest for eight weeks and announced rather timidly for five, has become a Broadway fixture in his new and madly Russian home on the Century Roof. His third bill is nearing disclosure, with Sergei Soudeikine imported especially to paint new scenery for it, although the first bill could be running yet if attendance, the usual barometer, had been the only criterion. A Russian restlessness to be up and on to something fresh has introduced a new and disturbing note into the land of the long and somnolent run. After the third bill, a fourth. And then, who knows?

Under Gest, too, the Moscow Art Theatre will arrive in late December to begin a repertory season shortly after New Year's with the entire first line of the world's first theatre ranged in the grand prix items of an amazing roster: Count Alexei Tolstoy's spectacular Russian historical tragedy, *Tsar Fyodor Ivanovitch*, Maxim Gorki's *The Lower Depths* (*Nachtasyl* or *Night Lodging*); Tchekhoff's *Uncle Vanya*, *The Three Sisters* and *The Cherry Orchard* and special matinees from Pushkin, Turgeneff, Dostoievsky. Of the Big Five of the modern theatre—Gordon Craig, Adolph Appia, Bernard Shaw, Max Rein-

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hardt and Constantin Stanislavsky—the Russian is the first to arrive in person. With Nyemirovitch-Dantchenko, his partner in the theatre's foundation a quarter century ago.

Morris Gest hasn't a monopoly on the Russians however. The Theatre Guild is already host to Fyodor Kommissarhevsky, simplified for American consumption to Theodore Komisarjevsky, the new stage director in charge of European productions to replace Frank Reicher, lost to the Selwyns. Tommy, as the Guild calls him with typical familiarity and irrationality, came to America as a youth in 1908 with his great sister, Vera Kommissarzhevskaya. Since then he has had his own school and his own theatre in Moscow and for two years has been free lance producer in London.

Russia is promised briefly, too, at the end of John Barrymore's first season in three years, in the form of a revival of the Jones-Hopkins-Tolstoy *Redemption*.

Germany after Russia. Again in significance if not in numbers. Ernst Toller's *Red Elephant*, the communist *Masse Mensch* comes from the Volksbühne in Berlin to the Garrick to prove that the Theatre Guild is ready to run the risk of losing money—or making a fortune—in a dangerous and laudable enterprise. Expressionism, before which Kaiser's *From Morn to Midnight* pales into a primer.

Expressionism, too, is the genre of *The Wondrous Affairs of Kapellmeister Kreisler*, melodrama with forty scenes, sensation of the Berlin season, snatched by the Selwyns from a swarm of bidders, and requisitioning Ben-Ami, wan-eyed with waiting, from Arthur Hopkins, to play the leading role under the tastier title of *The Mysterious Tales of Hofmann*.

The late enemy must also be credited with Ethel Barrymore's opening bill under her new direction, Hauptmann's *Rosa Bernd*. With the accession of the sister and the return of the morose John, Arthur Hopkins now manages the extant Barrymore family, a large order even without an otherwise heavy schedule.

THE YEAR AHEAD

France, in the ascendant last season, drops in the rating. On early showing at least. It is so easy to stop a gap with something French that the list may expand with the waning season. Already, however, Bataille, undaunted by the indifference that greeted his *Don Juan* last fall, will contribute through the adapting pen of the light-fingered Martin Brown *The Love Child* under the ensign of A. H. Woods. Grace George promises Gerald's *Aimer* under Brady banners and in literal translation *La Tendresse* with Henry Miller and Ruth Chatterton. The Guitrys—Lucien, Sacha and Yvonne Printemps—may come and they may not. The Selwyns and everyone else say they will—except the Guitrys. Likewise with Claudel's *The Tidings Brought to Mary*, which is rather too far down on the Theatre Guild's list to be reached.

Italy, then, to clear up the continent in order. Grasso in his own theatre in repertory. Perhaps I am wrong—unable to enjoy *hors d'oeuvres* in a noisy restaurant—but until this great Sicilian learns what production means (scenery, not flapping mainsails; a supporting company, not table waiters from the nearest spaghetti palace), I fear I shall not fully appreciate him.

Duse—there is another rumor, worthy of headlines, though only a rumor. Are we to have one last glimpse—we who are too young to have had even that and you who treasure yours like a jewel?

The playwrights from Italy have flocked to Brock Pemberton's magnet, with the farce, *The Plot Thickens*, by Luigi Barzini and Arnaldo Fraccaroli as August venture, and Pirandello's fantastic *Six Characters in Search of an Author* for later disclosure. Lest Czecho-Slovakia be forgotten in westward bound, the Theatre Guild sets considerable store by Karl Capek's *R. U. R.*, a Frankenstein drama of the future.

Spain, a vein opened up not so long ago, still yields on demand. The Equity Players go to the Iberian peninsula for the first play of their first season under the direction of Augustin Duncan, a producer who has done many of the

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finest and a few of the worst jobs of placing a play on the stage in the last decade. The play is *Malvaloca* by the Quinteros, with Jane Cowl announced for the leading role. The actors' own theatre is a bold venture, to be watched like a coal miners' own coal mine. It is rather unfortunate that an American play was not ready to ring up the curtain, but several are in reserve and revision.

Galsworthy, Dunsany, Milne, Dane, Maugham and Pinero—these from the British Isles. Galsworthy's most mature piece of work, is the advance report on *Loyalties*, which Basil Dean will come over to stage for Charles Dillingham. After-the-war once more, and another of those intriguing challenges to the political and social parallel. Of Galsworthy's epoch, more or less, Pinero dips his pen for the first time in years, and the result is *The Enchanted Cottage* which sounds as if someone had discovered Barrie at last. It will come under the auspices of the Shuberts. Maugham has turned melodramatist in *East of Suez* and will give Florence Reed a hectic hour. Milne will be lonely with only a single play on Broadway, but he considers *The Lucky One* his best, and besides he may have another one ready by the time the Theatre Guild gets around the expressionist and continental circle to him. Tortured already with numerous premature announcements, I hesitate to submit Dunsany's *If* to another embarrassment, but Brock Pemberton insists that he is going to do it with settings designed by Herman Rosse. Rosse, by the way, gives promise of breaking into Broadway at several points at last, after signalling afar from Chicago. And another member of our first quartet of designers, Norman-Bel Geddes, is not the least stimulating feature of the commitments of Winthrop Ames in bringing over Clemence Dane's new play, *Will Shakespeare*.

The classics, perhaps, may bridge the gap between Europe and America. Public curiosity will split between John Barrymore's *Hamlet*, arrayed by Robert Edmond Jones and Arthur Hopkins with a clear conscience over *Macbeth*; the same actor's, designer's and producer's

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Richard III (and the same playwright's, too, by the way), which was withdrawn before anyone but the critics and their promptest readers had a chance to see it; the Warfield-Belasco *Merchant of Venice*; Ethel Barrymore in an unannounced play of Shakespeare; Walter Hampden in *Othello*; and, if Ibsen may for this catalog be conveniently considered classic, the Theatre Guild *Peer Gynt* with Joseph Schildkraut rescued from the interminable *Lilkom*, plus an Ibsen heroine alongside those from Hauptmann and Shakespeare for Miss Barrymore.

That leaves us the American pages of the catalog only. Somehow, there aren't so many color pages in this section of the volume, although more than one of them now showing the plain black and white of uncertainty may flame up into color with harvest.

There is O'Neill at least. O'Neill at his busiest, latest and most characteristic. No old O'Neill manuscripts to be worked out of the playwright's system, this season. Arthur Hopkins has a clear path ahead henceforth with the white hope of the American drama. *Anna Christie*, Pulitzer Prize Play for 1921-22, goes on tour again, of course, with Pauline Lord and her more than able assistants, George Marion and Frank Shannon. *The Hairy Ape*, soul-baring and society-stripping, will tempt and test the public intelligence beyond the horizon in Philadelphia, Chicago and points west, still with Louis Wolheim as "Yank," the stoker. Chicago may have the first view of Lionel Barrymore in O'Neill's Ponce de Leon play, *The Fountain*. *The Fountain* has a middle act on Florida soil, de Leon's vision, which is in the vein of *The Emperor Jones* but vastly more exalted in its imaginative power. There is in course of composition a new expressionist piece with an intellectual figure as protagonist at the pole from *The Hairy Ape* and "the last word in realism," as O'Neill puts it— a play of married life called *Welded*. Whether one of these two or still a third is intended for Miss Barrymore's repertory remains to be seen.

All else American shrinks into insignificance before this

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schedule. James Forbes, on whom hopes were pinned, has already failed to equal *The Famous Mrs. Fair* in *The Endless Chain*. Don Marquis, to the replenishment of Arthur Hopkins' deserving treasury, has in *The Old Soak* found the formula—to *Lightnin'!* There will be other composition to formula—farce, melodrama, comedy of a sort. Frank Craven's *Spite Corner*? Something from Clare Kummer, Zona Gale, Martin Brown, Sidney Howard, Arthur Richman, Edna St. Vincent Millay? The season waits not on the order of their coming.

The revue, at which the American excels, thrives and will thrive. Fokine's ballets in the Ziegfeld *Follies*; Paul Whiteman's sublimation of jazz in George White's *Scandals*; Ruth Page, erstwhile partner of Adolph Bolm, in the new *Music Box Revue*; the *Forty Niners*, the Hotel Algonquin's Vicious Circle of newspaper critics turned entertainers in imitation of Balieff under direction of George Tyler; *Orange Blossoms*, arrayed for Charles Dillingham by Paul Poiret and Norman-Bel Geddes—these are the moments in our national specialty which will command the attendance of the most exacting.

Illuminating though unrelated phenomena in the field of the native theatre: The Provincetown Players announce an interim. Already their group is scattered. Interment, not interim. And a pity, for something could have been built on their name, reputation, subscription list, good will. . . . The Neighborhood Playhouse announces an interim. A different story here. A playhouse, a staff, a school, a definite purpose which the directors wish to define still more accurately. Behind closed doors—doors closed only to the public, not to the student—preparations will proceed for the ensuing season. . . . The Little Theatres sprout like mushrooms and grow and die—like mushrooms. . . . Agitation for and against censorship; appointment of an overlord, Augustus Thomas; gambling for the riskiest stakes in the history of our stage and right on top of the most disastrous season, financially, our theatre has ever known! Are we

THE YEAR AHEAD

mad, masters, or just hurrying along so rapidly we can't see the pattern?

In that willingness to gamble for things worth the toss, I see the keynote to our advancing theatre. We are using Europe as preceptor, not as the safe source of commercial gain after the manner of the old days of the Boucicault adaptation and the Frohman importations. Occasionally, the old spirit prevails, as in the reaching out for the secure plums of the French and British play markets. Sometimes, too, the motive is simply to fill a gap on our own stage. But increasingly, and in the coming season more than ever, we pick from the old world's sample room exactly those specimens which seem most likely to provide further and richer stimulus to our own endeavors.

This newer spirit has been a long time getting itself recognized. It has not reached the pitch of 1922 at a leap. The movement westward has not been a movement *en masse*, although it appears so at the present moment. It has been growing in impetus for over half a dozen years. Have we reached the peak of the movement? Not so long as Gordon Craig, Adolph Appia, Max Reinhardt, Jaques-Dalcroze, Salzmann, the Kamerny of Moscow, Yevreynoff, still remain unsummoned.

Already, however, we can detect the influence of those who have come on our native scene. The impulse toward repertory, toward scouring the world for the best, toward institutional management, visible at the Theatre Guild, is not an essentially American intuition. The whole-hearted service as dramatic ambassador from a foreign stage to our own has not for long been a conscious realization of Morris Gest. It has been an impulse that fed on practice. Without the stimulus and example of the old world pointing to the values to be obtained by ranging great talents around an unobtrusive clearing house, the coterie bearing the insignia of Arthur Hopkins would have been unlikely if not impossible. Without hints from the same faraway source, the actors would never have dreamed of a cooperative theatre of their own like that proposed by the Equity.

ACTING

BY STARK YOUNG

THE old and endless discussions as to whether acting is an art or not are useful only in so far as they describe acting, throw light on it and make its principles more luminous. Every art is a form of translation by which one thing is expressed in terms of another, and, as Plato says, something then appears that was not there before. Acting is a business of translating into the terms of human beings, their minds and bodies and voices, certain matter taken either from life direct or from drama of thought and action and appearance that has been created out of life. The completeness of acting as art depends on the completeness of the translation it makes into its own terms.

Acting shares with religion and literature the disadvantage of everyone's expertness on the subject. When people are ill they send for a doctor; when they see paintings they consider professional judgments; and when their switchboards fail they call the electrician. But, exactly as he is confident of his religion and of what a good story must be, everyone knows that he knows good acting when he sees it. And in the life of the theatre, acting is the closest of all things to the common man. Acting is what he looks at in the theatre always, even the poor acting that he often sees, rather than at anything else. However much visionaries and reformers in the theatre may have pushed the accent toward lighting and scenery, décor, music and design, the common man stays by the actors. He knows that what makes the whole thing real to him and makes it theatre is the presence of those men and women on the stage who bring the whole affair to life before his eyes. And so he concludes, then, that he can see acting just as he believes that he sees the straight of religion and liter-

ACTING

ature, or as he believes that he sees the world about him, though he may not even see that the color of shadows in the morning differs from their color after noon. But he is nevertheless far from expert. Without practice or familiarity or study the average man knows no more about acting than he does about architecture or music. For acting, all the methods necessary for learning to read a language, for judging a literature, are needed. One must have seen it often and intelligently, have endured boredom and ecstasy, have made comparisons through experience and repetition, have formed in one's mind ideals and models of what one thinks admirable. In spite of the seeming nearness and reality of acting to the average man, there is no reason to believe that he is a judge of acting any more than he is of any other art.

The habit of being so easy and expert in the matter of acting, of being so democratically equal and at home in Zion, extends too often to the actors themselves.

Actors too often forget that acting depends always on personal distinction, on the miracle of talent, on the one radiant quality that runs through every part taken and makes a continuity through them all. Actors are apt to think of every part as something different from themselves and newly got up. They consider that they become each of these parts that they assume, which is true more or less, but not quite as they think. And it is this theory of illusion, of the reproduction of a character instead of a representation, that helps to make havoc of all theory of acting. It is constantly repeated in the form of saying that someone does not act such and such a part, he is the part. Chaliapin does not act Boris, Chaliapin is Boris. But what Boris, who was Boris? And if Chaliapin were indeed Boris, it would only mean that we had to find another Chaliapin to act this Boris Chaliapin before we should have art, before we should, in Coquelin's words, have added to nature that lustre and relief that would make it art. It is common to hear that an artist like Guitry or Novelli is different in every part, and in every part is the very man portrayed.

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and reliable comprehensibility, how can he fertilize his mind as the field for inspiration? How without technique shall he have the means to accomplish what is the final test of acting, that sound gradation of expression throughout a whole piece? How shall he, in sum, be able to last through an entire part, and maintain a hardness of fibre that will not give out before the end is reached and the whole pattern exhibited. And even with all these, how can the actor be sure of his ability to repeat this achievement, as he must do, night after night? Without technique and practice, alas, these problems of his art will not only remain unmastered but they will not even trouble him as necessary, if indeed they occur to him at all.

And before he can do anything with a part the actor, besides his feeling and his will to express it, and in addition also to his technical equipment, must have some idea in his mind, as Garrick told Diderot; some Homeric phantom, as Diderot put it, to which his mind can rise and with which he can identify himself. He can never play from nature direct, but from some idea—set up out of nature, if you like—in his mind, some imaginary being who is not the actor's self nor yet any self in nature. Homer, deserving to be praised for many other things, Aristotle says, is most to be praised because he knows what part to take himself. It is through his idea and through his technical expression that the actor gets the rôle at the right distance from and in the right relation to himself to make it art.

A part of this conception and right relationship consists in an ability to perceive the quality of the thing acted, to perceive its school, its genre, its characteristic necessity; the ability to act it, in sum, in its own kind. The acting for Sheridan is as different from the acting for *The First Year* as the drawings in *The Saturday Evening Post* are from Sir Peter Lely, or as Beau Brummel's red heels from a pair of sport shoes, or a sedan chair from a hammock. The acting for Racine has nothing in common technically with the acting for Shakespeare. The characteristic quality

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must be translated into the acting or the whole performance will be pretty much rubbish. Without technique and culture the liveliest feeling and warmest enthusiasm in the world achieve only a sort of journalism; they cannot discern or express those various qualities in drama, each with technical elements that are its own.

In the absence of skill among actors the softest way for the producer, the ordinary playwright and the audience is often to put actors in parts for which they are fitted congenitally, photographically, to find a blue-eyed boy for the blue-eyed rôle, sweets for the sweet, and fat to the fat. But this spoils acting as an art, cross cuts to the merely expedient, and, though it may help business for the moment, is in the end wrecked on the cold fact that nothing significant exists to itself, that every individual thing has always on it the light of the whole. There have obviously been great actors who have been capable of only one kind of rôle, of one line; but it has always been at their peril as artists, and, moreover, it has never been on a merely expedient and actualistic basis. These actors are always somewhat more than the line they take, the part they play; and they are not primarily related to it by their waist line, their age, youth or the length of their noses. For the artist on the stage, as Aristotle says of the poet, is not an imitator (*mimetes*), does not create an image, when he speaks himself.

Without technique and imaginative or shrewd understanding among actors we lose a great amount of the satisfaction that comes from the exercise of the imagination, and of the keener and more glancing use of the mind in the theatre.

There is about the great acting of great moments in drama something that at once arouses and satisfies the imagination. It is a kind of inevitable revelation, a wide excitement that is due to the poignant identity of all the things involved. The recognition on our part of the relation between what is done and what is expressed is so luminous, so happy, so easy and complete, that it takes

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on the quality of inspiration. In *Mala Gloria*, for an illustration, the hero comes home from prison and a bandit's life to find that his wife has betrayed him for the young son of the house where she is employed as a maid. He kills her and departs again. What Grasso did when he acted the rôle was to kill the woman and then, instead of going straight out of the room, to turn on the young man, to turn madly, pause, catch his hand on the boy's head, kiss his brow suddenly, and spin him blindly from him; as you might treat a child who without knowing it has ruined your life. That was great imaginative acting, it left us with a sense of the entire content of the moment; it spread through infinite reaches of human significance.

But on a more familiar and less intense plane there is the satisfaction of sheer wit in the theatre. It is a quality less luminous than the finely imaginative; but it has, nevertheless, its own clarity and sharp eyes, it has aptness and that swift perception of neat similarities that we define as wit. Intense moments in the theatre as in life may supply their own imaginative depths more or less. But the ordinary moments in drama are full of the ordinary elements of the familiar day, and much of their pleasure comes from the liveliness with which we are able to perceive their contrasts and similarities and sharp, incongruous details. So that in this region, if there is little technique and understanding on the actor's part, our loss is great, since at every moment the need appears for the sly philosophy and wit of the actor's own approach to his material. A great artist like Madame Yvette Guilbert—though she can have superb poetry at times—is, when she is at her prose best, a theatre of sheer mental exhilaration. Her perception and expression of the moment make an infectious riot in the mind and furnish a perpetual sense of quick cerebration, of epigram, of gay precision.

The manner in which Miss Estelle Winwood's Madame Pierre in the heat of her lover's adoration ran off to see after her little sick dog, delighted the mind largely because Miss Winwood could put into

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what she was as Madame Pierre and what she did as Madame Pierre a witty perception of relationship and similarity; in short, was technically able to inject into the moment her own witty comment upon it. And all sheer impersonation, however lower its grade may be than acting, depends for its success on its wit, which appears through the correspondence that we perceive between the acute observation of its subject matter and the technique that conveys it. Apart from the greatest moments, from these summits of drama and acting, this effect of wit and mental agility may be one of the theatre's greatest satisfactions. Acting may delight inexhaustibly by showing us how charming, how sane, how exciting, how satisfying sheer observation, sincerity, arrangement, comparison and economy may be.

In the absence of expertness and distinction among actors, of the witty and imaginative satisfactions of a keen craft or great style, audiences will no longer know what good acting is, except for the few simple and convincing qualities drawn from elemental humanity itself, things that almost act themselves, so close are they to our natures. And audiences will have no way of learning what the nature of acting is, for as with all arts, the only way to understand acting is by seeing it and being thrown with it. And where there is little art in acting people come to look for what is called, for want of a better name, personality, come to follow individuals as such, to shout for one family of actors, to follow one lady till her charms decline and then to follow another. And the great distraction of the actor, his extreme craving for popularity—certainly natural enough in his case—becomes more and more purely personal, and on that account more precarious and often foolish. For though the personal and individual appeal of an actor is basic so far as his art is concerned, the stressing of that appeal as mere personality is harmful for him as an artist and silly and stultifying for his admirers. All good actors are through their technique and their distinction comments on themselves and through themselves on

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the rôles they create. When audiences forget to demand that comment and are willing to put up with the mere individual, acting sinks to journalism, to personal gossip, to a chatter of public privacies.

And worst of all, without capable actors dramatists forget what to write for. As artists, playwrights create in terms not of nature but of their art; and when the actors they see are unable to suggest anything but the mediocre or the merely accidental or incidental or personally good, these playwrights lose much of their inspiration. Not the ideal dramatist perhaps, his content is, at least in theory, supposed to press to its own creation in his art; though it is hard to picture even your great man as deeply urged to write for nincompoops who have no craft or range, or have only personal talents that are undeveloped and in a state of hit and miss. But for the lesser playwright the decline in his art may very well accompany the decline in the medium for its expression, the actor; a vicious circle, since the dramatists themselves have no little share in the state of acting that obtains.

It may be said of American acting at present that there is no way to tell just how much talent there is because of the lack of training by which that talent might be developed and exhibited. There are instances every season of beautiful acting but there is no actor whose art may be said to be complete or transcendent. One thing our actors do well, the kind of thing that the English call very American. It is a certain effect of lively good nature, jazz, common sense and healthy spirits. Mr. Al Jolson, who is the best in this field, will serve as an example; he has undoubted talent and a great knowledge in the means by which his ends are wrought. But this is a thin region after all, boyishly abundant on the prose side and covering a wide, but not very deep, section of our popular life. One would hate to think that such an art might represent what America most is. The rest of our acting lacks technique, lacks good examples to follow, lacks English, voice, gesture, and, most serious of all, lacks a cultivated background in audience

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and in actors. Acting with us is forwarded by the same methods that razors enjoy, by which soaps rise to fame and automobiles become great. And a public without social cleavages or sharply defined cultural criterions or authorities, follows too frequently whatever happens to be pushed to the front; so that there are scores of celebrities who, while on the Continent they might be favorites but would be recognized as what they are, mere amusers and popular pets, are with us acclaimed as great artists, to the great detriment of good art. And our audiences in their turn have small chance of learning to understand acting by seeing good examples of it. Those who have not seen a dragon have at least seen a great pine cone, Pausanias said, trying to describe the scale-corselets of certain warriors. In our theatre we have few even pine cones to study the patterns of acting from. For we lack the lesser type of actors, so common in Italy and France and Germany, in whom we get technique, and sound technique at that, without eminence. On the contrary if we have anything, it is more apt to be the dragons, actors whom the vagaries of talent alone have made significant. And this is unfortunate; for it is better for acting in general that we have bad imitations of good art than the successful and prosperous imitations of bad art that in New York we so often find.

Little more can be said for English acting. It has had great days no doubt and a lustre of shining names; but not now. English actors, when they do speak well, which is not always, speak better than ours do, though they have no standard of speech such as the French possess. They evince in their stage manner more security and poise than our actors do, and sometimes a certain kind of taste and restraint that is admirable. They enjoy a more solidly distributed method, a better gradation, than we do. And in social comedy they have a humorous and rich tradition, they have a droll analysis and intelligent irony where our actors have only vivacity, sentiment, and the sense of a joke. But in tragedy they lack flexibility in voice, gesture and emotional current. And they have a way of substitut-

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ing for passion and force and spiritual elegance a certain sweetish piety peculiarly their own and peculiarly false. Both English and American actors suffer from that Anglo-Saxon trait so much indulged in the last century, the hatred of the premeditated in art. Anglo-Saxons' acting gets into all sorts of foolish positions because of this predilection. The idea of art as itself and as built up of its own designs is antagonistic to an Anglo-Saxon, who—though he knows in his heart that it is all bosh and that life and art make a fool of such theory—likes the effect of artlessness in art and of what he calls sincerity, exactly as he likes that effect in women, in politics, in manners and in war.

The German theatre is admirable first of all for its sense of ensemble, its reverence for the whole effect. German acting, moreover, does the folk thing well, the obstinacy of revolutionary motives, the vagaries of ordinary comedy. It has audacity too and this—though often unregulated by a finely civilized and urbane relaxation and choice—has given it a certain lead in the modern morbid and the bold ventures into new fields. German acting renders profoundly the turgid deep soul. But for idealities in the realm of acting, great typical tragic emotion and the humorous ideality of farce, it falls short in style, in a spacious and open universality of emotion and form.

Style is what the French have over all other stages, a sense of smart completion, of agility and verve, of finish and taste and vivacious precision and mentality. And their greatest actors have style also in the greatest sense, with just a touch in it of that conscious elaboration or artifice that the sense of style implies even at its height. There is of course a vast amount of bad acting in France, but at its best French acting may easily be called the most discreet, the best regulated, the best placed of all. It exhibits not seldom a brilliantly observed propriety that might be said to affect one, as Henry James declared it affected him, as an almost celestial order. But it pays all too frequently for that kind of excellence, pays in its imaginative limitations and in a sort of urban paucity of light and wings and

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devastating beauty of soul; it has the merits and the defects of its native genius.

Italian and Russian acting are beautiful in their naturalness. They evince the quality of naturalness in its most complete and inclusive sense. Both, according to the temperaments they express, are supremely free and natural in their use of an essentially artistic technique and endowment. Both have abundance, gusto, a passionate vitality and soul. The Russian carries intensity farther in than the Italian likes. His psychology is emotional and warm and dark where the Italian's is sharp and fiery and clear and intellectualized. Russian and Italian acting in the best examples have much in common: a profound and exalted simplicity in their truthfulness and realism, a magnificent dignity and grave, warm beauty like Nature's. And Italian acting at its best, may, I think, be said to excel the Russian only in one respect, which, for want of a better phrase, I may call a kind of civilized distinction, something touched with centuries of experience and thought as well as with the security and conviction of emotional power and resource. The great faults of Italian acting are laziness, noise, and superfluous gesture, the use of conventional theatre business to save thought and labor. No acting is worse than the worst Italian. At its best Italian acting achieves a beautiful suavity of method, a spontaneity, a fluidity, and a fine relation between the inner and outer parts of the human organism. Italian acting at its best has the kind of poetic realism that one finds in early Renaissance marbles, the Guidarello Guidarelli at Ravenna for example, where the life within and the surface without seem to be one, and where nature in its outer representation is so exact, so delicate, so quivering and so exquisite that it is inseparable from the life within.

But in all countries and all acting the measure of an actor's gift comes back to his body, comes back to the absorbing and revealing magnetism of his presence there which is the focus of our mood, exactly as all life, sensibility of perception, and accuracy of impression and of general

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intelligence, come back to the body, to physical senses, to the earth. One of the first tests of an actor's talent is in the identity of his body and his mind. Not the actor's voice, not his brain, are the parts of him by which he becomes a medium for his art; it is his whole make-up, body, brain and voice; it is the man you see before you on the stage. In fine acting the words and the body are at supreme moments inseparably one, and they can be said to be interchangeable in meaning and significance. The idea that moves within becomes the outward form. It is not that the emotion is transferred from speech into a mimicry of gesture and facial play, not that—though the mere gift of miming need not be despised. The highest use of the body, of gesture, is not to reproduce but to represent with an added radiance what is within, not, that is, to be an image but a symbol; the living content of the moment charges with its power the body that it animates, and makes it a symbol of its meaning. The body, moreover, speaks to the eye, which is the door for so much of our experience. Gesture in some instances may have a power beyond that of words however splendid their golden eloquence may be. And if the music of beautiful words spreads over and beyond the words themselves and their usual meaning into a beautiful immortality, into something less definite but more idea, which is true, then gestures may give a concrete and arresting statement, a definite and convincing phenomenon that states the point. The flow of lines, the shifting emphasis of the actor's body, may weave an abstraction of design that has in it also some of the wider truth of music.

And acting itself is the body of the art of the theatre. It has the merits and the defects of the human being himself. Through its magnetism and its sensitive and expressive powers it may serve to create the most beautiful ends and even to carry the idea further than the dramatist himself had ever conceived it. Or through laziness and egotism and stupidity it may very well obstruct some great vision that from some great soul in the theatre arises. Gordon

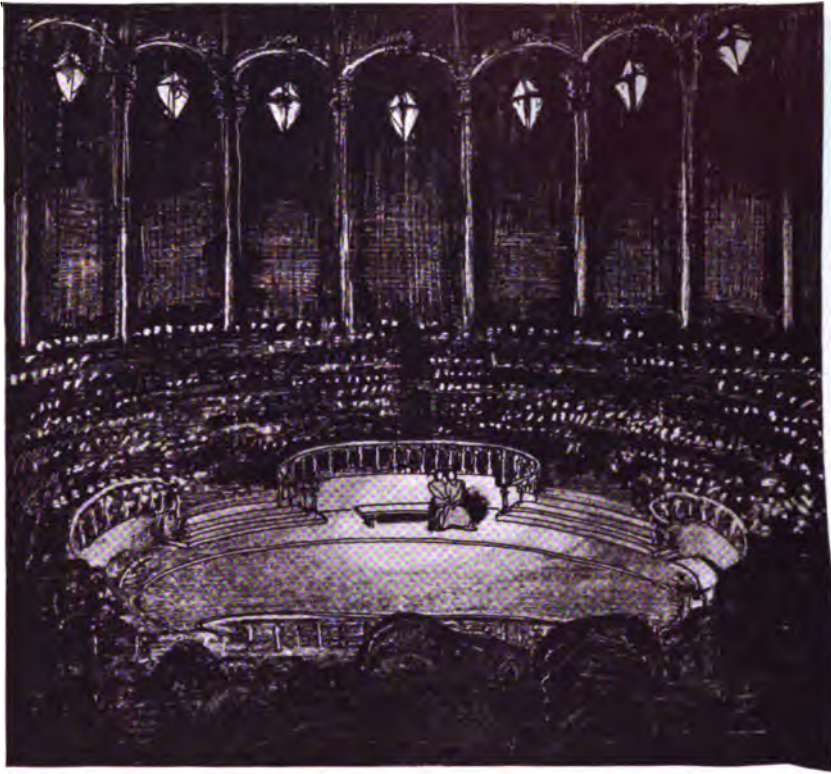
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Craig may wish to substitute marionettes for actors in the theatre; and Duse may say that to save the theatre we must first kill all the actors. But all this is only as great saints or fanatical dreamers in every century may have wished to rid themselves of the body, to stand free of the shackles of the flesh. And such a will as theirs, however haughtily it sets itself against the natural world that feeds and brings them up, has for certain spirits its shining fruits, even though when carried to its conclusion it is only a kind of divine nonsense, a mad symbol of beautiful desire. It is the dream of not existing in order to exist more completely. It is the nostalgia of the soul, solitary forever, for itself alone. It has something in it of that solemn verdict of those early fathers in Byzantium that the only salvation for the race of man was that no more children should be born into the world. All the art of the theatre depends on the fundamental, natural base that nurtures it, that is to say on the human quality of the actors, and on the progression and sublimation of that towards idea. In the theatre, as in all life, vitality is sustained through a perpetual struggle of matter and idea and the eternal and delicately changing balance between them.

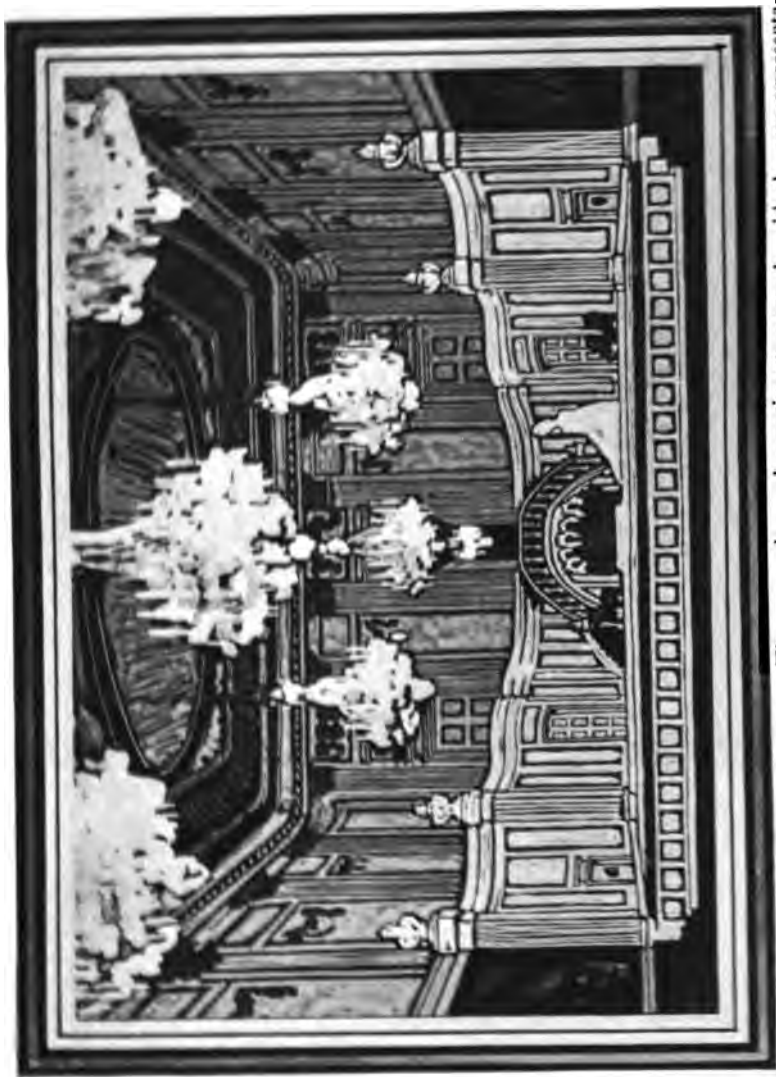
That acting, like religion and literature, should be felt as common knowledge among so many men who are by no means expert in them, is a disadvantage to its clarity and to the security of its theory and outline. Acting suffers through a closeness to life that makes it seemingly as an art or science more negligible than some arts appear to be. We forget with too much ease the delicacy and the security necessary to separate acting from life and make it an art. Acting suffers from a reliance on mere seeming actuality, a fact that establishes one of the reasons for actors having been despised as mere apes and copyists and their art denied its right to be called so. Acting suffers, too, as life suffers, from a sort of evanescence, the moment of it passes and is gone, as a passion or a deed grows dim at last. But as with religion and literature, this very closeness to life is acting's greatest asset, the evidence of its human immediacy and of

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direct instinct with which we turn to it as a way of carrying on our living. And in the end, when all is said, humanity is but a microcosm; and we merely perceive little sets of relationships that we call the universe. And in this little universe of ours we are turning always toward some manifestation of our life in the person of some figure in it, some hero, some typical example, some fellow vehicle and exemplar of living. The function of acting is to express in terms of a human body some vibrant region of this life of ours; to set before our eyes some epitome of man's vitality; to add to the character and event some element of abstraction that goes beyond and above them, something of that pure and separable element that arises from every artistic expression. For one of the finest ends of acting is to weave an abstract pattern, some pattern of idea, something approaching pure design in its ideality, that makes a kind of truth in itself, can exist apart from its immediate implication, and may remain with us as beautiful even when the precise moment that conveyed it fades, as the soul might remember the noble harmony of the lines in some forgotten scene. This is the object of all art, to create in reality abstraction and in abstraction reality; to complete, in sum, our living for us. It is this that gives to art something of the quality of a dream, the fear for its possibility, the urgency of its desire. And it is this in art that makes life follow it.



An intimate circus-theatre. A sketch by Robert Edmond Jones of a supposititious production in the little one-ring Cirque Medrano in Paris. An arrangement for *The Merchant of Venice*. Glowing Venetian lanterns are hung between the arches. Below each of the four entrances for the public (which become entrances for the actors also) is a double stair, railed with Venetian iron. Below the stairs are benches. The railings become the copings of the Rialto. The casket scenes are played in the centre, while Portia and Nerissa watch from a bench at one side. Another bench serves as a seat for the judges in the courtroom. Jessica leans out from an entrance to flirt with her lover, and the carnival mob chases Shylock up and down the little stairs. Above is pictured the last scene in the play.



The most advanced experiment yet made with the non-representational theatre. A sketch by Robert Edmond Jones of the theatre in the Redoutensaal, a great and splendid eighteenth-century ballroom in the Hofburg in Vienna, with an arrangement of curved walls, staircases and platforms newly built into one end.



From The Theatre Magazine.

The projection of scenery as practiced by the chief perfecter of the process, Adolph Linnebach. A scene from *Wilhelm Tell* on the stage of the State Schauspielhaus in Dresden. There are set-pieces at the sides, but the entire back-drop is painted with shapes of mountains by means of the lantern which Lee Simonson has used in *Back to Methuselah* and *From Morn to Midnight*.



From the Architectural Record.

Three sketches by Norman-Bel Geddes and two plans drawn by Claude Bragdon from the blue prints of a new type of theatre designed by Geddes and described in the October issue of this magazine a year ago. There is no proscenium. The audience and the actors are both contained within the dome of the auditorium. The stage, which is located in the corner of the building, sinks into the basement for quick changes of scene. Above, a view from a seat at the left side of the auditorium half way back. The scene is imaginative and abstract.



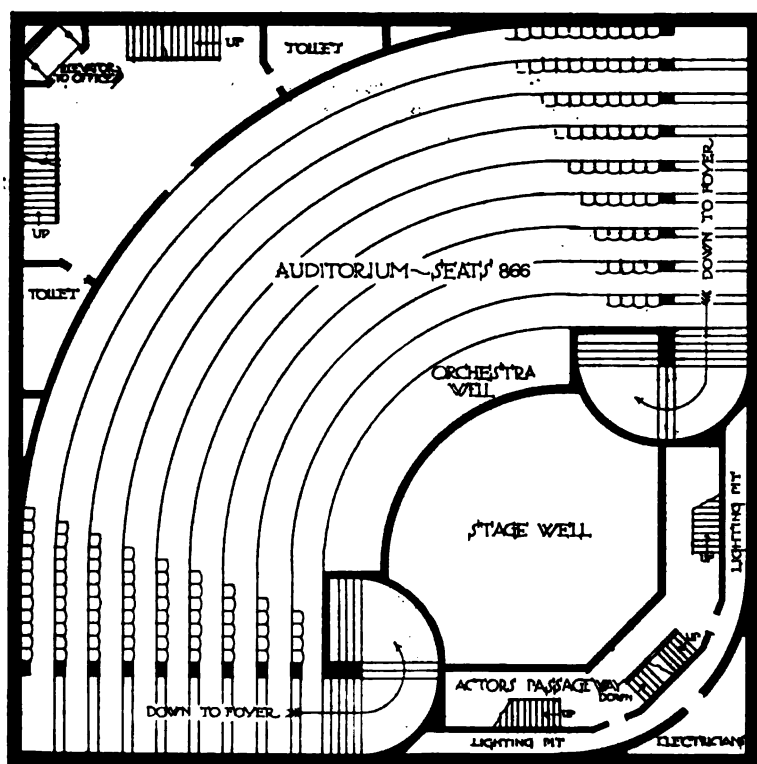
From the Architectural Record.

Another view of the interior of Geddes' suggested theatre during a performance. This sketch is made as if from a seat far back to the left. Upon the stage is an exterior setting from *Erminie*, designed by Geddes and presented two years ago within the proscenium of a Broadway theatre.



From the Architectural Record.

A view of the basement of Geddes' theatre while a change of setting is being made on one of the two sliding stages. The other is in use above. The stage rolls on tracks out upon the floor of the elevator, which raises it into place.



THEATRE NUMBER SIX - NORMAN-BEL GEDDES

A plan of Norman-Bel Geddes' projected theatre, showing a horizontal section just below the stage door. The stage itself covers the stage-well and the actors' passage and extends almost to the edge of the wall, where the dome begins.

AN AMERICAN NOTE-BOOK ABROAD

BY KENNETH MACGOWAN

TODAY we are thinking more and more of the future of the theatre, the future of the play and the playwright, the future of production, of direction and the actor.

If we are to think of the future to any effect, we must think of the past as well as the present. The path of tomorrow strikes off from the maze of today. To guess at its direction with much chance of success, we must look now and then at the maps of the settled roads of yesterday.

A share of the future—a very large share, I believe—will lie with America; but the past is Continental. And a surprising amount of the past is German.

The story of the artistic development of the German theatre past the realistic stage is familiar enough. It began in 1905, it was fairly complete in 1914. It was founded upon Gordon Craig and Appia, and it is symbolized in the name of Max Reinhardt. It made Realism still for Ibsen and Strindberg; but it plowed past the Realism of Otto Brahm—which is the Realism of Belasco—and it achieved a pregnant actuality so direct and simple that it soon gave birth to a new imagination. The strength of this movement lay partly in a very few talented directors like Reinhardt and artists like Stern, but to a great extent in the vigorous, healthy organization of the German theatre. Because of the division of Germany into kingdoms and duchies there had always been many centres of artistic life, each about a court in a capital. In a score of cities, enriched by industrial development, there were theatres endowed by the state or the city, and directed towards the highest artistic accomplishment. In the larger cities privately owned theatres followed the lead of the public institutions. Their virtue lay in their endowment, their ideals and their system of organization. This was the repertory system.

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Here, as nowhere in England or America and only here and there in France, were theatres directed by a single mind, employing a permanent company of players, and maintaining a repertory of plays, old and new, given in recurring succession night after night, theatres retaining therefore a permanent audience, dependable both in pocketbook and taste. Supplementing these theatres were organizations of playgoers among the middle and lower classes, such as the *Volksbühne* in Berlin, which widened the audience of subscribers to good work in the theatre. Between endowment and the security of a permanent audience, it was possible for these German theatres to give uncommonly fine performances at uncommonly low prices.

When we think of the future of the German theatre we must naturally think of the present also, and it is a black present. Germany has been shattered spiritually as well as economically. It has fallen from dreams of world-dominion to bankruptcy and enslavement. The effect of this upon the mind of the citizen who has come through four years of danger and privation is staggering. One incident of the fall, which you learn upon visiting Germany, is sharply significant. Until the soldiers from the broken armies began to stream back into the Rhine provinces in November, 1918, the men and women behind the front believed that their forces were victorious. It is possible for the theatre to go on physically under almost any conditions of privation; but you must reckon spiritually with an extraordinary state of public mind when you prophesy the future of the German theatre. Two things, perhaps, make optimism possible. One: Germany and the German people have gone through terrible things before; there was the Thirty Years War. Two: Germany still has the wonderfully trained audience of pre-war days; it was a broad democratic audience, and so no shift in economic circumstances can destroy a large part of the cultured playgoers as it has in England, in France, and even to some extent in America.

War—backed by the movies—has done its worst in the



From The Theatre Magazine.

Das Rheingold: Alberich's Cave. A setting by Linnebach and Pasetti at the National Theatre in Munich. An atmospheric scene produced by lights playing across a frankly painted background which emphasises the rocky converging lines of a cavern. The artist's design, rather than the mechanic's ingenuity, made a shift of scene easy and quick.



From Shadowland.

Das Rheingold: Walhalla. A setting by Linnebach and Pasetti. The castle becomes slowly visible in the sky, beyond, built of beams of light, hanging in the air like a great cumulus cloud.



He Who Gets Slapped staged in contrasting methods. Above, a sketch by Robert Edmond Jones of *He Who Gets Slapped*, in Paris. There is not the slightest attempt at realistic illusion in this setting. The stage is draped in black curtains. Narrow scarlet ribbons are looped from the top of the proscenium arch in curves to indicate a circus tent. The actors make their entrances and exits from behind a huge circus poster, which is changed from act to act. On the next page appears a sketch of Simonson's production in New York.



A sketch by Lee Simonson of his production of the play for the New York Theatre Guild, with an ingenious and effective use of different levels for the action—an essentially realistic background treated broadly and imaginatively in design.

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Berlin theatre. Here we find another example of the exchange of ideals and personalities which has often been noted between victor and vanquished. Just as America has been Prussianized in its attitude towards the foreigner and the liberal or radical minority, Berlin has taken enthusiastically to the evils of the American theatrical system. Berlin is being rapidly Broadway-ized. Repertory is practically dead at all the theatres but the State Schauspielhaus and the Volksbühne. Facing economic difficulties and the competition of the movies for the services of the actors, Berlin has found that it is a large enough city to support long runs of exceptionally great or exceptionally mediocre plays. Even the three theatres that Reinhardt formerly directed have broken from repertory, and where they once showed ten or twelve productions in two weeks, they show only three or four. Outside Berlin, repertory continues in the State and city theatres, even in private ventures; but many artistic playhouses are badly crippled by the economic troubles of the nation, and some are forced to close.

Such difficulties have their compensations. The theatre of post-war Germany must be economical in its expenditures. That is not, however, such an artistic hardship as much of the talk of elaborate machinery and handsome productions in pre-war days might suggest. Rigorous physical simplicity and a reliance on the genius of design instead of elaboration of mechanics are vital needs in stage setting today. In the past Germany has done fine things in the simplifying of production, and it has done them in spite of the temptation of bulging pocketbooks. What it may be forced to do now through poverty is a matter for real hope.

The danger—for there is a danger—is that smaller minds may find poverty an excuse for a mean sort of simplicity, a bareness and barrenness of spirit. There has always been a tendency among the modern directors and designers to economize spiritually as well as economically. The results have been seen in some of our dry meager "little theatre" productions, full of bare formalism—a sort of

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"simplicism" that has no place in any art, let alone in the live, varied, rich, and vigorous theatre. Occasionally a German artist of real talent falls into this thin manner; Ludwig Sievert mounts *Towards Damascus* at the Frankfurt Schauspielhaus upon a scheme which is physically interesting, but he has given his setting a mean, arid, spiritually poverty-stricken appearance which is never beautiful, and does not in the least express the intense quality of Strindberg's play.

There remains, of course, the spirit of the German people. The audience are intact and intelligent, but what about their spirit? Can these people live down their sufferings, or lift them up to something great outside themselves? The prospect is not so dark in the southern parts, in Bavaria, perhaps; it is certainly bright in Austria, where hunger and economic misery are the realest, and where the divinity of the human spirit is asserted again and again in every happy gesture of a lovely people. In Berlin it is another matter. Spiritual dejection and gnawing misery are in the faces of everyone. They are to be seen on the stage, too. Berlin does not go to the theatre to be taken out of itself; it seems to neglect the prime use of art. Berlin demands echoing misery from its playhouses. It goes to see a blacker and more despicable *Richard III* than Shakespeare ever imagined. At the working people's theatre it suffers the torments of disillusioned revolution in *Masse-Mensch*. It throngs the glowering caverns of the Grosses Schauspielhaus. And everywhere the stage is hung in black curtains. "*Warum immer die schwarzen Vorhänge?*" we asked again and again. Perhaps they are only an accident of the attempt to get a background of emptiness; but they become a yawning gulf of spiritual blackness. The only colors to break the pall are the red of blood and the blue that strikes across the black a symbol of a sinister cruelty.

Of course black curtains are no Teuton monopoly. When the Russian Pitoëff uses them in Paris, when we see them on Broadway and in our "little theatres", we do not look for the words "Made in Germany" on the selva. But in

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Germany they seem numerous and more significant. If the curtains were sometimes dappled with gray or if they were opalescent with hidden lights, they might be signs of nothing more than the Germans' immensely active experiments with a formal stage. Perhaps *bunte Vorhänge* are coming. Perhaps it is always a little dark before dawn.

There are many things upon the German stage besides black dawn. The twilight of the machines for instance, and all the past of the new stagecraft lagging superfluous.

The past of the new stagecraft is often disturbing. To see in 1922 a setting by Roller for *Die Meistersinger* is like encountering at a New York *thé dansant* the girl you used to take to High School dances in St. Louis in 1907. The German stage is full of disquieting reminders of juvenile infatuations; Sweden is not exempt. The work of the pioneers, imitations of the imitations of the work of the pioneers are still to be seen. Verdi's *Macbeth* a la Craig at the Stockholm Opera, *The Sunken Bell* at the Grosses Schauspielhaus with Stern's hill from *Penthesilea*, Reinhardt effects in *Maria Stuart* in Frankfort, good old Russian painting in faked perspective in *Florian Geyer* in Munich, a wedding of Heinrich Leffler and Maxfield Parrish at Dresden in the Verdi opera which the Germans so cheerfully translate as *Der Troubadour*; the style, if you can call it that, of the Washington Square Players in *Towards Damascus* in Frankfort. Everywhere traces of Reinhardt and Craig and Roller.

Such laggard things play a more or less normal part in the life of the German stage. They would find a parallel in any age. They know their place, and keep to it. Something that is only just beginning to learn its proper and subordinate part in the advance of the theatre is the farfamed stage machinery of Germany. The German stage machine is a Frankenstein stagehand. It is intended to do the work of scene shifting at great economy of effort and time. Actually the German theatres seem to employ more stage hands than the American theatres, and the waits are no shorter on the whole than we are able to manage if we want to. Also

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there are peculiar disadvantages to these expensive mechanisms. The revolving stage simply can't handle certain scenes without ceasing to be a revolving stage. The exceptionally fine production of *Masse-Mensch*—with its various great steps the whole width and half the height of the stage, alternating with flat open scenes—received almost no assistance from the "revolver" at the Volksbühne in Berlin. The technical director, putting the stage through its paces, and exhibiting such amusing tricks as its ability to rise or sink some six feet at either end, thus producing a slanting floor, confessed to me that he much preferred some other type of stage.

The sliding and sinking stage has fewer disadvantages, but it is an elaborate, expensive and cumbersome machine to do the work that designers and stage hands might quite as well accomplish. On the matter of expense, it is disquieting to hear at a scene-rehearsal of *Das Rheingold* at the State Opera in Dresden that one hundred and fifty men, including electricians, are busy with this labor-saving device. It is still more disturbing to the machine-worshipper to time the intermissions in German theatres and to find that waits of two to five minutes are quite as frequent as in America. The explanation, of course, is the costumes. "The stage was all set in half a minute, but we had to wait for the tenor to get into his blue tights." It looks very much as if the *Maschineninspektoren* should have introduced sliding wardrobes or adapted the harnessing devices of firehouses before they put thousands of dollars into mechanical stages.

The German technical men are beginning to realize the limitations of the machines, to be content to push them into second place. If you talk to Linnebach of the State Theatre in Dresden, once high priest of the sliding stage, you will note with some surprise that the word *einfach* has a Carolinian way of getting into the conversation. Things must be simpler. No big solid sets; instead, some curtains and lights and a dome on which designs can be projected. The word *Podium* also crops out. Like almost all forward-looking artists and directors in Germany, Linne-

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bach wants to put the actor on a sort of tribune thrust out into the audience. He wants to give him back the vital heritage of the Greek and the mediaeval stages. Linnebach is content mechanically with the devices of the electrician; when he mounted Hasenclever's expressionist drama *Jenseits* he made the setting out of light and shadow, a few chairs and tables, only one or two set pieces and some projected backgrounds.

Machinery like the sliding stage is all right in its way so long as we must have heavy realistic sets. It is difficult to see how the opening scene of Shaw's *Pygmalion*, looking out to the street from under the portico of Covent Garden, could be better created or more quickly shifted than in Linnebach's production. Certainly without the ability to sink the rear part of the stage three or four feet by pressing a lever, he could not have given us the natural effect of the street level below the eyes of the audience and actors. The great virtue of a mechanical stage of this kind is not to shift scenery so much as to supply economically and quickly different levels for the actors to play upon. The use of levels is one of the important advances of the Continental stage since the war, and the sinking stage helps greatly with this. With a few inner prosceniums and simple backgrounds, it can supply, as it were, an infinite variety of formal stages such as the Continental theatre seems slowly to be tending toward.

Barring the realistic and the formal, there is a middle ground in which the machine is of little value compared with the designer. In Linnebach's theatre—though not from his designs—a Hindu romance, *Vasantesena*, was mounted frankly and freshly against flat settings in the style of Indian miniatures. This was accomplished without the aid of stage machinery, by the use of a permanent setting or portal of Indian design, with steps and a platform on which, framed within an inner proscenium, drops and profiles were changed as much as we would change them. The artist, Otto Hettner, supplied a style, as well as a formal stage, which made the machine taboo. Working with Pasetti at

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the National Theatre in Munich, Linnebach accomplished the changes of *Das Rheingold* quite as easily. In another production at Dresden, under Hasait, the fields of the Gods opposite Valhalla were made of bulky platforms and plastic rocks, which went rolling back behind the cyclorama while up from the basement in one piece came the cave of the *Nibelungen* with its nooks and corners, its overhanging ceiling, and its whole equipment of plastic canvas rocks, which might have come out of some cavern on a scenic railway. In Munich the simpler levels of the fields in the second scene served in the cave scene also. They were lost in the shadows, along with the side walls, which were hardly more than masking curtains. The rocky cave was suggested wholly by the backdrop. This was painted in broken, converging lines of rock formations. Because of the magic of light, it did not seem like some conventional old backdrop.

The day of the machine is over in the theatre, the day of its domination at any rate. For a time it looked as though the name of the old theatre in the Tuilleries would have to be painted over every stage door in Germany—La Salle des Machines. Now the stage machine is sinking into its proper place—the cellar. A new device is lording it in the theatre, but it cannot be called a machine. The electric light is not a mechanical thing. It is miraculously animated by something very like the Life force, and, night by night, its living rays are directed to new and unforeseen ends. Valhalla glows in light upon the backdrop and all manner of miracles come out of the switchboard.

The spirit of the theatre as it has developed since the war, seems to call upon the designer and the *régisseur* instead of the mechanic and the electrician. When artists were building heavy and cumbersome settings, elaborate in physical proportions if not in design, sliding and revolving stages were unquestionably necessary, though we may well ask how much the presence of the mechanism tempted the artists into such excess. Today, however, illusion is being banished, setting stylized, the stage itself made formal. Machinery becomes irrelevant. Copeau does not need it

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even for the realistic *Les Frères Karamazov*. *Régisseurs* of the new sort want something more theatrical than turntables, which any round-house might boast.

The playwright works with the *régisseur* and the artist to this end. While Dorothy Richardson, Waldo Frank, James Joyce are taking the machinery out of the novel, the playwrights are busy making machinery unnecessary for the drama. They drop "atmosphere" and take up the soul. They seek the subjective instead of the physical. They want to thrill us with the mysteries and clarities of the unconscious instead of cozening us with photographic detail or romantic color. For all this they need imagination in setting, not actuality. Form carries the spirit up and out. Design, which is of the spirit, drives out mechanism, which is of the brain. The actor takes the centre of the stage. He becomes a communicant with the audience, as he was in the beginning.

To bring the actor into a new—or a very old—relationship with the spectator, France and Germany have experimented with various types of playhouses and America has theorized about them. Germany's outstanding venture, the Grosses Schauspielhaus—cluttered with mechanism and burdened with a complete picture stage—is now definitely an artistic failure; crowds throng it, but the actors have been shoved out of the orchestra, where they were once in the heart of the audience, and back towards the picture frame. The French experiment, on the other hand, Jacques Copeau's Vieux-Colombier, has won as complete a success, both artistic and financial, as is possible in its unattractive and limited building.

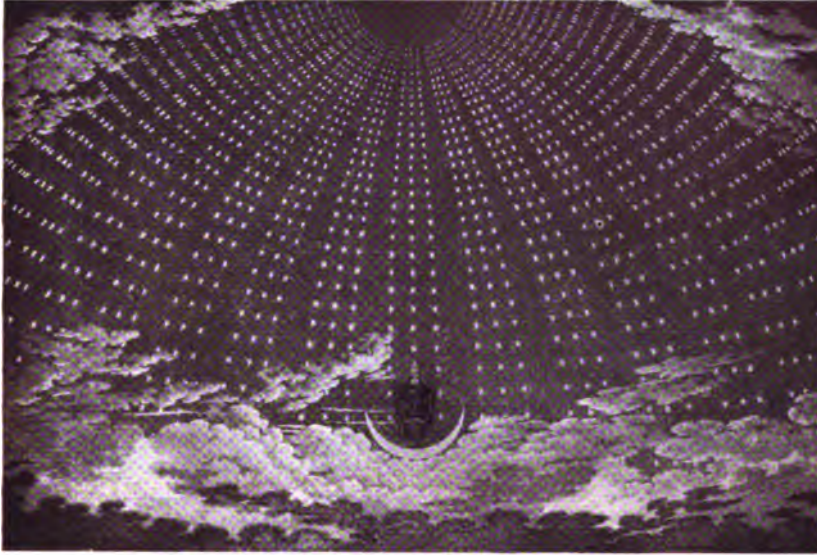
By far the most advanced experiment with a new kind of playhouse is going forward in poverty-stricken Vienna under the direction of a bankrupt government. There in the handsome old palace of Maria Theresa the management of the state theatres has created a purely "presentational" and non-illusionist stage which goes farther than any other in reestablishing contact between actor and auditor, and between the past and the future.

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In the Redoutensaal, the baroque ballroom which took its present shape in 1744, President Vetter of the *Staats-theaterverwaltung* and Oberbaurat Sebastian Heinrich have created a unique theatrical instrument. At one end they have placed an acting platform without proscenium or "flies". Upon this platform is a curving wall perhaps fifteen feet high, carrying out the decorative motifs of the hall, and making a permanent background for the stage. In the middle, double stairways curve up to a balcony above. Upon the balcony are great doors leading to other rooms. The shell of cream and gold wall is pierced by openings for doors and windows. Screens or simple set-pieces serve to vary this setting, and to indicate mood and place. The *Marriage of Figaro* and *The Barber of Seville* were thus presented by the forces of the State Opera last season, and this fall Max Reinhardt is to return to active production by mounting in the Redoutensaal Goethe's *Stella* and *Clavigor*, Gozzi's *Turandot*, Molière's *Le Misanthrope* and Calderon's *Dame Cobalt*.

More exciting and less limited playhouses are possible. A miraculous theatre will some day be made from such a one-ring circus as the clown of *He Who Gets Slapped* appeared in, a place of novel unities and fresh perspectives. But, as it stands, the Redoutensaal is the most interesting and heartening theatre in Europe. About you is beauty—walls hung with priceless Gobelins, a haze of gray and gold above you, and seven great crystal chandeliers blazing upon stage and auditorium, actors and audience. Here the frank, theatrical nature of the play is asserted once more and asserted in tones of loveliness and command. The future listens.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The above article and certain illustrations by Robert Edmond Jones in this issue are taken from a forthcoming book, *Continental Stagecraft*, the result of a trip by Macgowan and Jones through the theatres of Europe the past summer. Jones completed his drawings from rough notes made during the actual performance.



The Lesson of the Ancients might serve as title to this and the three following designs. The first, a drawing by the great German architect, Carl Friedrich Schinkel, who did much for the reform of theatre building and scene painting in the early decades of the nineteenth century, is for the scene in Mozart's *The Magic Flute* usually referred to as *The Queen of the Night*. The simple and appropriate beauty of Schinkel's formal arrangement of a heavenly dome of stars contrasts most strikingly with the sloppy inconsequence of the modern design for the same scene reproduced on the third page following.



From The Permanent Exhibition of the Master School of United Arts.

PIETRO GONZAGA

A LARGE proportion of the private art collections of Russia were started at the end of the eighteenth century, during the reign of Catherine the Great. Why? Not because the general level of thinking had been raised. Nor because transportation had been improved. These factors had an influence upon the development of art in Russia but not so large an influence as one single characteristic of that Empress, who, with all her faults, displayed a profound knowledge of the human soul. Having heard about the immense wealth of one or another of her magnates or big merchants the Empress at a reception would address the man with the sudden remark: "You must have a wonderful art collection! I would like to see it. In a month I will pay a visit to your house." Who would ever acknowledge his ignorance in such a case? Who would have the courage to say that the highest form of art had been banished from his house? In this way, foundations for splendid collections were laid, often in a month's time, and magnificent collections grew up. And it becomes clear why in the St. Petersburg Ermitage there were 38 Rembrandts!

Not only objects of art penetrated liberally into Russia during Catherine's reign. Their creators also became welcome guests. And it is remarkable that there was a complete absence of chauvinism and of cheap nationalism, those dark partitions between the best attainments of our era.

Pietro Gonzaga was one of the masters who came to Russia at this time. I have before me three of his sepias, two for theatre decorations, one a design of a dream city. Even after a cursory survey one is struck by his wealth of imagination, his feeling for romance, his firm hand and powerful technique. A long series of important works, most of them for the theatre.



Two decorations for a Russian theatre made by Pietro Gonzaga more than a century ago. Alive and beautiful in themselves, they gain an added interest from the way in which they hark back two centuries more to Palladio and through him to Vitruvius and look forward to the best Russian designers of our own day. The straight line which art takes from master to master and from country to country, without regard to political boundaries might well be illustrated by a comparison between Palladio's designs for the Olympian Theatre in Vicenza (*Theatre Arts*, April, 1921), one of Inigo Jones' designs for the Elizabethan Theatre, these designs by Pietro Gonzaga and modern Russian decorations.

were executed by Gonzaga. Before he came to Russia he worked at the Fenice Theatre in Venice, the Argentina in Rome, the Scala in Milan, the S. Agostina in Genoa.

In 1791, at the invitation of the Russian Ambassador Prince N. B. Yussupoff, he came to Russia, which became his second fatherland, giving him both recognition and position. He painted the decorations for the theatre in the palace of the prince in St. Petersburg and in the Imperial theatres. He drew the plans for the theatre in the Imperial Ermitage (built by Guarenghi). Many ceremonial processions were among his projects, including the mourning catafalque of Catherine, in 1796. Before he died he wrote two books: *Light Adapted to Theatre Decoration* and *The Music of the Eyes, or Theatre Optics*.

Out of any record of his activity, however brief, the live Italian figure of the painter steps forth, powerful in strength and fanciful in spirit. Only a true poet could have dreamt of such fantastic cities, only a skilled painter could have tackled all the complexity of the lines, drawn without an effacement. Gonzaga cities are tremendously alive; the various schools that followed have not killed their importance.

NICOLAS ROERICH.



The Queen of the Night scene in *The Magic Flute* as designed by Ludwig Kainer for the 1922 revival at the Berlin State Opera. See page 313.

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BY JAMES C. GREY

IF the American visitor to Rome ever halted long enough in his busy round to sit, after the siesta, at one of the little tables outside the Cafe Aragno and sip a Fernet-Branca, he would see a tall, slightly stooped man with a little pointed white beard and an aquiline nose, walking with a friend or two along the Corso in that daily procession to hear the music on the Pincian Hill.

The observant American would notice particularly the lumbering gait of this distinguished looking man, and that his eyebrows twitched nervously above a pair of sharp eyes sparkling with irony, while his hands moved rapidly with all the eloquence of the Italian whose hands outrun his words in eloquence.

Then he would hear the waiter say approvingly: "Ecco il Pirandello—There goes Pirandello—" artist, thinker, professor, poet, novelist, dramatist and founder of a movement in the theatre that is inaccurately known as the "grotesque" movement but is more correctly "Pirandellism."

There is nothing in Luigi Pirandello that lends itself to the pen of the caricaturist. That lumbering gait of his is something he is proud of—as proud as he is of his native Sicily, where his ancestors toiled in the sulphur mines.

Pirandello was born at Girgenti, Sicily, on June 28, 1867. He studied in Palermo and in Rome and in Bonn and he has been professor in a girls' High School in Rome since 1907. He lives in a villa *fuori le mura*, one window of his wide study looking out on the blue Alban Hills and Tusculum where Cicero lived, another window letting in the din and bustle from a moving picture lot just outside his gate. Between Girgenti in 1867 and Rome in 1922 lies the drama of Italy's national psychology: the optimism of the

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Risorgimento, the disillusion of the middle period and the confusion of the present. The history of Italy during those fifty years is the history of the evolution of Pirandello's state of mind. There is something of his own Leopardi in his reaction to his country's story. The poems of his youth are filled with optimism and a shout for liberty; but the revealing years brought a change—not the lament and sadness of Leopardi, but a sort of leucocholy, a white pessimism, a desolate humor aggravated by the age in which he lived. Read his early short stories, and particularly *I Vecchi e I Giovani*, (*The Old and the Young*) if you would understand this.

Perhaps, too, the influence of his native Sicily was making itself felt in his blood. It is in the nature of the Sicilian to be tragic, as befits the son of that hard and barren soil. Twenty years ago he wrote: "Ask the poet, what is the saddest sight and he will reply 'It is laughter on the face of a man.' Who laughs does not know."

Such is the Pirandello state of mind. Man is not free—man is imprisoned in this body of death, and he is further imprisoned by the society in which he lives and moves; for Pirandello, "society is a league of brigands against men of good will." The soul within grasps at the absolute, at infinity, but man is confined and definite, and man's life he defines as a game of grasping at the unattainable. "Who laughs does not know."

The coldness of his logic, pushed to what he knows to be the verge of absurdity, grips him so that he can never let himself go. The result is not a sneer but a smile of pity for man and his passions and unfulfilled dreams. To quote his own words: "Ci vorrebbe un critico di buona volonta, che facesse vedere quanto compatimento gia sotto a quel riso."

In the Pirandello state of mind—what the Italians call "Pirandellismo"—life does not count except as pain. Whereas Ibsenism was the affirmation of the individual, Pirandellism is the triumph of pessimism incarnate in each individual as he goes down in the struggle between life and

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the need for sincerity, between society and the right to express his personality.

Young Italy today is taking this sort of thing seriously. The mental processes of man—his intuitions—his pure acts—his truth—are daily matters of debate, together with the political theories involved in such movements as Fascism, Communism and militant Catholicism. Strange as it may seem, metaphysics lives in the daily press of Italy. Young Italy is thinking and finds the expression of its consciousness in the subtle dialectics of Pirandello and his school. A mob of six hundred persons, young and old, came to blows and rioted in the streets of Rome recently, over one of his plays. Two men in Milan fought a duel over another, the one exasperated by the mental gymnastics of the author, the other delighting in the irony and the rarefied atmosphere to which the weaver of fancies invited him. To such an extent does the new theatre in Italy form part of the national life.

Over there, they call the new plays "grottesche". It is a misleading term as translated to our ears. If you turn to the rich decoration and stucco work and colorings on the pilasters and arches and windows of the Loggie of Raffaele in the Vatican, you will see the original "grottesche". It was the name given to the details copied from Roman monuments buried away for centuries in the basements of Rome. Antiquity was laid under tribute, but there was no plagiarism. The artists of the Renaissance took the parts and made a new whole of them. Mythological subjects, cupids, plants, fruits, vases and animals are to be seen on every hand; heaven and earth and the winds of heaven are drawn into one great poem. So it is with Pirandello and the artists who have preceded him. Later the arabesque style of the Renaissance became stiff and heavy and formal and began to pall, just as there is danger that the facile imitators of Pirandello are already formalising the sadly humoristic blend of logic and absurdity in which he has intertwined the real and the unreal that go to make up life as he sees it.

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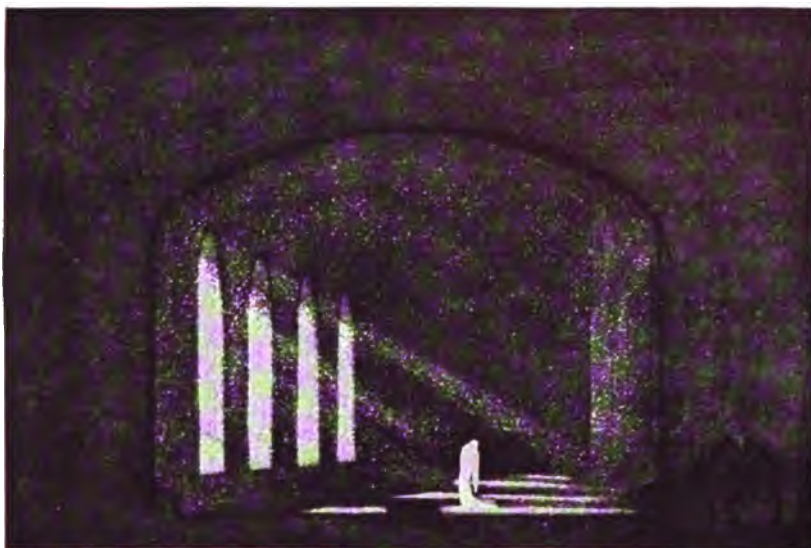
The starting point of the "Grotesque" was a novel written by Pirandello many years ago: *Il Fu Mattia Pascal* (*He Who Was Mattia Pascal*) in which a man, supposed to have been killed in a train wreck, accepts the fact of his own death and, assuming a new name, buries himself in Rome under another personality. The idea contained in this story was seized on by a Milanese playwright named Luigi Chiarelli, who embodied it in the earliest "grotesque" play that appeared in Italy, *The Mask and the Face*.

How widely his idea of the "grotesque" differs from that of the master can best be seen by comparing Chiarelli's work with Pirandello's *Six Characters in Search of an Author*, soon to be given on the New York stage.

What more cruel misfortune can be imagined, Pirandello seems to say, than for a group of characters to be born in the brain of an author who refuses to let them live? In the play we see the characters, creatures of Pirandello's imagination, actually making their way into the theatre where the manager is rehearsing another comedy by Pirandello himself. The characters are: the Father; the legitimate Son (who wishes himself well out of it); the Mother (whom her husband, tormented by the demon of experiment, has allowed to go off with the man she loves), and the Three Children she has had by him. The Father is the spokesman of the party. He is eager to live in the group of actors of the company, with the help of the manager whom he proposes to make the author he is in search of.

The Father is continually putting the manager in his place. A stage character has a perfect right to ask a man who he is, because the character has a marked individuality of his own, separated from the eternal flux of things. The Father is far more real than the manager, whose identity, he insists, is changing every minute, since his own identity has been fixed once for all by the author and cannot change, however differently it may be interpreted.

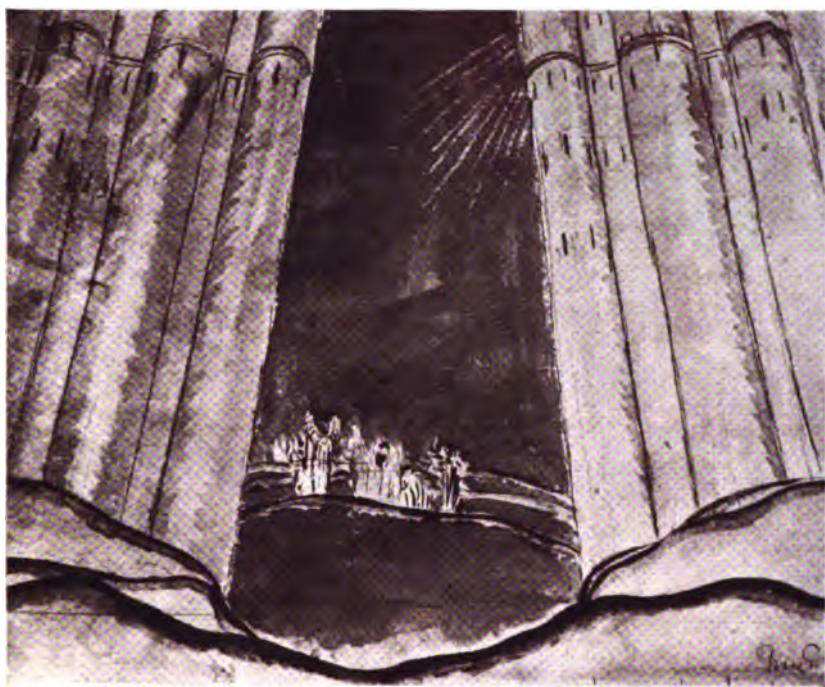
The play continues amid an amusing series of abstract discussions between the Father and the Manager and quar-



Theatrical design in Sweden. Above, the sleepwalking scene from Verdi's *Macbeth*, as staged at the Royal Opera in Stockholm, under the direction of Harald André and from a sketch by Thorolf Jansson. Moonlight slants down through four tall windows making alternate bars of light and shadow, through which moves the white-robed figure of Lady Macbeth. The Doctor and the Gentlewoman are held hidden at one side in the darkness of the foreground. The drawing is by Robert Edmond Jones.



The Desert, a setting designed by Isaac Grünewald for the opera *Samson and Delilah* in Stockholm. A vista of hills and sky, painted and lit in tones of burning orange, is framed by the walls of Philistia, falling before the Jews. Director André has grouped his players so as to repeat the triangular form of the opening through which they are seen. The sketch shows the actual impression of the production as seen by Robert Edmond Jones.



Isaac Grünewald's sketch for the scene in *Samson and Delilah* reproduced on the page opposite.



From the Century Magazine.

Samson and Delilah: the mill. A remarkable example of an essentially theatrical setting designed by Isaac Grünewald for the Royal Opera in Stockholm. Black emptiness. A slanting shaft of light strikes the mill-stone in a vivid crescent. As the wheel travels within its track this crescent widens to a disc of blinding light, and then shrinks again. The actual forms of this setting are sublimated into an arresting composition of shifting abstract shapes of light.



Grünwald's original design for the mill scene. As Jones's sketch made from the performance shows, certain modifications were necessary. *The Theatre Arts Magazine* prints these parallel sketches of the designer's intention and the form the production took, as interesting and concrete example of changes in an artist's conceptions made in the course of production.



The box at the bicycle race in Kaiser's *Morn to Midnight* as staged by Lee Simonson for the Theatre Guild. Black curtains, a wooden railing, a few flags, and light. A simple and effective scene parallel to expressionism in dialog.

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rels between the Characters and the actors. The reluctant Mother and the legitimate Son bitterly resent going through with their parts; and then comes a pistol shot with which one of the children commits suicide. The Father and the Manager fall to arguing whether the death is real, and the Manager, in a rage, turns all the Characters out of his theatre, while the audience is left to answer the question: What is reality and what is fiction?

Not only Chiarelli but half of the younger Italian dramatists—Antonelli, Lopez, Secondino and others—have been strongly influenced by Pirandello but without his success. Even Bracco in his newest play *Pazzi* has abandoned the French model which he finds no longer popular in Italy, but while striving to reproduce the atmosphere of the grotesque he has failed to live up to what audiences are accustomed to find in Pirandello and his group. There is, however, one young Sicilian, Rosso di San Secondo, on whom the mantle of Pirandello fits more gracefully. In his play, *Marionette: Che Passione* (*Marionettes: What Passions You Have*), he has achieved a real Pirandello success. His work seems to indicate that the grotesque is not merely a passing fad, the expression of one man's personality, but the expression through the theatre of the state of mind of the Italian people in their post-war evolution. Pirandello began as a poet. His first volume of verse: *Mal Giocondo* was published in 1889. His first volume of prose followed in 1894 and its title tells its contents: *Amori senza Amore* (*Loves without Love*). Then there came innumerable short stories, such as *Tonino e Tonnotto*, or (*The Two Sons*); *Notizie del Mondo* (*Letters written to a Dead Friend up to the Time of Marrying his Widow*), and *The Fan* in which a poor deserted woman with a child spends the last cent she has on a paper fan on a hot day.

One has only to read a volume or two of these short stories to get the very essence of Pirandello's method. In the introduction to one of them he tells us that every Sunday morning between seven and ten he holds a reception for his

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characters, where their claims are duly pressed, while they tempt him, individually and collectively, to give them life. It is the characters who dominate the situation. To Pirandello they are absolutely alive. Not until they have become so would he think of using them, and woe to the producer who would dare to tamper with them. There is a story of a London manager who wanted a happy ending and who had to do without a Pirandello play. Indeed, if report from Rome be true, managers have so annoyed the artistic and sensitive Sicilian that he has sworn to write no more plays and is now engaged on a novel with the odd title *A Nobody and A Hundred Thousand*.

Pirandello's early plays, like *Liola*, were written in Sicilian dialect, it is said at the instance of his friend, the great actor Musco, but he doubtless needed no urging.

The Italian theatre is essentially an actor's theatre and Pirandello's plays, always more interested in the character than in the plot, translate themselves easily into good acting. If the reader will turn to *Sicilian Limes*, one of his earliest plays, appearing in this issue, he will see how the Italian disposes in a gesture of a story that a French or English dramatist would have taken three acts to develop. In quick succession the plays followed, in Sicilian and in Italian, and most of them were produced by Angelo Musco and his Sicilian players. The names of a few of them are *Pensaci Giacomino—Il Piacere Dell' Onesta—Tutto Per Bene—Come Prima Meglio di Prima—L'Innesto—Ma non i Una cosa seria—L'Uomo la Bestia e la Bruta*.

SICILIAN LIMES

BY LUIGI PIRANDELLO

(Translated by Elisabeth Abbott)

MICUCCIO BONAVINO, *Musician in a band*; MARTA MARNIS, *mother of SINA MARNIS, singer*; FERDINANDO, *waiter*; DORINA, *maid*; *Guests*; *Other waiters*.

TIME: *the present*. PLACE: *a city in Northern Italy*.

SCENE: *A hallway containing a few pieces of furniture; a little table, several chairs. The corner to the left is hidden by a screen. Doors at the right and the left. At rear the main door, of glass, opens on a dark room, across which may be seen a brilliantly illuminated salon. Through the panes of the decorated door can be seen a table sumptuously spread. It is night. The hallway is in darkness. Someone is snoring behind the curtain. A few minutes after the curtain is raised Ferdinando enters at right with a light in his hand. He is in his shirt sleeves, but he only has to put on his dress-coat and he will be ready to wait on the table. He is followed by Micuccio Bonavino, evidently just from the country, with his overcoat collar turned up to his ears, boots to his knees, a dirty bag in one hand, in the other an old valise and the case of a musical instrument which he can scarcely carry from cold and weariness. Scarcely is the room lighted, the snoring behind the curtain ceases, and Dorina calls;*

DORINA. Who is it?

FERDINANDO [*putting the lamp down on the little table*]. Hey Dorina! Here is Signor Bonvicino.

MICUCCIO [*shaking his head so as to get rid of a drop on the tip of his nose, corrects him*]. Bonavino, please.

FERDINANDO. Bonavino, Bonavino.

DORINA [*yawning behind the curtain*]. Who's he?

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FERDINANDO. A relation of Madame. [*To Micuccio.*] And how are you related to Madame, please? A cousin perhaps?

MICUCCIO [*embarrassed, hesitating*]. Well—not exactly—I am not related. I am—I am Micuccio Bonavino; she knows who I am.

DORINA [*her curiosity aroused, comes out from behind the curtain, still half asleep*]. Relative of Madame?

FERDINANDO [*provoked*]. But! No. [*To Micuccio.*] Fellow countryman? Then why did you ask me if "Zia" Marta was here? [*To Dorina.*] Understand? I thought he was a relative, a nephew—I can't receive you, my dear fellow.

MICUCCIO. What? How is that? I have come all the way from the country, on purpose!

FERDINANDO. On purpose? What for?

MICUCCIO. To find her!

FERDINANDO. Well I tell you she's not here! You won't find her in at this hour.

MICUCCIO. And if the train has just arrived what can I do about it? Could I say to the train, run faster? [*Joins his hands and exclaims smiling as if to persuade him to a certain indulgence.*] The train is here! It comes when it comes. I have been traveling for two days—

DORINA [*eyeing him from head to foot*]. That's plain to be seen!

MICUCCIO. Is it? Very much? How do I look?

DORINA. Ugly, my dear fellow. Don't be offended.

FERDINANDO. I can't receive you. Come back tomorrow and you'll find her. Madame is at the theatre now.

MICUCCIO. What do you mean, come back! Must I go? Where shall I go? I don't know where to go here, at night, a stranger. If she is not here I will wait for her. Come now! Can't I wait for her here?

FERDINANDO. I tell you no! Without permission—

MICUCCIO. Permission! You do not know me—

FERDINANDO. That is just it. Because I don't know you. I'm not going to get a scolding on your account.

MICUCCIO [*smiling with a contented air and making a sign of negation with the fingers*]. Don't worry.

DORINA [*to Ferdinando, ironically*]. Oh of course, she'll be in the mood to attend to him, this evening! [*To Micuccio.*] Can't you see? [*She points to the brilliantly lighted salon in the rear.*] We're having a party!

MICUCCIO. Yes! What party?

DORINA. An evening in [*Yawns*] her honor.

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FERDINANDO. And we'll get through, God willing, by dawn!

MICUCCIO. All right, it doesn't matter. I'm sure that as soon as Teresina sees me—

FERDINANDO. Understand? He calls her Teresina, just Teresina. He asked me if the singer "Teresina" lived here—

MICUCCIO. And what of it? Isn't she a singer? That's what they call it—Are you trying to teach *me* what to call her?

DORINA. Then you really know her so well?—

MICUCCIO. Well? We grew up together, as little children, she and I.

FERDINANDO [*to Dorina*]. What shall we do?

DORINA. Oh! let him wait!

MICUCCIO [*piqued*]. But of course I will wait—what do you mean? I came on purpose to—

FERDINANDO. Just sit down there. I wash my hands of it. I must get ready. [*He disappears in the direction of the salon at the rear.*]

MICUCCIO. That is fine! Just as if I were—Perhaps because I look like this all covered with the smoke and dust of the railroad—If I were to tell Teresina when she returns from the theatre—[*A doubt occurs to him and he looks around him.*] Excuse me, whose house is this?

DORINA [*watching him and making fun of him*]. Ours—as long as we are here.

MICUCCIO. So then, things are going well! [*He looks toward the salon again.*] Is it a large house?

DORINA. So so.

MICUCCIO. And that is a salon?

DORINA. For receptions. Tonight there's a banquet there!

MICUCCIO. Oh! What a table! What bright lights!

DORINA. Beautiful, isn't it?

MICUCCIO [*rubs his hands, contentedly*]. Then it's true!

DORINA. What is?

MICUCCIO. Oh, you can see, they are getting along well—

DORINA. Do you know who Sina Marnis is?

MICUCCIO. Sina? Oh! Of course! That is what she calls herself now. "Zia" Marta wrote me about it—Teresina—of course—Teresina: Sina . . .

DORINA. But wait a moment—now that I think of it—you—[*She calls Ferdinando from the salon.*] Pst! Come here, Ferdinando—Do you know who he is? The fellow she's always writing to, the mother—

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MICUCCIO. She doesn't know how to write, poor little thing—

DORINA. Yes, yes, Bonavino. But—Domenico! Your name is Domenico, isn't it?

MICUCCIO. Domenico or Micuccio. It is the same thing. We say Micuccio.

DORINA. You have been very ill, haven't you? Desperately—

MICUCCIO. Terribly, yes. At death's door! Dead! Almost dead! With the candles lighted.

DORINA. Signora Marta sent you a money order, didn't she? Oh, I remember—we went to the post-office together.

MICUCCIO. A money order, yes. And that's what I came for. I have it here, the money.

DORINA. You are returning it to her?

MICUCCIO. Money—nothing! Money! one should not talk of it! But tell me, will they be much longer in coming?

DORINA [*looking at the clock*]. Oh! about sometime tonight!

FERDINANDO [*coming back from the salon to the side door at left, with kitchen utensils, smiling*]. Bravo! Bravo! Encore! Encore! Encore!

MICUCCIO [*smiling*]. Wonderful voice, eh?

FERDINANDO [*turning back*]. Oh yes!—the voice too—

MICUCCIO [*rubbing his palms*]. I don't want to boast! It is my work!

DORINA. Her voice?

MICUCCIO. I discovered it!

DORINA. Yes! [*To Ferdinando*]. Think, Ferdinando? He discovered her—her voice.

MICUCCIO. I am a musician, I am—

FERDINANDO. Ah! Musician! Bravo! And what do you play? The trumpet?

MICUCCIO [*at first shakes his finger in negation, then, seriously*]. No! A trumpet! The piccolo. I am in the band. The communal band in my part of the country.

DORINA. And what is the name of your place? I remember—

MICUCCIO. Palma Montechiaro, what do you think it is named?

DORINA. Oh yes, Palma—yes.

FERDINANDO. And so you are the one who discovered her voice?

DORINA. Come now, tell us how it happened, my boy! Listen to this, Ferdinando.

MICUCCIO [*shrugging his shoulders*]. How I did it?—she used to sing—

DORINA. And at once, you being a musician—eh?

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MICUCCIO. No, not at once. On the other hand—

FERDINANDO. How long did it take?

MICUCCIO. She was always singing—sometimes out of spite too—

DORINA. Really?

FERDINANDO. Out of spite?

MICUCCIO. Oh yes, so as—to get certain things out of her mind—because—

FERDINANDO. Because what?

MICUCCIO. Disappointment, troubles, poor little thing—in those days! Her father was dead, yes, I—helped her—her and her mother, “Zia” Marta—But my mother was against it—and—in short—

DORINA. You were very fond of her, eh?

MICUCCIO. I? of Teresina? That makes me laugh! My mother insisted that I should give her up because she, poor little one, had nothing, and her father had died. As for me, for good or evil, I had the little position in the band—

FERDINANDO. But,—then you were not engaged?

MICUCCIO. My parents would not allow it! And that is why Teresina sang out of spite—

DORINA. Ah! Just listen to that—And then what did you do?

MICUCCIO. It was heaven! I can tell you, an inspiration from heaven! No one had cared about it; not even I. Then all of a sudden—one morning—

FERDINANDO. There’s luck for you!

MICUCCIO. I’ll never forget it. It was a morning in April . . . She was singing at my window . . . beneath the roof. . . . I lived in the garret then.

FERDINANDO. Do you understand?

DORINA. Be quiet!

MICUCCIO. What harm was it? The humblest can have the greatest gifts. . . .

DORINA. Of course they can! Well? She was singing?

MICUCCIO. A hundred thousand times I had heard her sing this little air of ours. . . .

DORINA. Little air?

MICUCCIO. Yes. “All things pass”—that is the name of it.

FERDINANDO. Eh! All things pass. . . .

MICUCCIO [*reciting*]

All things in this world below,
Live their time and then depart,
But this thorn within my heart,
Sweetheart mine, will never go.

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Ah! What melody! Divine—impassioned! Enough of that! I had never set much store by it. But that morning . . . it was as if I were in paradise! It seemed an angel, an angel who was singing! Quietly, without saying anything to her or to her mother, that day after dinner, I brought to the garret the leader of our band, who is a great friend of mine—a very close friend this one, Saro Malaviti—such a kind chap, poor fellow—He heard her—he is splendid, a great leader, so that everyone in Palma knows him—and he said: “But this is a voice from God!” Imagine our joy! I rented a piano—but to get it up there in the garret. . . . Well! I bought the music and then the leader began to give her lessons—satisfied with some small presents that they could give him from time to time. . . . What was I? Just what I am now . . . a poor, humble fellow—The piano cost money, the music cost money . . . and then Teresina had to eat decent food. . . .

FERDINANDO. Eh, of course!

DORINA. So that she'd have strength enough to sing. . . .

MICUCCIO. Meat, every day! I can take the credit for that!

FERDINANDO. Zounds?

DORINA. And so?

MICUCCIO. She began to learn. And from that time you could see it all—it was written up there in heaven you might say. . . . And they came to hear her from all over the country, her wonderful voice. . . . The people stood beneath the window on the streets to listen. And what a spirit! She was fire—passion itself—and when she stopped singing, she would grasp me by the arm like this. . . . (*He seizes Ferdinando*) and would shake me . . . like a madwoman. . . . Because she already foresaw. . . . She knew what she would become. Then the leader told us so. And she did not know how to show me her gratitude. Zia Marta, on the other hand, poor soul. . . .

DORINA. Was she against it?

MICUCCIO. I wouldn't say she was against it—she did not believe it, that was all. She had seen so much in her life, poor old woman, that she did not want Teresina to take it into her head to rise above the position to which she had been so long resigned. She was afraid, that is all. And then she knew what it cost me—and that my parents—But I broke with all of them, with my father, with my mother, when a certain teacher from outside came to Palma who gave concerts. . . . I do not remember his name now—but well-enough known. When this master heard Teresina and said it would be a sin, a real sin not to let her continue her studies in a city, in a great conservatory—I was fired with enthusiasm, I broke with them

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all, sold the farm that an uncle of mine, a priest, had left me at his death and sent Teresina to Naples to the Conservatory.

FERDINANDO. You?

MICUCCIO. Yes I—I.

DORINA [*to Ferdinando*]. At his own expense, understand?

MICUCCIO. Four years I kept her there, studying. Four . . . I have never seen her since then.

DORINA. Never?

MICUCCIO. Never. Because—because then she began to sing in the theatres, you see. Here and there—She flew from Naples to Rome, from Rome to Milan—then to Spain—then to Russia—then back here again—

FERDINANDO. Creating a furore!

MICUCCIO. Oh! I know it! I have them all here in the valise, all the papers—And then I have her letters here too—[*He takes a bundle of letters from his inside coat pocket.*] from her and from her mother—Here they are—These are her words when she sent me the money, that time I was on the point of death! “Dear Micuccio, I have not time to write to you. I confirm everything Mamma said. Get better, be your old self again, and wish me well. Teresina.”

FERDINANDO. And—how much did she send you?

DORINA. A thousand lire, wasn't it?

MICUCCIO. A thousand, truly.

FERDINANDO. And your farm, excuse me, the one you sold, how much was it worth?

MICUCCIO. But how much should it be worth? Not much—A small strip of land—

FERDINANDO [*winking at Dorina*]. Ah!

MICUCCIO. But I have the money here. I do not want anything. The little I have done, I have done for her sake. We agreed to wait two, three years because she had to make a place for herself—Zia Marta always kept writing that to me in her letters. I tell the truth, you see; I was not waiting for this money. But if Teresina sent it to me it is a sign that she has plenty of it, because she has made a place for herself—

FERDINANDO. I should say! And what a place!

MICUCCIO. And therefore it is time. . . .

DORINA. To get married?

MICUCCIO. I am here.

FERDINANDO. Have you come to marry Sina Marnis?

DORINA. Be quiet! They are promised. Can't you understand at all? Certainly! To marry . . .

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MICUCCIO. I am not saying anything. I simply say, I am here. I have left everything there in the country, family, band, everything. I went to law against my parents on account of those thousand lire that arrived without my knowledge, when I was more dead than alive. I had to tear it out of my mother's hand, for she wanted to keep it. Ah, no sir! Money, no indeed! Micuccio Bonavino and money, no indeed! Wherever I may be, even at the end of the world, I won't starve. I have my art. I have my piccolo, and. . .

DORINA. Oh, yes? Did you bring your piccolo, too?

MICUCCIO. Of course I brought it with me! My piccolo and I are inseparable. . . .

FERDINANDO. She sings and he plays. Understand?

MICUCCIO. Don't you think I can play in the orchestra?

FERDINANDO. But, of course! Why not?

DORINA. And—you play well, I imagine!

MICUCCIO. So so. . . . I have been playing for ten years.

FERDINANDO. Come, let us hear something. [*About to take the instrument case.*]

DORINA. Yes, yes, Bravo, Bravo! Play something for us!

MICUCCIO. Oh! No! What do you want to hear?—At this hour?

DORINA. Just some little thing, come! Be good!

FERDINANDO. Some little air. . . .

MICUCCIO. But it is impossible—like this—alone—

DORINA. Doesn't matter! Come on! Try it!

FERDINANDO. If you don't I'll play it!

MICUCCIO. For my part, if you wish! . . . Shall I play the little air Teresina sang that day in the garret?

FERDINANDO and DORINA. Yes, yes! Fine! Fine!

FERDINANDO. All things pass?

MICUCCIO. All things pass.

[*Micuccio sits down and begins to play in all seriousness. Ferdinando and Dorina do their best to keep from laughing. The other waiter, in dress coat, comes in to listen, then the cook and the scullion to whom the other two make signs to be quiet and listen earnestly. Micuccio's playing is suddenly interrupted by a loud peal of the bell.*]

FERDINANDO. Oh! Here's Madame!

DORINA [*to the other waiter*]. Come on, come on, go and open the door! [*To the cook and the scullion.*] And you clear out of here in a hurry! She said she wanted to have dinner served the minute she came in! [*The other waiter, the cook and the scullion leave.*]

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FERDINANDO. My dress coat—where did I put it?

DORINA. Over there!

[*She points to the hangings and hurries out. Micuccio gets up, with the instrument in his hands, abashed. Ferdinando finds the coat, begins putting it on in haste; then seeing that Micuccio is about to follow Dorina, stops him rudely.*]

FERDINANDO. You stay here! I must first let Madame know.

[*Exit Ferdinando. Micuccio is left dejected, confused, oppressed by an uneasy presentiment.*]

MARTA [*from within*]. In there, Dorina! In the salon! In the salon!

[*Ferdinando, Dorina and the other waiter enter from right and cross the stage in the direction of the salon at the rear, carrying magnificent baskets of flowers, wreaths, etc. Micuccio cranes his neck to look into the salon and catches a glimpse of many gentlemen, in evening clothes, conversing confusedly. Dorina returns in great haste, crosses to door at right.*]

MICUCCIO [*touching her arm*]. Who are they?

DORINA [*without stopping*]. The guests!

[*Exits. Micuccio stares again. His eyes are blurred. And partly from stupor, partly from emotion of which he himself is not aware, his eyes are filled with tears. He closes them and pulls himself together, as if to resist the pain inflicted on him by the shrill outburst of laughter. It is Sina Marnis in the salon. Dorina comes back with two more baskets of flowers.*]

DORINA [*without stopping, hastens towards the salon*]. What are you crying about?

MICUCCIO. I? No—All those people—[*From right enter Zia Marta with a hat on her head, oppressed, poor old lady, by a costly, splendid velvet cloak. As soon as she sees Micuccio she gives a cry which she as suddenly represses.*]

MARTA. What! Micuccio—you here?

MICUCCIO [*uncovering his face and staring at her almost in fear.*]

Zia Marta—Good Heavens—like that? You?

MARTA. How—do I look?

MICUCCIO. With a hat? You?

MARTA. Oh! [*shakes her head and raises her hand. Then, disturbed*]. But what is this? Without letting us know! What has happened?

MICUCCIO. I—I came—

MARTA. Just this evening! Ah heavens, heavens—Wait—What

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shall I do? What shall I do? Do you see how many people there are, my son? There is a party in Teresina's honor—

MICUCCIO. I know—

MARTA. Her special evening, understand? Wait—wait here a moment—

MICUCCIO. If you—if you think I ought to go away—

MARTA. No; wait a moment I say— [*exits towards the salon*].

MICUCCIO. But I wouldn't know where to go—in this place.

[*Zia Marta returns and signals to him with her gloved hand to wait. She enters the salon where all of a sudden there is a deep silence. Clearly and distinctly can be heard the words of Sina Marnis, "One moment, gentlemen." Micuccio again buries his face in his hands. But Sina does not come. Instead, a little later Zia Marta enters without her hat, without her gloves, without her coat, much less embarrassed.*]

MARTA. Here I am—here I am—

MICUCCIO. And—and Teresina?

MARTA. I told her—I gave her the news—In a little while now, a moment—she will come. Meanwhile we'll stay here a little, eh?—Are you satisfied?

MICUCCIO. As far as I'm concerned—

MARTA. I'll stay with you.

MICUCCIO. Not, no—if—if you'd rather—that is if you ought to go in there—

MARTA. No, no—They are having supper in there now, you see? Admirers of hers—the impresario—Her career, understand? Let us stay here, we two—Dorina will set this little table for us right away—and—and we'll have supper together, you and I, eh? What do you say? We two, all alone, eh? We can recall the good old days—[*Dorina returns from left with table cloth and the requisites for setting the table.*] Come on, Dorina—Here, be quick—For me and for this dear boy of mine. My dear Micuccio! It doesn't seem possible we are really together again.

DORINA. Here. In the meantime please be seated.

MARTA. [*sitting down*]. Yes, yes—Here, like this, apart from the others—we two alone—In there, you understand—so many people—Poor little thing, she can't very well do otherwise—Her career, what can she do? Have you seen the papers? Wonderful, my boy! Wonderful! And I, do you know, I'm all in a flutter—It doesn't seem possible that I am sitting here alone with you tonight! [*She rubs her hands and smiles, looking at him with tender eyes.*]

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MICUCCIO [*pensively, with anguished voice*]. And—she will come, she told you? I mean—just to see her at least—

MARTA. But of course, she'll come! As soon as she has a moment to spare, didn't I tell you? Why, just imagine how she would have liked to be here with us—with you, after such a long time—How many years is it? So many, so many—Ah, my boy, it seems only the other day and it seems an eternity—How many, many things I have seen—things that—that hardly seem true. I wouldn't have believed it if anyone had told me, when we lived there, at Palma, when you used to come up into our garret—with the swallows nests in the rafters, do you remember? They used to fly all over the house—in your face, so many times—and my beautiful pots of basil in the window-sill—And donna Annuzza, donna Annuzza? Our old neighbor? How is she?

MICUCCIO. Eh—[*With two fingers he makes the sign of benediction to signify Dead!*]

MARTA. Dead? Oh, I imagined so—such an old woman even then—older than I—poor donna Annuzza—with her clove of garlic—Do you remember? She always came with that excuse—to borrow a clove of garlic, just as we were going to send her a bite—and—the poor thing. And who knows how many more have died at Palma, eh? Well, at least the dead rest yonder in our churchyard with their relatives—while I—who knows where I shall leave my bones—Enough of that. Come now, don't let us think of it! [*Dorina enters with the first course and stands beside Micuccio for him to help himself.*] Ah, here's Dorina—[*Micuccio looks at Dorina, then at Zia Marta, confused, perplexed; he raises his hand to help himself, sees that they are grimy from the journey and lowers them more confused than ever.*]

MARTA. Here, here, Dorina—I'll do it—I'll serve him— [*does so*]. There—all right, eh?

MICUCCIO. Ah yes, thank you.

MARTA [*who has helped herself*]. Here you are.

MICUCCIO [*winking one eye and with his fist against his cheek makes an expressive gesture*]. Uhm—Good—good stuff.

MARTA. The special honor-evening, you know? Well, let us eat! But first—[*she makes the sign of the cross*]. I can do that here, in your company—[*Micuccio also makes the sign of the cross*]. Bravo, my boy! You too—bravo, Micuccio mine! The same as ever, poor fellow! Believe me, when I eat without being able to cross myself, it seems to me that what I eat will not go down. Eat, eat!

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MICUCCIO. Ah! I am hungry, I tell you! I—I have not eaten for two days, you know!

MARTA. What! You did not eat on the journey?

MICUCCIO. I brought something to eat with me. Here it is in my valise. But—

MARTA. But what?

MICUCCIO. How should I tell you? I, I was ashamed, Zia Marta. It seemed so little to me and I felt as if everyone was watching me.

MARTA. Oh! how silly! And you fasted? Come now. Eat, my poor Micuccio. You certainly must be starved! Two days! And drink, come, drink [*she pours out liquor for him*].

MICUCCIO. Thanks. I will have some now.

[*From time to time as the two waiters enter from the salon in the rear with food or leave it opening the door, from inside comes a wave of confused words and bursts of laughter. Micuccio raises his head from his plate, disturbed, and looks into the sorrowful, affectionate eyes of Zia Marta, as if to read there an explanation.*] They are laughing—

MARTA. Yes, drink. drink. Oh, our good wine, Micuccio! How I have longed for it, you don't know! The wine Michola used to make, Michola who lived below us. What has become of Michola? What has become of her?

MICUCCIO. Michola? She's well, she's well.

MARTA. And her daughter, Luzzza?

MICUCCIO. She's married—has two children already.

MARTA. Yes? You don't say so? She always came up to us, do you remember? Always so gay! Oh! Luzzza. Just think of it. Just think of it. She's married. Whom did she marry?

MICUCCIO. Toto Licasi, the fellow from the customs-house, you know?

MARTA. Oh yes? Fine—and Donna Mariangela is a grandmother then? A grandmother already? Lucky woman! Two children, you said?

MICUCCIO. Two, yes. [*He is disturbed as another wave of merriment comes from the salon.*]

MARTA. Aren't you drinking?

MICUCCIO. Yes, right away.

MARTA. Don't mind. They are laughing, of course. There are so many. Dear boy, that is life. What can you do? Her career. It is the impresario. [*Dorina appears with another carrier.*] Here,

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Dorina. Let me have your plate, Micuccio. You will like this too. [*serving him*]. Tell me what you want.

MICUCCIO. As you please, as you please.

MARTA [*serving*]. Here you are [*helps herself, Dorina exits*].

MICUCCIO. How well you have learned! You make my eyes bulge!

MARTA. Necessity, my son.

MICUCCIO. When I saw you with this velvet cloak, with a hat on your head.

MARTA. I had to!—Don't make me think of it!

MICUCCIO. I know, you have to keep up appearances! But if they should see you, if they should see you dressed like this at Palma, Zia Marta—

MARTA [*hiding her face in her hands*]. Ah! Good heavens! Don't speak of it! I tell you! Believe me, when I think of it, shame! shame seizes me! I look at myself, I say "It is really I like this?" And it seems that it is a make-believe, as at carnival time. But what can I do? It must be!

MICUCCIO. But of course—of course, I tell you—She has already made a success, eh? You can see that! Really fine! They pay her well, eh?

MARTA. Oh, yes—very well—

MICUCCIO. How much for an evening?

MARTA. That depends. According to the—the seasons—and the theatres, you understand? But do you know, my boy? This life is so very expensive. It takes all the money we get! And so many things, you know! It goes out as fast as it comes. Clothes, jewels, expenses of all kinds [*she is interrupted by a loud shout from the salon at the rear*].

VOICES. Where? Where? Where? We want to know. Where?

SINA'S VOICE. A moment! I tell you, just a moment!

MARTA. There! That is she—She is coming—

SINA. [*Sina hurries in, all rustling in silk, sparkling with jewels, her bosom, shoulders and arms bare. It seems as if the room were suddenly brilliantly illuminated.*]

MICUCCIO [*who had stretched out his hand towards his glass, stops transfixed, his face flaming, his eyes distended, his mouth open, dazzled and stupified, to gaze as if at a vision in a dream. He stammers*] Teresina—

SINA. Micuccio? Where are you? Ah, there he is. How are things? How are things? Are you quite well now? Bravo—bravo—You have been sick, eh? Listen, we shall see each other

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again in a little while—Mamma will stay with you in the meantime, eh? Agreed, eh? See you later—[*Hurries out again.*]

MICUCCIO [*stands transfixed while in the salon the others welcome Sina's reappearance with loud shouts*].

MARTA. [*After a long pause, asks timorously in order to break the trance into which he has fallen.*] Aren't you going to eat any more? [*Micuccio looks at her dully, without understanding.*]

MARTA. Eat—[*points to his plate*]

MICUCCIO [*inserts his finger between his neck and his grimy collar, tugging at it as if to make room for a deep breath*]. Eat? [*drums with his fingers against his chin, as if to signify the confession "I can't eat any more, I can't."* For a while he is silent, absorbed in the vision that has just left him, then he murmurs]. What has she come to—no—it doesn't seem true—all—all—like that—[*He refers, without disdain, but in a stupor, to Sina's nudity.*] A dream—Her voice—her eyes—it isn't—it isn't she any more—Teresina—[*Perceiving that Zia Marta is shaking her head sadly and has stopped eating as if waiting for him.*] Well—no use—no use thinking about it. It's all over—who knows how long since—and I, fool—I—stupid fellow—They told me so in the country—and I—I broke my neck—to—to—get here—Thirty-six hours on the train—For this—so that the waiter and that other one—Dorina—how they laughed at me! I and—[*Several times he brings his forefingers together and smiles in melancholy fashion, shaking his head.*] But what am I to believe? I came because you—Teresina—had promised me—But perhaps—Oh yes!—how was she herself to know that one fine day—she would be where she is now? While I—back there—stayed behind—with my piccolo—in the town square—she—she making such progress! But what is the use of thinking about it any more—[*He turns brusquely to look at Zia Marta.*] If I have done anything for her—nobody, Zia Marta, must suspect that I came to—to stay—[*He is more and more distressed and jumps to his feet.*] Wait! [*He thrusts a hand into his breast pocket and pulls out his pocket-book.*] I came for this too—to pay back the money you sent me. Do you want to call it a payment? Restitution? What's the difference! I see that Teresina has become a—a queen! I see that—never mind! Don't let us think of it anymore! But this money, no! I did not deserve this from you. What's the difference! It's over and not to be mentioned again. But money? No! Money to me—it is nothing! I am only sorry that it isn't all there—

MARTA [*trembling, affected, with tears in her eyes*] What are you saying, what are you saying, my son?

SICILIAN LIMES

MICUCCIO [*motioning to her to be quiet*]. I didn't spent it myself—My parents spent it while I was sick, without my knowledge. But let that go for the small amount I spent for her before—you remember? It is a small matter—Let's forget it. Here is the rest. And—I am going.

MARTA. What do you mean? So suddenly? At least wait until I tell Teresina. Didn't you hear her say she wanted to see you again? I'll go and tell her—

MICUCCIO [*holding her back in her seat*]. No, it is useless. You hear? [*From the salon comes the sound of voices singing a mawkish, salacious chorus from a musical comedy, punctuated by bursts of laughter.*] Let her stay there—that is where she belongs. I, poor fellow—I have seen her, that is enough. Or rather—You'd better go there. Do you hear them laugh? I do not want them to laugh at me. I'm going.

MARTA [*interpreting in the worst sense Micuccio's sudden resolution, as if it were an attitude of disdain, an access of jealousy, says amid tears*]. But I—I can't watch her anymore, my boy—

MICUCCIO [*all at once reading in her eyes the suspicion he has not yet had, cries aloud, his face darkening*]. Why?

MARTA [*is bewildered, buries her face in her hands, but cannot keep back the tears—and says, choking with sobs*]. Yes, yes, go, my boy, go. She is no longer fit for you, you are right. If you had listened to me—

MICUCCIO [*with an outburst, leans over her, and tearing her hands from her face*]. So—so she is no longer worthy of me? [*The chorus and the sound of the piano continue in the salon.*]

MARTA [*in anguish, weeping, nods yes, then raises her hands in prayer in such a supplicating, heart-breaking gesture that Micuccio's anger suddenly subsides*]. For mercy's sake, for mercy's sake, have pity on me, Micuccio, mine!

MICUCCIO. Enough, enough. I am going just the same. I'm all the more determined now. [*At this point Sina comes out of the salon. Suddenly Micuccio lets go of Zia Marta and turns to Sina: he takes her by the arm and draws her forward.*] Oh, all over this?—all—all naked! [*looks with disgust at her nudity*] Bosom—arms—shoulders—

MARTA [*terror-stricken, implores him again*]. Have pity, Micuccio.

MICUCCIO. No. Don't be afraid. I will not do anything to her. I'm going. What a fool I was, Zia Marta. I did not understand! Don't cry, don't cry. What's to be done about it? It's luck! Luck.

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[As he speaks he picks up his valise and the little bag and starts to go. But it suddenly occurs to him that inside the little bag there are beautiful limes which he had brought from Sicily to Teresina.] Oh! I forgot, look, Zia Marta, look here *[opens the bag and supporting it on his arm pours out on the table the fresh, fragrant fruit]*.

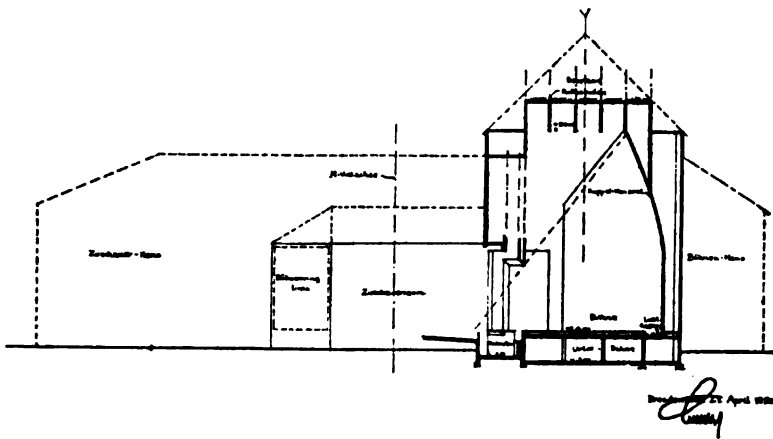
SINA *[hurrying towards him]*. Oh! Limes! Limes!

MICUCCIO *[suddenly stopping her]*. Don't touch them! You ought not even to look at them from a distance! *[Takes one and holds it under Zia Marta's nose.]* Smell, smell the fragrance of our country! Suppose I were to begin throwing them one by one at the heads of those fine gentlemen in there?

MARTA. No! For heaven's sake!

MICUCCIO. Do not be afraid. Mind, they are for you only, Zia Marta! I brought them for her—*[points to Sina]*. And tell her I paid the duty on them too—*[Sees the money on the table, takes it from the pocket-book, grabs it up and pokes it down Sina's bosom. She bursts into tears.]* For you! This is for you now! That's the place! Here! Here! Like this—And that's enough! Don't cry! Goodbye, Zia Marta! Good luck to you! *[He puts the empty bag into his pocket, takes his valise, the instrument case and leaves.]*

CURTAIN.



In America we subordinate the design of the stage of a new theatre to the rest of the house. In Germany they begin with the stage, establish its character, size, position and submit a memorandum of requirements to the competing architects. Above are the plans of Adolph Linnebach for the stage of a new playhouse. It will be equipped with a sliding stage, but because of limited ground space the rolling wagons and their tracks have been bent to form a horseshoe, the ends of which almost surround the auditorium.

THEATRE ARTS BOOKSHELF

THE EXEMPLARY THEATRE. By H. Granville-Barker. (Little, Brown and Company, Boston.) Mr. Granville-Barker's record in the theatre is enough to make anything that he may say on the subject of interest and importance to anyone at all concerned. In the present work, evidently the fruit of much thought and discussion and experience, Mr. Granville-Barker endeavors to set forth a theory of what the theatre should be in the national life and development of culture; and at the same time he proposes a plan for the development of a theatre and a school of the theatre that will provide the fields for the dramatists and actors of the future and for the cultural welfare of those who go to make up audiences. Without prejudice and with an artist-craftman's understanding of the relation which player, playwright and audience bear to the theatre as a unit, Mr. Granville-Barker defines the responsibility which each group has for the present state of the theatre, and the opportunity which his plan would afford to each for service in the good of all.

"Taken by and large, the present lot of English-speaking actors do not know their business. . . . They may have a more sympathetic understanding of the purpose of the work than their forbears of thirty years back would have shown. But their expression of it is fatally clogged in the outflowing by a voice they can't manage, a face that appears to need moving by hand, and a body they hardly dare move at all, unless with a violence which will mask its lack of all finer articulation. . . . Yet what encouragement is it for a man to cultivate the niceties of restraint and delicate workmanship if, by the end of his career, no one but himself and a few of his colleagues are to be the wiser of his achievement. Few things can debauch an art so much as the lack of any decent standard of public taste. . . . Granted a good audience, good acting of a sort must result. The actor simply cannot get on at all unless he can make himself understood and appreciated as he goes. . . . But intelligent and responsible connection between the three parties—between dramatist, actor and audience—having been so wantonly broken, there needs some external study, some grinding at principles and a great deal of practising, before they can be set up again. In other words we all need—not only actors, but dramatist, yes, and audience as well,—to go to school again, to take a little trouble over the matter before we can count upon this art of the drama yielding us in its completeness and com-

THEATRE ARTS BOOKSHELF

plexity pleasure and profit as well." *The Exemplary Theatre* is a highly suggestive book, not always easy or satisfactory reading and often lacking in emphasis and direct pattern of statement and idea, but unfailingly sincere and long pondered.

GRUACH and BRITAIN'S DAUGHTER. By Gordon Bottomley. (Small, Maynard & Co., Boston.) How large Mr. Bottomley's audience for his verse dramas is going to be, either in the theatre or in the library, will depend largely upon how many there are among the people who have the good fortune to come upon his work who, having visual imagination themselves, enjoy adding it to the imagination of a poet to recreate stories on great and universal tragic themes. Mr. Bottomley's audience must play his plays with him, to make them live. These are distinguished plays, with a strong personal quality, definitely superior to almost all of that mass of contemporary material being added to our stage literature, so much so that it is a temptation to speak extravagantly of them. But it is a greater compliment to Mr. Bottomley not to do that but rather, ranking the plays with the verse dramas that have lived through generations, to say that they are not, for example, Marlowe or Shelley. Perhaps the best method of comparison for this later volume is with Mr. Bottomley's other plays. One may say that *Britain's Daughter* is not so convincing as *Gruach* and that *Gruach*, in spite of its more perfect first act, its fine characterization, its steadier line, both of verse and story, does not do—as a background for *Macbeth*—what *King Lear's Wife* did for *King Lear*. The book is a welcome volume to lovers of the theatre. *Gruach* should be played. It would add lustre to good acting.

EIGHT COMEDIES FOR LITTLE THEATRES. By Percival Wilde. (Little, Brown and Co., Boston.) The level of these little plays of Mr. Wilde's is far above the average. They are contrived with deft and expert craft, they are all actable, and they can all be counted on for a certain effectiveness. Their content is very slight indeed but nearly always suggestive, in *His Return* especially and in *The Sequel*. *The Dyspeptic Ogre* is a sort of fairy tale up to date; *The Previous Engagement*, *A Wonderful Woman*, and *Catesby* are social sketches; and *In the Net*, the most entertaining of all the pieces, is a sort of detective, mystery trifle. The volume concludes with *Embryo*, which satirizes the other seven plays that have preceded it.

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THE DRAMA AND THE STAGE. By Ludwig Lewisohn. (Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York.) "To be useful at all," says Mr. Lewisohn, "the critical observer of our living theatre must cultivate good humor, patience and tolerance." Patience, tolerance and good humor Mr. Lewisohn has cultivated, and to these qualities he adds a deep and abiding affection for the theatre. He has, moreover, an unusually large acquaintance with the literature of the theatre of all ages. That art of the theatre called the drama is his especial interest. So equipped, he comes to his criticism of plays both acted and printed in that happy frame of mind which easily makes a large and friendly audience. In the volume of essays which make up the volume on *The Drama and the Stage* and which Mr. Lewisohn divides into four parts,—The New Dramaturgy, The American Stage, Contemporaries, and Art, Life and the Theatre,—he leaves us his record of impressions of the seasons recently passed and his estimate of the trend of the theatre of our generation.

THE CRITIC AND THE DRAMA. By George Jean Nathan. (Alfred Knopf & Co., New York.) Mr. Nathan's contribution to the theory of criticism is extremely modest, though not intentionally so. The book is about as flashy, as assured, and as inconsequential as it well could be, a series of negations, inconsistencies, epigrammatic falsehoods or half-truths. Mr. Nathan has, to be sure, a vast experience of playgoing and either a wonderful memory or a notebook whose efficiency one might envy. But from the evidence at hand in his work one would fear, upon investigation, to find a thesaurus in his judgment seat. That he has a certain quality as a writer must be admitted. His sentences sing as one might wish Mr. Granville-Barker's did in his far more important, if harder to read volume, *The Exemplary Theatre*. Moreover, Mr. Nathan has an undeniable intuition for a certain kind of quality in the theatre, not only for the beauty of the young women of the Ziegfeld Follies, or for the fullness of French farce, but for subtlety of comedy and deftness of characterization. But how limited this faculty is may be judged, for instance, from his treatment of Molnar's *Where Ignorance Is Bliss*. He was one of a very few who recognized what ripping good comedy this was in spite of its complete failure in performance. But he blames the failure on an unimaginative audience and does not even suspect the obvious truth that only a real technique of acting, only the art of acting, which he denies, could ever make it a success in the theatre. "All criticism," says Mr. Nathan, "is at bottom an effort on the part of its practitioner to show off himself and his art

THEATRE ARTS BOOKSHELF

at the expense of the artist and the art which he criticizes." Maybe so; maybe not. In either case we prefer Adolphe Appia and cordially commend *L'Oeuvre d'Art Vivant* to Mr. Nathan's attention.

GERMANY IN TRAVAIL. By Otto Manthey-Zorn. (Marshall Jones Company, Boston.) Far more than the title might seem to imply, Professor Manthey-Zorn's book is about the theatre. He does not discuss at length or with any great artistic acumen the more recent theories of the theatre or the many directions that experiments have taken in Germany since the war. But he supplies an excellent account of the relation of the theatre among the Germans to the life of the country and especially to the confusion of thought and aim that has arisen since the war. The chapter on Berlin theatres is full of interest and enthusiasm and of candid recognition of failures; and the discussion of the Austrian project at Salzburg is filled with stirring details and reminiscences of a remarkable attitude toward the spiritual and material development of the theatre of the future. The tone of this whole record of the latter-day German theatre is—as well as being highly useful and informative and on that account necessary to any student of the European theatre—profoundly moving in its revelation of German seriousness in the theatre and of the German conception of the drama as the highest form of literary expression and therefore the most important at such a crisis as exists in the Europe of today.

FRANKLIN. By Constance D'Arcy Mackay. (Henry Holt & Co., New York.) The flood of biographical drama for which *Abraham Lincoln* opened the gates has added some interesting stage photographs if it has not created any great plays. In attempting the dramatic portrait of Benjamin Franklin Miss Mackay chose wisely, for Franklin is both one of the most human and one of the most dramatic figures in American life. Her long experience in playwriting for little theatres has, moreover, given Miss Mackay not only facility in dialogue but skill in building up a scene that will play and play easily. So *Franklin* may be called a good play for amateurs if amateurs must still be supposed to play plays less good than the best professionals should play. That Miss Mackay has not made the most either of her material nor of her pattern is obvious. She has taken Franklin at his pretty moments rather than at his great ones. She has taken drama itself at its formal rather than at its art value.

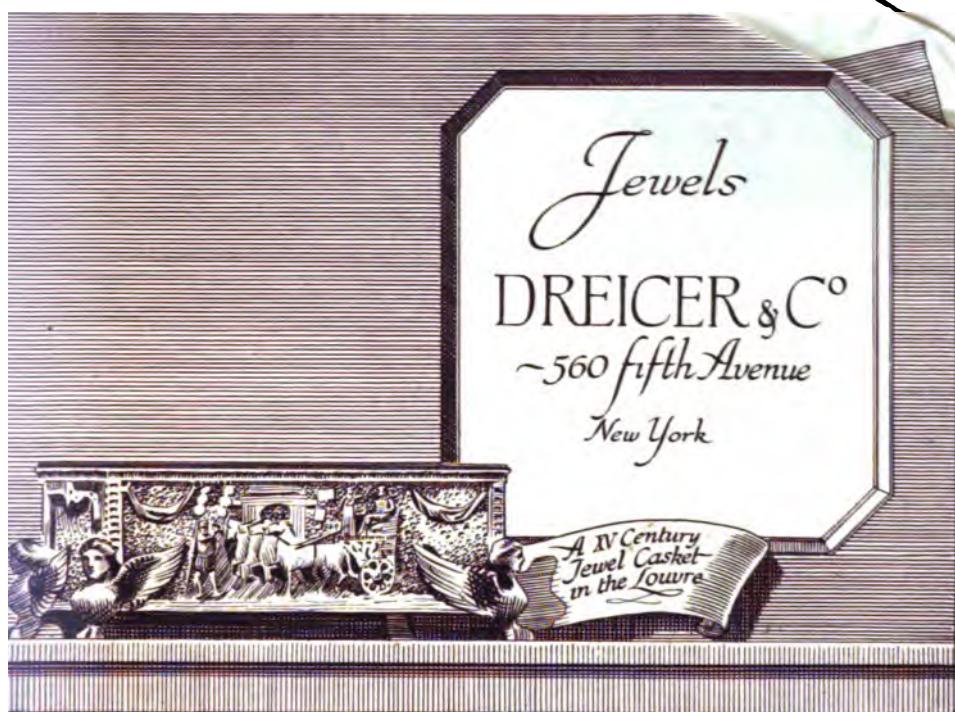
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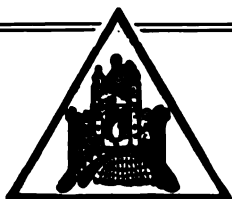
Seas Company. Boston.) An account beautifully put out by the publishers, of the principal subjects of interest as regards the Chinese theatre and its drama. The origin of this theatre, the types of its plays and their literary quality, the religious influence on the Chinese drama, the types and characters in it, the actors, the music, the decoration, costume and symbolic design, and the customs of the playhouse and the greenroom, are the topics on which the author writes. The discussion in each case is brief, sometimes surprisingly and disappointingly so, but often highly suggestive and always useful and necessary. Only the lack of a representative bibliography of the subject prevents the volume from being as useful a handbook as any in this field.

RED BUD WOMEN. By Mark O'Dea. (Stewart Kidd Company, Cincinnati.) The fourth play, *Not in the Lessons*, in this collection is less easily handled, since it wabbles between farce and something of a harsher mood, but *Shivaree*, *The Song of Solomon* and *Miss Myrtle Says "Yes,"* the other three, though they do not quite achieve it yet, promise at least a new genre in our playwriting. They have no fears in the matter of material, incident or taste. And they have at moments a stark power that may mean some very strong work in the future from Mr. O'Dea. The scene of these plays is among the farming people of such states as Kansas and Missouri, and the central characters of them all are women, farm women worn to madness by the hardship of the lives they lead, exhausted body and soul by neglect, by men's indifference, by loneliness and ugliness. *Shivaree* is the best of these plays, it has something about it that is audacious and powerful both in its situation and in its brutality of approach; and it has a pattern, as have the other two plays, that is clear and poignant.

A FAMILY MAN. By John Galsworthy. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.) A satire around the idea of a man who tries to manage his entire family with a relentless hand. The daughters and the wife revolt, but the fear of scandal and kindred considerations bring them all home again. Satirical writing of no distinction to speak of, and of no brilliance. Actable in a mild way.



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